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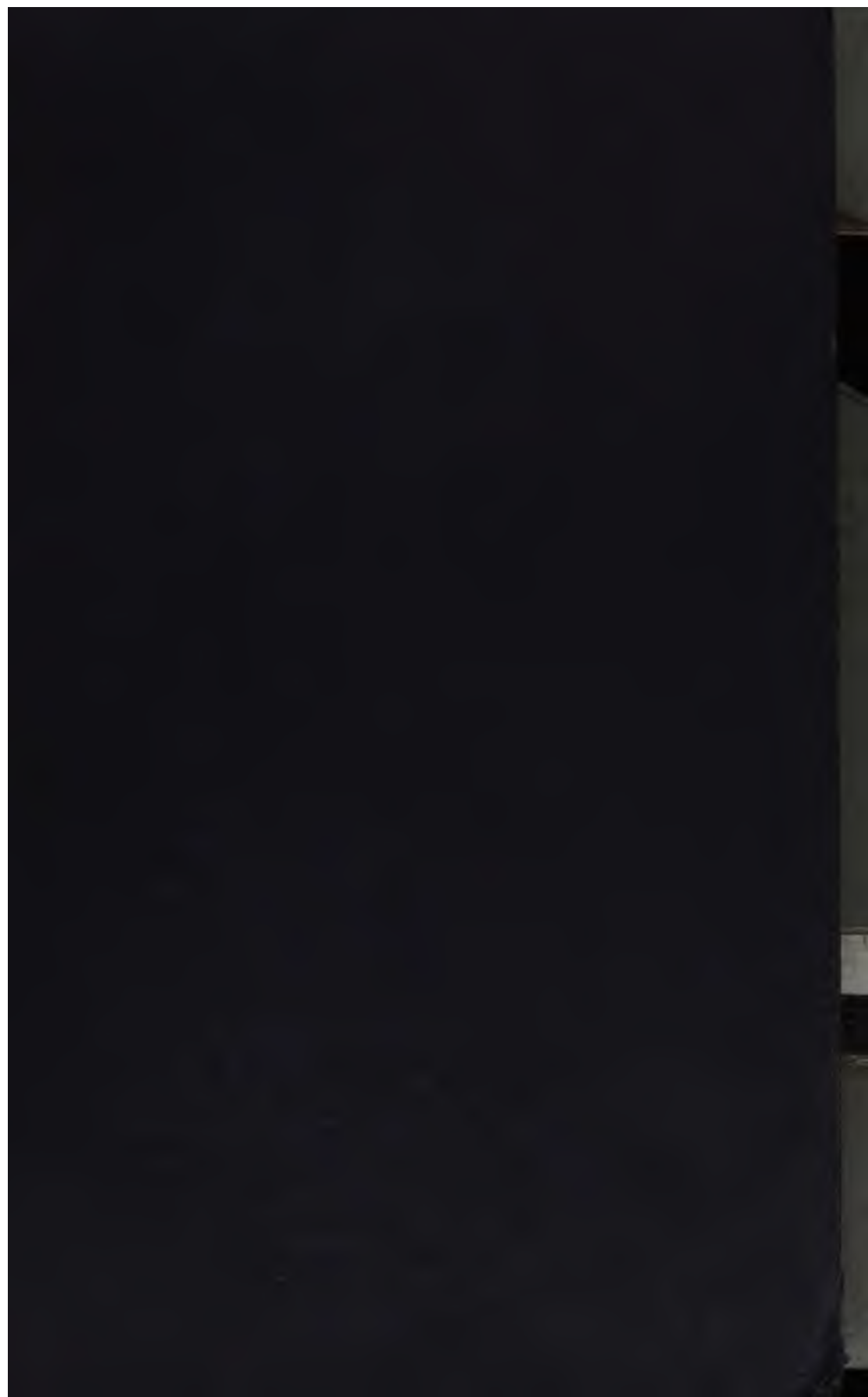
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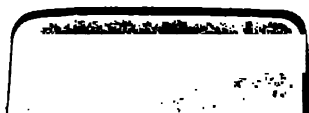
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T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For J A N U A R Y, 1762.



The Frederician Code : Or, A Body of Law for the Dominions of the King of Prussia. Founded on Reason, and the Constitution of the Country. Translated from the French. 8vo. 2 vols. 12 s. boards. Edinburgh printed for Donaldson, and sold by Richardson in London.

IT was a saying of Solon's, that he had given the Athenians the best Laws they were able to bear : and it is *possible* that the Author of the present Code may, upon this principle, justify his institutions. But they who ignorantly commend them as a fit model for this Kingdom, do not deserve to enjoy the superior advantages, to which the Laws of England entitle them. Indeed the chief, if not only excellence for which the admirers of this Code have extolled it, is its supposed brevity ; and they inconsiderately express their wishes to reduce the Laws of this kingdom within the narrow dimensions they would prescribe : without reflecting, that they would thereby at the same time, render their property and personal liberties more precarious and insecure.

In the days of Alfred, the English Laws were much more short and compendious than the Prussian Body now under consideration. But the Alfredian Code would ill suit the nation, now that it has happily extended the wide circle of trade and commerce, and enlarged the basis of public liberty. As social and commercial intercourse expand, a variety of cases daily revolve, which must either be provided for by a particular and express Law, or referred to discretionary decision. A people however, jealous of liberty, will be cautious to entrust as little as possible to arbitrary discretion. In a free kingdom, the Judges are but the mouths of

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the Law, and the King, no more than the supreme minister to execute its decrees. In such a state, therefore, the Laws cannot be so simple and concise as in those governments, where much is left to the discretion of the judge without any other appeal, than to the absolute will of the Sovereign. It is true that, under a wise and good Monarch, little or no inconvenience may arise from such summary institutions; but it might be expected that a Prince who, like his Prussian Majesty, is supposed to be no less a philosopher than a statesman, should have a juster sense of Legislation, than to institute, what is more properly a Government of Men, than of Laws.

This Code, which copies, and, in some points, improves the Roman Law, does nevertheless retain, and even multiply, its most capital defects. The King prohibits, under severe penalties, any Commentaries to be made, either on the whole Law of the country, or on any part of it. In short, he reserves to himself the prerogative of being the ultimate and sole Commentator on the Laws; and his *Rescripts*, like those of the Roman Emperors, can make that legal, which is not to be justified under the sanction either of Law or Reason. The consequence of such unbounded authority must be, that when a weak or vicious Prince succeeds to the throne, Justice will not only be partially distributed, but openly bought and sold, as it was once in this Kingdom, especially in the time of the Norman Princes, when every thing appertaining to Judicature was so avowedly venal, that our Kings accepted bribes from the suitors, which were called by the soft name of presents: and that with so little sense of honour or decorum, that these shameful items are transmitted on record, with the scandalous purposes for which they were received.

But true wisdom and unaffected philosophy would have dictated a more liberal and benevolent system, than this of the Frederician Code. They would have directed our Royal Legislator to have consulted the future and permanent good of his people, by endeavouring to secure them against those abuses in his successors, from which his own personal virtues may perhaps protect them during his reign. A Prince, who instead of labouring to confirm and to extend arbitrary prerogatives, has the courage to limit his own power, displays the noblest proofs of greatness. All the pomp which awaits absolute dominion, all the triumphs of heroism, are little, compared to such a philosophical sacrifice, made on the principles of general benevolence and philanthropy. This is the true

Philosophy. All else is but the vanity of speculation, and the pride of parts.

Before we proceed to the particulars of this Code, we must observe that the opinion of its brevity, the chief excellence for which it is admired, is founded on a mistake. We have before us two very bulky Octavos of a moderate type; and more is still behind, for we are not yet made acquainted with a syllable concerning the Criminal Law, or the Jurisdiction of the several Courts, &c. Add to this, that the work, when compleated, will not contain the whole Body of the Law, for it refers to another work already extant under the same title. Now we will venture to say, that, making allowance for the difference of government, and the different state of trade and commerce between the two nations, our Laws are comprized in as little compass*; and do not abound with such endless tautologies and repetitions, which frequently perplex and confound the subject.

As the far greater part of these Volumes is filled up with dry disquisitions, which can only be agreeable to the Law Professors, we shall confine our animadversions to those passages which may afford more general information and entertainment, beginning with the following extract from the Introductory Piece, which is called, *A View of the King's Plan*. "I do not think, says the Writer, that any oppression is to be dreaded from the Great, because the superior Tribunal gives its Judgment in the same district in which the cause was first tried. It is not under the government of a just and powerful monarch, in whose eyes all his subjects are equal, that we need to dread seeing Justice so wrested. And if the King had other notions, where should we find means to prevent Injustice?"

The weakness and absurdity of these reflections are manifest: for, as we have already intimated, if a monarch, equally powerful, but not equally just, should succeed to the throne, how is Injustice to be prevented? And what a comfortable system of Law must that be, which depends for Justice on the personal virtues of a frail and short-lived being?

After this view of the King's Plan, follows a long Preface, then another Plan or Summary, then another Preface or In-

* Our numerous Commentaries and Reports, &c. are not, strictly speaking, a part of our Laws; for though they often prove useful guides, yet their resolutions are not obligatory.

introduction; all which abound with tedious and endless repetitions. But perhaps it was policy to conduct us through so many Chambers of State, before we were admitted to the presence of this Royal Oracle; who thus promulges his decrees under the head of Justice. "We prohibit the Judges to interpret it in doubtful cases, and under pretext of the intention of the law, and of an equity which very often has no foundation but in their own brains, to form, at pleasure, exceptions, limitations, or amplifications. They are, notwithstanding, authorised to apply and extend the law to all the similar cases, which the spirit and reason of the law had in view, though it may not have been possible to bring in every particular case.

"Our will is, that when any point of this body of law shall appear to the judges doubtful, and to need an explanation, they should apply to the department for affairs of justice, that they may give the necessary explanation and supplements. Doubts will be thus resolved, and we will *cause print* and publish such decisions every year. But our will is, nowise to allow the parties themselves to apply to us, under pretext of demanding the interpretation of a doubtful case. When that shall happen, we will indeed remit the petition to the judge-ordinary, with a rescript for the administration of justice; but we ordain, that the lawyer who signed the petition be fined in five rix-dollars.

"The parties who shall find any law of this new body doubtful, must mention it in their informations or written papers. But if the law appear clear to the judge, and if he find it has no need of an interpretation, it will be sufficient if he pronounce sentence according to the dictates of his own conscience; and the party shall be at liberty further to propose his doubts, in the following calling, by way of grievance.

"Our pleasure likewise is, That the judges pay no attention to the rescripts which shall be manifestly contrary to the tenor of this body of law; for in giving them, we shall always suppose, that, on the one hand, the representation is founded on truth, and, on the other, that the rescript is agreeable to the tenor of the body of law. Thus the judges must always give sentence according to the laws, without suffering themselves to be influenced by rescripts, which may be obtained by a false representation, or contrary to the intent of the body of law. In like manner we declare, that whatever shall be ordered by such rescripts, contrary to the present ordinance,

dinance, shall have no force in law, and shall never be of any avail.

“ As to the orders which we shall give in our council, if the judges think them contrary to the intent of the body of law, they are to make their representation, and to ask new orders ; and whatever thereupon shall then be ordained and regulated by us, shall be put in execution.”

These Decrees are indeed truly oracular, for they are wrapt up in obscurity and ambiguity. Here we find that the judges are not to interpret according to what they think the *equity* and *intention* of the law, and yet they are to apply and extend it according to the *spirit* and *reason* of the law. Reconcile this who can. Again, the judges are to pay no regard to rescripts contrary to the tenor of the body of law ; and if the King issues orders in council contrary to the intent of the law, they are to ask new orders : but—what his Majesty ordains thereupon, *shall be put in execution*. So that it ultimately depends on his judgment and justice, whether the tenor of the law shall be observed or not.

In the 24th Section it is thus ordained, “ Such Privileges as shall not turn to the prejudice of the public, nor of a third person, shall not be revoked by our successors, especially if they have been granted in consideration of services done to the state.” We confess, we are at a loss to conceive, by what means his Majesty can bind his successors, equally absolute as himself, by this prohibition. It is absurd to think of laying any Restrictions on the *supreme power*, wherever it is lodged ; and it is no less a maxim of natural Reason than of Law, that Statutes against the power of subsequent Statutes are not binding.

In the concluding section of this head we find the following inference: “ It follows, from what has been laid down as a principle, that justice consists simply in letting every one enjoy the rights which he hath acquired in virtue of our laws ; that the question is here only of particular, and not of universal justice, under which philosophers comprehend likewise morality, and which have occasioned subtle and unnecessary distinctions, which we have excluded from the present body of law ; such are the distinctions of justice into *distributive* and *commutative*, and those of proportion into *geometrical* and *arithmetical* : And there is properly but one single general rule of right, namely this, *Give every one his own*.”

We profess ourselves as much enemies to subtlety as our royal Legislator; but though we are not fond of these refinements of Aristotle, and his Commentators, Grotius, Puffendorf, &c. yet we can conceive cases, wherein this simple Rule of Right will be an insufficient guide. In criminal matters, for instance, when the question is about the proportioning of punishments, these distinctions must necessarily be taken into consideration.

In some instances, this Code descends to Minutiæ, which are really puerile and ludicrous. Thus, under the title of the reciprocal rights of Husband and Wife, we read that—“The husband has power over the wife’s body, and she cannot refuse him the conjugal duty.” Again,—“The wife hath the power of her husband’s body, who cannot refuse to pay her the conjugal duty, when he is not prevented by sickness, or other accidents.”

Surely nothing can be more absurd, than to enjoin that as a Duty, which must flow from the spontaneous Impulse of Nature: and it would be equally sensible, to compel a man to be witty, by Law, as to be amorous. The Prussian Legislator, however, is not so precise as the pleasant Athenian Lawgiver, who went so far as to ascertain the extent of this Duty, “to three nights, at least, in a month, if the wives were heiresses*.” From the extreme moderation of this injunction, we may conclude that the Grecian was not over and above uxorious; and that a woman, who unfortunately was *no heiress*, was out of the protection of law, and must trust to the influence of her own allurements. But to return from the Digression into which these whimsical institutions have betrayed us.

Under the head of Legitimation, we find, that children may be legitimated by the Prince’s *Rescript*: but it is added, “The only privilege which such legitimated children acquire consists in this, that they cannot be reproached with the fault of the father and mother, and cannot be excluded from offices or communities.” The latter, indeed, are real privileges, but the former is merely imaginary; for it is ridiculous to suppose, that the Rescript of the Prince, or of any human Power, can wipe off a reproach which is founded on the moral relation of things.

It must be confessed, nevertheless, that this Code contains many Institutions which may be copied to advantage. Under the Title of Dissolution of Marriages, for instance, are the following provisions.

• *Plutarchus Solona.*

“ A

“ A lawful marriage, though completed, may be dissolved for several causes; namely,

“ I. By the death of one of the spouses, which is also to be understood of their civil death, when one or other of them is proscribed.

“ II. When married people shall demand, with common consent, the dissolution of their marriage, our will is, that the procedure in the affair be only gradual. First, Endeavours shall be used to reconcile the parties, and all the motives that ought to determine them to this, shall be proposed; observing, if it be necessary, to call a clergyman, to give them a suitable exhortation. If these steps prove ineffectual, they shall be separated from bed and board for one year.

“ If, at the year's end, there remain no more hopes of reconciling the parties, and they persist in their petition, the marriage may be dissolved.

“ III. The marriage may be dissolved at the request of one of the parties, having lawful causes to petition for its dissolution; such are the reasons following :

“ IV. When one of the married persons shall have committed adultery, and been convicted of it; which shall be observed, even though we had granted such person letters of pardon.

“ From this rule must be excepted the cases following.

“ a) If the spouse complaining, had also committed adultery; and in this case, we reserve to the fiscal the right of prosecuting both, for the public benefit. b) When the offended party has pardoned the other's fault; which shall be presumed, if such party had performed the conjugal duty to the other. c) If one of the spouses had occasioned the other to commit adultery, as if such party had refused the conjugal duty, or if, for example, the husband himself had acted as a pimp to his own wife, &c. d) If the woman commit adultery, really believing that she has to do with her own husband. e) If the wife marry again, after having received credible accounts of her husband's death, and after having produced them before a judge, and the first husband appear again.

“ V. If a wife, against the inclination and prohibition of her husband, have a suspicious correspondence with a man, as if she wrote him love-letters, &c. for although the crime

of adultery cannot thereby be proved; yet these tokens and presumptions are sufficient to dissolve the marriage.

“ VI. Marriage is likewise dissolved, when one of the married persons maliciously forsakes the other.

“ VII. Marriage may likewise be dissolved when one of the spouses conceives an irreconcilable enmity against the other, and when one of the parties gives occasion for the enmity by abusing the other in a violent manner, by contracting the venereal disease, by attempting the life of the other, by committing crimes for which such spouses may be condemned to the wheel-barrow, to whipping, to death, to banishment, or to be branded with infamy, &c.

“ VIII. If one of the spouses becoming furious or fatuous, should continue in that state for several years, and for that reason the other petitioned for a dissolution of the marriage; especially if it were a woman, who on account of her commerce, or the state of her affairs, might have an indispensable need of a husband's assistance: but in this case, the judge shall take care that provision be made, above all things, for the maintenance of the fatuous person, &c.”

These regulations, with some few exceptions, appear to be no less wise than liberal. We are persuaded, that many of the crimes and disorders of this kingdom arise from the utter incapacity which all, except the rich, lie under, of dissolving a connexion, which is become insupportable to two persons, who mutually abhor each other: and Laws, which are only calculated for the relief of the rich, are against the principles of a free government.

There is likewise an admirable provision in this Code, in favour of natural Right, which ordains, that “ When the father's effects are confiscated, the Exchequer shall be bound to portion his daughter, in proportion to the fortune confiscated, and according to the station of the bridegroom. And this, because the *obligation* of portioning the daughter is *annexed* to the father's effects, and passes with them to the Exchequer.”

How much more agreeable to the Law of Nature and Reason is this principle, than that of our Law in cases of Confiscation, which is equally repugnant to the natural claims of justice and freedom! But this is not the only instance in which this Code is much more just and liberal than ours. In the article concerning the action which lies for the statute portion,

portion, that is, the surviving right to half the effects common to the married parties, we find the following provisions.

“ This action usually cannot be intended till after the dissolution of the marriage. Here, however, are some cases, in which the portion in question may be exacted even during the marriage.

“ 1.) When the husband's effects happen to be confiscated on account of a crime, and that even though it were for the crime of high treason.

“ 2.) When one of the spouses demands this portion, or a part of it, for the maintenance of a father or mother who have fallen into poverty.

“ 3.) When one of the spouses squanders their fortune, and when it is to be dreaded that there will remain nothing for this portion, in which case the other spouse has a right to require surety.”

Here we find that the law watches over the oeconomy of individuals, co-operates with the tender feelings of filial affection, and saves the rights of innocence, even in cases of high treason. Nor is the Prussian Code less attentive to the moral duties; for it ordains, that “ When, after the dissolution of marriage, a widow is irregular in her conduct, and suffers herself to be debauched, the husband's heirs may redemand the portion regulated by the statutes.”

But what, above all, merits commendation in this Code, is the great attention by which it endeavours to secure the property, and provide for the education of Minors, &c. The father, both by virtue of the paternal power, and on account of the nearness of relation, is obliged to take upon himself the administration of the fortune which has fallen to his children.

“ In order to take upon himself this administration, the father needs not be confirmed by the judge. Nevertheless our will is, that, for greater safety and exactness, he shall notify, within six weeks after the succession, &c. falls, that he has taken upon himself to administer it; and that, at the same time, he deliver to the judge a particular account of all the effects fallen to his children, which must be upon oath. If he neglect to do so, he shall be condemned in a fine of ten to twenty rix-dollars, and he may even, according to the circumstances, be deprived of the administration of the effects, as well as of the usufruct. Neither is it our will that he be
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restored to that right, nor have any other remedy whatever against such judgment.

“ The father, when he marries again, does not lose the administration of the fortune of his children ; but he shall be supported in it, provided he have settled with them before he marry again.

“ If he marry again without settling with his children, he shall not only be deprived of the administration and usufruct of their effects, but he shall be condemned in some penalty.

“ In case the father, whether he marry again or not, happen to diminish or squander the fortune of his children, or not to give them suitable maintenance, he should be bound to give surety, both for the security of their effects, and for that of their suitable maintenance ; about which both the relations and the judge shall be attentively watchful, and, if it be necessary, he shall regulate the sum proper to be laid out on their maintenance. If the father cannot give surety, or if his behaviour be so visibly bad, that there is reason to fear he may squander their effects, the administration shall be taken from him, and even the care of the education of his children ; and both shall be intrusted by the judge to their nearest relations, or, according to circumstances, to strangers, who shall be thought capable of the charge. Neither is it our will that the remedy against such judgments should have any other effect than that of an *appeal* *, which does not hinder immediate execution of the sentence.

“ Moreover, the near relations, as well as the judge, shall be intitled to take care that the father shall give a suitable maintenance to his children ; and, in any case, the judge may determine a certain sum for that maintenance.”

The Frederician Law does not only provide for the benefit of the Rich, but extends its views to the guardianship of the Poor. “ If it happen that pupils be without parents, and without effects, they shall not for that reason be without guardians ; but the judge shall take care, of his own accord, to appoint for them, and that within the space of four weeks at farthest, reckoning from the death of the father and mother, a guardian, who shall be charged with the care of their education, and to do all that is in his power to procure them a settlement ; but he shall not be obliged to procure them

* *Quoad effectum devolativum.*

maintenance out of his own money, the judge who has named him being to provide means for maintaining them."

" If the pupils be poor, and have not effects sufficient to afford them education, the guardians shall not be obliged to afford it of their own ; but they shall be bound to inform the judge of it, and to ask his advice concerning the method of providing for it : and in this case our will is, that the judge endeavour to get them received into hospitals, orphan-houses, &c. and that he bestow on them the care and attention which their situation demands, so as he can be answerable for it before God, and before us.

" Guardians shall early send their pupils to school, and shall take care that they go thither constantly, and do not leave it of their own accord ; they shall take care that they be exercised and instructed at home in piety, in prayer, in the catechism, and especially in the frequent reading of the holy scriptures : they shall also take care that their pupils, when they shall arrive at the years of discretion, be received at the communion, and instructed to communicate worthily ; and they shall further take care, that such as have been admitted to the communion do not neglect opportunities of receiving it.

" When among the pupils there are found excellent geniuses, and when, in the examination of the schools, they shall give ground to hope that they will some time make considerable progress in learning, our will is, that the guardians do not in any way dissuade them from applying to it, but that, on the contrary, they encourage them, and furnish the expence, if their fortune be sufficient : but if it be not sufficient, they shall apply to the magistrate to get his advice and orders what they are to do.

" When these orphans have attained to the proper age for going to the universities, they shall be sent to such as are settled in our dominions, and recommended to the professors, whom we ordain by these presents, to take particular care of their behaviour. Guardians also shall be obliged, as much as possible, to take care, that, under pretext of study, they do not give up themselves to idleness, and accustom themselves to an irregular course of life."—If our Laws were equally attentive to provide for the guardianship and education of infant poor, so many would not live to perish by the hands of the executioner.

The

The remainder of this volume contains the Law with respect to matters of property, which also makes the subject of the second, and is of too dry a nature to afford entertainment to our Readers in general. We must, however, take notice of the following regulations in regard to making Wills.

“ We require, in the third place, in order to the validity of a solemn will, that it be made judicially, or presented in court. For, on account of the reasons alleged in the introduction to this second part, we have entirely abolished, by these presents, all private wills, which, till this time, were made before seven witnesses, mostly by ignorant notaries, or by ministers, by procurators, and by vagabonds unskilled in the law.

“ It is not necessary that the will be made before the testator's ordinary judge: all judges, who have a voluntary jurisdiction, (*voluntariam jurisdictionem*), having a right to receive testamentary settlements from any person whatever.

“ There must be three members of court, at least, present at the making or presenting of wills.

“ In places where there are regencies, our will is, that two counsellors be present at this act, with the protonotary, or secretary.

“ And, in great towns, two members of the magistracy, who understand law, shall be present at this act, together with the secretary, recorder, or clerk.

“ With regard to little towns, where there are none but the burgomaster who understand law, they shall admit to this act a senator of learning, if there be any, together with the secretary of the town, or the recorder. But if the burgomaster do not understand the law, and there be no judge thereabouts, the burgomaster shall admit a notary jointly with the secretary of the town.”

These provisions are extremely well calculated to prevent hasty and unjust dispositions, which are often extorted by importunity, or gained by craft; and are likewise a security against the suppressing of wills, by those who have an interest in destroying them.

But, however we may applaud institutions, which ascertain private rights between subject and subject, and enforce the duties of morality, yet, when we consider how much is left to the discretion of the judges, how much more ultimately depends

depends on the arbitrary decision of an absolute monarch; in short, when we consider what little care is taken to secure public freedom, we cannot but look on this Code as a mere essay of genius, and as a vain system, to which some weak or vicious prince hereafter may pay as little regard, as Oliver Cromwell did to the English *Magna Charta*.

We must not conclude this article, without taking notice of the translation, which abounds so much in Scotticisms, that the language, in many parts, is almost as foreign to an English ear as the original itself.

R-a

Letters to a young Nobleman. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Millar.

THE public is here presented with eight Letters on the following useful and entertaining subjects: Study in general; the Study of History; Biography; Taste; the Influence of Liberty upon Taste; the Age of Augustus and that of Lewis XIV. These subjects are treated with perspicuity and judgment; and though few of the Author's observations are new, yet he discovers, through the whole of his performance, an enlarged and liberal turn of thought, and writes like a scholar and a gentleman.

In the four first Letters, we meet with many pertinent and judicious remarks on the study of History and Biography; but nothing that renders a particular account necessary. In the fifth Letter our Author treats of *taste*, and of some distinguishing circumstances of London and Paris. It must appear evident to any one, he tells us, who, without prejudice, examines the figure which this country has made in its most admired periods for learning and politeness; that a depth of judgment, solidity of understanding, and a power of expressing strong passions with remarkable energy, have been far more its distinguishing characteristics, than delicacy or refinement of taste.

A BACON, a NEWTON, a LOCKE, have an indisputable title to the palm in profound and rational philosophy; Milton and Shakespear have conceived the noblest ideas, seen through every winding of the human heart, drawn the characters of men, and described every object in nature, with a force and expression equal to the greatest masters of antiquity, and beyond any of their modern rivals; but with regard to exactness, or refinement of taste, it will hardly be said, our

Author

Author imagines, that we do not oftener meet in Milton and Shakespeare with what appears extravagant and improbable, than in Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire.

Our Author enquires into the reasons of this difference, and endeavours to shew whence it is, that the English are more remarkable for depth of understanding and sublimity of genius, the French for a certain gentility of manner, and accuracy of taste? As the taste of the metropolis must always have the greatest influence upon that of a whole country, the character of a nation, with respect to this article, he observes, will commonly be found to be what might be expected from the peculiarly favourable or unfavourable circumstances of its capital. By comparing, therefore, the circumstances of London and Paris, and the opportunities of improvement which they afford, we may form, he thinks, a probable conjecture, as to the causes of that difference of taste which prevails in them.

“ London and Paris, says he, the capitals of two rival kingdoms, the two largest cities, and the principal seats of arts and sciences in Europe, no less famous in modern, than Rome and Athens were in ancient times, are governed by customs, and distinguished by circumstances more different than those which took place in the capitals of the Athenian and Roman Republics.

“ London is the greatest trading city in the world : Paris has no trade but that of its elegant toys, and ingenious manufactures. Paris is the seat of a famous and great university, and of societies for the improvement of the *Belles Lettres*, and the Arts ; there are no such societies established in London, nor is it the seat of an university. Paris is well provided with public libraries, and with collections of pictures, statues, &c. open to the study and inspection of every one : there are few public libraries, &c. in London : London is the metropolis of a free, Paris of an absolute government. These are some of the principal circumstances which distinguish London and Paris. By reflecting a little upon each of them, we may perhaps be enabled to account for the difference of taste in these two cities.

“ Commerce, which is attended with so many advantages, and which diffuses plenty, independence and happiness among the bulk of a people, is, however, less favourable to certain accomplishments, and less conducive to an elegance of taste and manners, than to perhaps more solid and general blessings.

sings. By turning the attention of men chiefly to gain, and by continually employing them in pursuit of this object, it leaves them less time to study the arts, and to admire the productions of genius and taste.

“ Nor, considering it merely with respect to the influence it may have upon taste, can it be supposed a circumstance favourable to that of the British metropolis, that London is the greatest sea-port in the world. The intercourse which this must create between vast numbers of its inhabitants and sea-faring people, may even be thought to communicate a little of that roughness which is more the characteristic of the common run of sailors than politeness and refinement. Hence, perhaps, by attributing it to a complaisance to the prevailing humour of their audience, we may account for the low scenes and vulgar wit we meet with in some of our dramatic writers, and for that odd drollery which distinguishes the performances of a neighbouring maritime nation.

“ Every advantage is attended with some inconvenience: let the Parisians, who live in a city which is no sea-port, which has no trade but that of some elegant manufactures, and is alone supported by a passion for living perpetually in the capital, so universal among the French *noblesse*; boast of the politeness and refined taste of their metropolis: the citizens of London may glory in what is more substantial, and contributes more to the happiness of its inhabitants, a share of wealth and independence, diffused by liberty and commerce among all ranks of men, which prevents the meanest individual from being enslaved by the greatest, and enables vast multitudes to enjoy those bounties of heaven, which in other places are confined to a small number of mankind. But certainly if we consider commerce only so far as it may have an influence upon taste, it can never be thought to be an advantage; nor can it be supposed a very favourable circumstance to that of this country, that a considerable part of the trade of England is transacted in the metropolis. That of France is carried on in her provincial towns, and the inhabitants of Paris chiefly consist of the *noblesse*, and of those, who, living on their fortunes, and not being hurried by business, have leisure to improve their taste, and to cultivate the fine arts.

“ Universities, I believe it will be denied by none, are the principal seats of *Learning and Knowledge* in every country. Even in those ages, when university-learning was of the

the most ridiculous sort, foppish and bewildering as it must be confessed to have been, it was, however, the best the world then had, and the members of universities were more enlightened and less ignorant than their countrymen. Tho' there is a certain stiffness and pedantry that sometimes attends men of great erudition, and which gives their manners an awkward look to the people of active life; yet still we may, without being thought partial, affirm, that they must in all probability have a more correct taste; and, by being accustomed to study the noblest models, be more readily struck with the irregularities of works that deviate from the rules observed by the best writers, than other persons can be supposed to be, whose way of life has not led them to improve their taste, or to correct it by those rules, which were observed by the best geniuses of all ages, but especially by the ancients. We may even suppose that conversation with men of learning must be of advantage to others; that in places where there are great numbers of men of letters, a certain proportion of learning must by them be communicated to the people; and that there must be a greater chance of meeting with persons who have taken some pains to correct and improve their tastes."

Whether it may be of advantage, upon the whole, or not, that young gentlemen should be educated in great cities, or in places retired, and consecrated to the Muses alone, our Author does not take upon him to determine; he is persuaded, however, that the University of Paris has had a mighty influence in correcting and improving the taste of the French metropolis, and in diffusing a sort of critical accuracy among its inhabitants; while, at the same time, the members of the University, by living in a great city, and conversing with people of active life, have many opportunities of improving in politeness, and a knowledge of the fine arts, which can be met with no where but in the capital of a kingdom.

The University of Paris is a great body, and endued with very ample privileges: it consists of about ten colleges, which enjoy the full rights of the University; and about thirty others, whose rights and privileges are not so great. Now it can hardly be supposed, that such foundations, consecrated to the arts and sciences, will have no influence in communicating a taste for the Muses to a City, whose inhabitants must have so much intercourse with learned men. But, besides the University, there are several Societies estab-

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blished in Paris, expressly for the improvement of taste. The French academy for the improvement of Eloquence and Poetry;—the royal Academy of Inscriptions, &c. for cultivating the Belles Lettres, explaining ancient monuments, and transmitting to posterity the remarkable events of the monarchy by medals, &c.—The royal academy of painting and sculpture, under the government of a director, who is appointed by the King; a chancellor, four rectors, one of whom attends every quarter, and twelve professors, who attend each of them a month by turns, direct the studies of the pupils, propose models to them, and correct their designs;—and a royal academy for the improvement of Architecture, in which instructions are given gratis, and prizes annually distributed to incite the emulation of the students.

Our Letter-Writer goes on to observe, that among the different circumstances which distinguish London and Paris, none is more remarkable than this, that the latter is well supplied with great public libraries, with large collections of pictures, statues, prints, and every curiosity of nature or art, open to the inspection of every one. This, he justly thinks, must be of great advantage, not only to give true geniuses an opportunity of discovering their talents, but to improve the taste of those who have no extraordinary capacity. By being accustomed frequently to look at what is excellent, one becomes in some degree a judge, and is apt to be disgusted at the sight of what is unnatural and bad; as by often hearing good music, even those who have no remarkable taste that way, acquire a delicacy of ear, which is shocked with what is discordant and unharmonious.

In his sixth Letter, our Author treats of the influence of Liberty upon Taste, and of the Age of Augustus. He endeavours to shew what influence the different degrees of freedom, enjoyed by England and France, may naturally be imagined to have upon taste and the Belles Lettres. It has become a pretty common opinion, he tells us, that the strongest efforts of genius will probably be made by those who enjoy liberty, and are inspired by its animating influence; but that justness and refinement of taste will generally be found to be more improved among the subjects of an absolute, than among those of a free government. That the first of these propositions is true, he readily owns; that the second is false, he thinks, may be proved from history, and from the nature of the thing. It may be laid down as a certain maxim, he says, that, in every country, not only genius,
- R&V, Jan. 1762. C but

but taste also, will be found to be in proportion to freedom, unless the influence of this general law be counteracted by inferior circumstances and accidents, as any general law, either in the physical or moral world, may be observed to be in many particular instances.

Liberty cannot alone, he allows, or all at once, refine the genius or taste of mankind; other circumstances must concur, but liberty is still the animating cause, and a total deprivation of it would soon be found to extinguish every spark both of genius and taste. A people *may* be free, and yet rough and unpolished in their taste as well as manners; but a nation of *slaves must* either discover no taste at all, or a vitiated and false one. The rusticity of the ancient Romans proves nothing against the happy influence of liberty: but if we consider how short a period intervened, from their beginning to study the arts, till they lost their freedom; and reflect, that the despotism of their emperors put a sudden and unnatural stop to farther improvement, it will afford a convincing proof, that liberty is favourable, and arbitrary power unfavourable, to the liberal arts. This our Author endeavours to prove from the best authorities, and what he advances on the subject will be agreeable to every ingenious Reader.

He gives us a short sketch of the growing intercourse which the Romans had with the inhabitants of Greece, of the progress their language made at Rome, and of the importation of the works of Greek writers and ingenious artists, with which Italy was enriched at different times, from the conclusion of the first Macedonian war, till some time after the birth of Cicero; and shews, that these circumstances must have been favourable for promoting a genuine taste among the Romans. He likewise endeavours to answer the arguments that may be brought, for the superior advantages which taste is, by some people, thought to have in an absolute government, from the common opinion about the influence of the protection which Augustus afforded the Muses.

The last age of the Republic, he observes, formed the great writers of the Augustan age; and nothing can be more absurd and trifling, he thinks, than to ascribe the merit of the fine writers of those times to the patronage of the emperor, or his minister. They knew well how to make a proper use of those geniuses who then flourished; but who had been formed in other times, and by conversation with different

rent men. Taste was at it greatest height in Rome, when Augustus came to the helm of affairs, and from that moment began to decline. It was not all at once, indeed, extinguished; human society, and the genius of men, must be polished, or made barbarous, by degrees. But as the Romans, from the period when they began to be civilized, had made the most rapid progress in taste, and, in all probability, would have attained to a far greater degree of perfection, at least in some branches, had not the absolute power of the emperors checked their genius; so, from the time that a period was put to their liberty, they as rapidly declined, and the fatal effects of the change of their constitution upon taste became visible. Some writers appeared, indeed, in the days of the emperors, of extraordinary merit: they were, however, few in number, and lived not in a period so distant from the Ciceronian age, but that we may naturally suppose the noble spirit of that age might have been communicated to them, and the animating genius of liberty not yet altogether extinguished in Roman breasts.

In the seventh Letter our Author continues the same subject, *viz.* the influence of liberty upon taste, and makes some observations concerning the age of LEWIS XIV. Sufficient reasons, he thinks, may be given for the figure which the French writers of this age make, and will for ever make in the annals of the world, without having recourse to the influence of the monarch's power, or drawing a conclusion unfavourable to liberty. He endeavours to shew, that in France, during the reigns of several kings preceding LEWIS XIV. the rights of the bulk of the people were enlarged, their understandings improved by a freedom of enquiry, their spirits animated, and their taste made manly and bold by perpetual struggles about independence and freedom, both sacred and civil: in a word, that a spirit of liberty prevailed, and formed those geniuses, who flourished when he came to the throne, and during the last years of his father's reign.

In the last Letter he enquires, why England has produced so many great poets, and no capital painters or statuaries. He ascribes the elevated spirit of British poetry to the genius of the people, and to that of liberty, together with the boldness and copiousness of our language; and tells us, that those extravagant flights, and that irregularity, which are too conspicuous in some of the greatest names among the English poets, may be attributed to the want of establishments of learned societies in London.

“ Here then, says he, we may perceive one reason why our neighbours, with much less genius, have excelled us in correctness of taste. They have established in their metropolis, societies to superintend and direct the public approbation, while we have allowed the humours of the people to be the sovereign arbitrator. In dramatic performances, the Pit has always been able to condemn or approve, and this has generally been led by a few; who, without perhaps any other qualification but a larger share of briskness and conceit than the rest, have taken upon them to direct the judgment of the town. The universities, removed at a distance, could not have much influence: in these a foundation might be laid for excelling, by studying the originals of all beauty; but when works came to be offered to the town, 'twas found that a classical spirit was less calculated to please, than one more adapted to the taste of a place where no such learned societies were instituted, and where a different taste prevailed. Were a society, like the French academy, established in London, of such dignity as to make the most accomplished among the Great, ambitious of being members of it, it could not fail of having a happy influence. Not only would it serve to promote a good taste, it would also give a spur to genius, and encourage many people to cultivate talents, which at present they neglect. What an additional ornament would such a society be to the British metropolis! What an honour would it be to its *Founder*, and to those whose interest and rank might give them an opportunity of promoting such an institution! This would make correctness of taste as much the characteristic of the English writers, as freedom and genius have hitherto been, and soon enable the British muses to become as superior to the French in the former, as they are by all good judges allowed to be in the latter.”

That England has produced no painters or statuary, whose productions have been known beyond the limits of their own country, must arise, our Author says, from some cause or other in the circumstances or genius of the People. Such a deficiency, among a people so remarkable for genius in other respects as the English, must be owing, he tells us, to moral causes, and not to any natural inability of excelling in a particular art.

The Reformation, he observes, naturally gave a check to improvements in Sculpture and Painting, by taking away the greatest encouragements and motives to excel in these arts. In Italy,
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at the restoration of politeness and arts, we are told, poets and painters appeared at the same time : ———

A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

PORE.

“ In England, continues he, Spenser and Shakespear, much greater poets than Vida, were accompanied with no painters of any fame, much less able to enter the lists with Raphael the greatest master of his art, the modern world can boast of; and ever since the revival of letters and arts, Great Britain hath been left infinitely behind in painting by Italy, and other Roman Catholic countries, while our poets have sung with a nobler fire, and caught the free and manly spirit of the antients, more perhaps than has been done by those of any other country in modern times.

“ There are no passions of the human mind capable of being worked up to greater heights, or of producing stronger effects, than superstition and enthusiasm; hence we may easily conceive, what an influence the consecrating of statues and pictures, as objects of adoration in Roman Catholic countries, must have upon the minds of the people, and for what reasons no pains are spared, and no expence grudged, to procure pieces of the most striking beauty and expression to adorn popish altars, and to animate the devotion of superstitious votaries. Fact and experience, as well as reason and theory, confirm this opinion, and naturally account for those strong powers of fancy which Roman Catholic painters have discovered, and for that great encouragement they have met with from the religious. The first and the last works of almost all the great masters have been devotional pieces, and done too for some religious house.”

The situation of Great Britain, our Author thinks, has been another reason why sculpture and painting have made so little progress in this country. Living in an island, and almost separated from the rest of the world, the inhabitants of England have been less visited by foreigners of distinction than those of any other part of Europe of equal consequence, and thus have wanted one motive to encourage arts that are ornamental, viz. the vanity of displaying grand works to strangers.

He observes farther on this head, that the English nobility, and people of fashion, have resided less in London, than those of the same rank in other nations have done in the capitals of their different countries. How far this may have been of advantage

vantage to the kingdom in general, or what bad effects may arise from the taste for living in town, or near it; that has of late prevailed so much among people of rank and fortune, beyond what it did in former times, he does not pretend to determine: whatever bad consequences may flow from this humour in other respects, it must be allowed, he thinks, to have a natural tendency to improve and polish the manners of the people, to promote a taste for what is elegant and splendid, and to afford the greatest encouragement and opportunities to cultivate the fine arts.

R.

The Proceedings and Sentence of the Spiritual Court of Inquisition of Portugal, against Gabriel Malagrida, Jesuit, for Heresy, Hypocrisy, false Prophecies, Impostures, and various other heinous Crimes: Together with the Sentence of the Civil Court of Justice, passed on him the 20th Day of September 1761, and published in Lisbon by Authority. Faithfully translated from the original Portuguese. 4to. 2s. Marsh.

IN this land of freedom, where every man is at liberty to take his *quantum sufficit* of religion, and to chuse its quality; where opinions unfavourable to all divine institutions are broached with impunity, and where the most illiterate form themselves into societies, and assemble to dispute the truth of doctrines revealed from Heaven; we hear of religious persecutions with horror and with wonder. With us, indeed, religious liberty is manifestly abused; it becomes the subject of dispute with the wiling, and of rivalry with the profane: but even this evil is more tolerable than religious tyranny; for much less is to be feared from the sophistry of the shallow free-thinker, than from the rage of the infatuated bigot.

Odious, however, as persecution is, in all its circumstances, we cannot say that we looked upon the death of Father *Malagrida* either with horror or concern. The detestable practices of the jesuits, their horrid plots, and dark intrigues, have rendered them justly obnoxious to people of all persuasions.

Father *Malagrida* was a jesuit, and by birth a Milanese. It appears, that he had been the greatest part of his life a missionary in South America; and when he was tried by the Inquisition, he was considerably advanced in years. The crime

crime with which he was charged, was Heresy; and the charge was principally founded upon two written books, of which he acknowledged himself the Author. The one was in the Portuguese language, and entitled, *The heroic and wonderful Life of the glorious St. Anne, Mother of the blessed Virgin Mary, dictated by the same Saint, with the Assistance, Approbation, and Concurrence of the same sovereign Lady and her most holy Son.*—The other was in Latin, with this title, *Traclatus de Vita et Imperio Antechristi.*

The life of St. Anne contained, amongst others, the following curious assertions, viz “That St. Anne was sanctified in her mother’s womb, in the same manner as the B. Virgin Mary was sanctified in the womb of St. Anne.—That the Privilege of Sanctification in the maternal womb had been granted only to S. Anne and to Mary her daughter:—That S. Anne, in the womb of her mother, understood, knew, loved, and served God in the same manner as the Saints do, who are wrapt up in glory:—That S. Anne, in the womb of her mother, wept, and made the Cherubims and Seraphims, her attendants, weep also out of pure compassion:—That S. Anne, while yet in her mother’s womb, made vows; and lest any one of the three Persons of the B. Trinity should be jealous of her regard for the others; she made the Vow of Poverty to the eternal Father, the Vow of Obedience to the eternal Son, and the Vow of Chastity to the Holy Ghost.——

“That S. Anne was the most innocent creature, that ever came forth from the hands of God:—That it was evident, she had never sinned in Adam: That she had entered into the marriage-state for the sake of being more chaste, more pure, more a virgin, and more innocent:—That S. Anne, while in a mortal state, interceded with God in behalf of the Angelic Choirs amidst their glory, that he would help and enable them to improve in the Service and Praise of his divine Majesty:——

“That Christ was not able to find any expressions sufficient to give us an idea of the greatness of the Gifts he had bestowed upon S. Anne:—That the bare Sighs of the same Saint had acquired the force to kindle new and unusual flames in the very breast of God himself:—That Virtue and Sanctity were more easy to propagate than Vice:—That even if Adam had always lived uprightly, and never fallen into any mortal sin; he would nevertheless have been always a miserable slave, and wretchedly weak and ignorant:——

“ That he (the Criminal) had heard the eternal Father speak with his clear and distinct voice ; had heard the eternal Son speak with his clear and distinct voice ; and had heard the Holy Ghost speak with his clear and distinct voice :—That the family of S. Anne, besides gentlemen and children, consisted of twenty slaves ; twelve men, and eight women :—That S. Joachim followed the trade of a mason, and lived in Jerusalem with S. Anne ; and that she was the woman of fortitude of whom Solomon spoke, who was himself under a mistake with regard to her, she being of his own nation, and even born of his blood.

“ That S. Anne had founded a spiritual retreat in Jerusalem for three and sixty women of a retired life ; in order to accomplish which, the Angels had put on the disguise of Carpenters ; and that for the support of those women, one of their company, whose name was Martha, used to go and buy fish, and sell it about the town to advantage :—That some of the women of S. Anne’s retreat married in pure obedience to God ; who had decreed *ab æterno*, that those happy maidens, thus carefully brought up by S. Anne, should be greater Saints than the generality of Saints, nay, than most of the Apostles and Disciples of Christ :—That ONE of them was married to Nicodemus ; ANOTHER to S. Matthew ; ANOTHER to Joseph of Arimathea ; and that from the marriage of ANOTHER was born S. Linus, Successor to S. Peter :—and that Christ puts on many shapes, and assumes various characters with those whom he raises to the highest contemplation ; and grants one or several directors from heaven to such souls as aspire to perfection.

“ Farther he asserts in the same Treatise, that the B. Virgin Mary delivered to him the following Doctrine :—That the souls of worldlings, or the souls which aim no higher than to the observance of the commandments, are tempted only by devils ; but those which aspire to perfection, and which God is more earnestly desirous of advancing to the state of passive contemplation, are tempted indeed in the beginning by the devil ; yet, when once they have given good proof of their fidelity, they are made to know, that there is in reality a new kind of profession in the church, consisting in the sublime contemplation of the divine mysteries, and in the revelation of things hidden *a constitutione mundi* * : and then God and the B. Virgin Mary take such souls into their special care ; throwing them into such gloomy depths and heavy temptations, that they know not which way to turn them-

* From the foundation of the world.

selves :

selves :—That however, when souls are once arrived to this state, the devils take their farewell of them for ever ; and yet the souls themselves are not therefore exempt from still undergoing attacks and struggles of the most virulent kinds ; nay they, they are even assailed with apparitions of devils, and those of the most unclean and malignant sorts ; who disturb them with falsehoods, snares, and distresses in various shapes ; nay, and with prophanities and obscenities. But nevertheless, their tempters are not real devils. On the contrary, they are holy souls, and some of the most eminent in glory ; nay, some of them are of the purest angels, and are extremely fond of those very souls ; and therefore they are so far from being ashamed of performing such offices to them, that they glory in so doing ; since their motive in thus playing the part of tempters and devils is, to make a compleat conquest of them, and to help them to fill up the sooner the measure of mortifications and struggles which God himself has laid upon them as a Tax, in order to admit them afterwards to the communication of his divine secrets.”

“ Besides these tenets he wrote also the following ones, as communicated to him by revelation, *to wit* :—

“ That the Divine Nature is divided between the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity :—That the B. Virgin Mary, when in the womb of S. Anne, uttered these words :—*Confo-
tare Mater mea amantissima, quia invenisti gratiam apud Domi-
num: Ecce concipies et paries Filiam, et vocabitur nomen ejus
Maria: et requiescet super eam SPIRITUS DOMINI et obum-
brabit; et CONCIPIET IN EA, et EX EA, Filium Altissimi,
qui saluum faciet Populum suum* *.” And in the same work he assevers with an oath, that the same Blessed Lady had re-
vealed this to him ; and that withal there was a festival kept in the celestial Paradise for eight days together on account of this first event, namely, the utterance of these miraculous words.

“ He also assevers, as matter of revelation which had been made to him, that God had told him not to make any scruple of aggrandizing the Blessed Virgin *usque ad excessum et ultra* † ;

* Be comforted, dearest mother ; because thou hast found favour with the Lord : behold thou shalt conceive, and bring forth a daughter, and her name shall be called Mary : and the Spirit of the Lord shall light upon her, and overshadow her ; and HE SHALL CONCEIVE WITHIN HER and OF HER the Son of the most High, who shall save his people.

† Even to excess and beyond it.

nor to be afraid of using and applying to her the very attributes, which were peculiar to his own divine Being, namely, IMMENSE, INFINITE, ETERNAL, and ALMIGHTY:—

“ That the sacred Body of Christ was formed of a Drop of the blood of the B. Virgin’s heart:—That it grew by little and little by the help of his mother’s aliment, till it became perfectly organised, and capable of receiving the soul; but that the divinity and personality of the *Word* had already been united to that drop of blood in the very instant when it passed from the heart to the immaculate womb of the Virgin:—That the Three Divine Persons had had various consultations, debates, and opinions about the manner in which S. Anne should be treated:—That the holy city shewn to the evangelist and beloved disciple, when he said, *Vidi Civitatem sanctam, Jerusalem novam descendentem de cœlo a Deo, paratam sicut sponsam, ornata viro suo* *, ought to be considered as a filthy and loathsome dunghill in comparison with the soul of S. Anne.

“ That S. Anne had a sister called S. Baptistina, who told him (the Criminal) that the B. Virgin was still with her parents, when the archangel Gabriel brought her word, that she was to be mother of God; and that the Virgin, humbling herself, applied in prayer to the eternal Father to *intercede* for her, that she might still continue a poor and lowly slave; that nevertheless, being finally convinced, that she must be mother of God, she fell on the floor in a swoon, which caused the angel some trouble; who lifting her up with great reverence, entreated her to accept of that dignity: a banquet, which the angels and archangels had prepared, being kept in the mean time in suspense, till our Lady gave her consent:—That after the Incarnation of the divine *Word*, the holy Virgin was espoused to S. Joseph, S. Anne being then about fifty years old:—And that the B. Virgin was an actual inhabitant of Jerusalem, when she lost her divine Son, and found him in the temple after three days; for that he had absented himself from her all that time to go and assist at the death of S. Anne.”

To gain credit to these visions, he asserted, on his trial, that he had wrought several miracles, “ that he had delivered some sick Persons out of danger, on their asking his prayers; and had in like manner secured succession to some families in

* I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. *REVELATIONS*, ch. xxi. v. 2.

Portugal: in particular, one person, having promised him six hundred *milreis* for our Lady of the missions, obtained of our said Lady the desired heir; but the heir being afterwards in danger of dying, on account of the dilatoriness in fulfilling the promise, (no more than two hundred *milreis* being hitherto paid) the said person applied to him again with fresh intreaties; and the heir was then effectually delivered from danger, and all complaints, by his prayers.

“At the intreaties of another person, and in consideration of another promise, he obtained, contrary to all expectation, an heir to a magistrate already in years; the consequence of which was, that bad tongues gave out, that the boy was none of his own.”

Notwithstanding these pious miracles, and all the allegations he was able to make, either in defence of himself or his works, he was condemned by an *Auto de Fé*, and delivered up to the Lay Tribunal of Justice, which passed the following sentence on him:—“That he should be led with a cord about his neck, and proclamation made of his crimes through the public streets of Lisbon, to the square of Rocio, that there he should suffer corporal death, by being strangled with a rope, and his body should be burnt and reduced to ashes, that there might be no memory of him or his remains;” which sentence was executed accordingly.

La. If we recollect aright, F. Malagrida was first taken into custody on account of the conspiracy, in 1759, against the life of his most faithful majesty; but whether the exemplary punishment of this jesuit really sprung from that source, (which the Court possibly might not care to avow) or whether his ridiculous heresies were the sole cause of his unhappy end, we are not enabled to say. This, however, is certain, that the motives of governments are not always seen in their conduct.

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The Rudiments of English Grammar, adapted to the Use of Schools; with Observations on Style. By Joseph Priestley. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Griffiths.

THE study of our own Tongue has hitherto been most shamefully neglected in our public schools, while the construction of the dead Languages, with all their idioms, has been assiduously taught. In this respect we certainly pay too

too great a regard to custom. This mode of education might be necessary in those times, when the Language of our country was little cultivated or used, and when the works of the learned among us were written in Latin; but now that the English Tongue is not only become the vehicle of science, but is also the Language of the Orator, it is certainly absurd that our youth should waste that time in learning to write or speak a dead Language, which they might more usefully employ in studying their own. They should be able to read and understand the Classics, but their compositions should be English.

The Rudiments of English Grammar are exhibited with great accuracy and clearness in this little treatise, by Mr. Priestley. Upon the whole, we commend his brief manner of explaining and laying down his Precepts; but we could wish that he had been a little more diffuse in the Syntactical part.

His Observations on Style, annexed to his Grammar, are, in general, judicious and ingenious; but he is certainly in the wrong to make it a doubt whether the ancient Poets intended the Structure or the Sound of their Verses at any time to be expressive of the Sense. It is impossible to read *Vida's Art of Poetry*, and at the same time to entertain the least doubt on that head.

For a specimen of our Author's abilities, as a Philologist, we shall quote the following passages from his Observations on Style.

“From the correspondence between men's thoughts and language, explained in the former part of these observations, we may infer, that in Style, as in every other production, there is room for an infinite diversity, where the degrees of excellence may be the same. For as every man hath some peculiarity in his manner, whether of speaking, or behaviour, which, as much as the peculiar form of his features, or size of his limbs, distinguishes him from other men; and which, if he have no affectation, is more becoming him, and better suits his whole character, than any other manner whatever: so likewise hath every man a peculiar manner of conceiving things, and expressing his thoughts, which, were he so fortunate as to hit upon subjects adapted to his genius, would not want propriety or beauty.

“It is not nature that requires a perfect similarity of Style in all that write upon the same subject. The *style* of many persons,

persons, of the same age, the same nation, the same climate, and even upon the same occasion, may have equal propriety, and yet be considerably different. In some things a person may innocently consult his own person and taste.

“ This natural foundation for diversity of Style, critics seem not sufficiently to have attended to, and have, hence, been too hasty in establishing general laws of writing from particular instances of successful composition; and have defined and circumscribed the paths to literary excellence, in such a manner, that no writer, who pays a scrupulous regard to their rules, can ever arrive at it.

“ It ought to have been considered, that the infinite diversity of the subjects of human enquiry and speculation, might suggest an infinite diversity in the very kinds of composition, and that the diversity of lights in which the same subject may be viewed by different human intellects, might occasion as great differences in the manner of treating them.

“ Hence hath arisen the modern method of evading the force of established criticism, upon compositions of very common denominations, by inventing new titles to works. Thus the writer of *Memoirs* or *Travels*, is not confined by the strict laws of *History*; at the same time that he gives us all the instruction, and perhaps (if only from the variety of his method) more entertainment, than we could receive from the most regular historical performance. And all the rules of *Epic* writing are dispensed with, and all the uses of such works preserved, in the looser dress of a *Novel* or *Romance*; from each of which, being executed with all imaginable diversity of manner, (owing to the human genius being left to its native freedom, in a province as yet uninvasioned, at least unoccupied, by the critics) the spirit of antient commentators, might have established quite different sets of rules for this species of composition.

“ Language partakes much of the nature of *art*, and but little of the nature of *science*; both because improvements in language have their *ne plus ultra*, and because it is a thing not exempt from the influence of fashion and caprice; whereas true science is the same in all places, and in all times, and admits of unbounded improvements.

“ Both languages and arts, in their infancy, are composed of rough unpolished materials, that barely answer the purposes for which they were intended; in process of time, and in consequence of more persons being employed in improving
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and using them, they acquire an elegance of construction, and beauty of finishing, while they still retain their strength and capacity for service : but, at last, strength and service are sacrificed to useless and superfluous ornaments, following the universal changes of taste, which are, from the rough and unpolished, to the cultivated and manly ; and from the cultivated and manly, to the effeminate and vitiated.

“ The time when a language comes to its perfection may be nearly ascertained, from considering the causes that contribute to it. To resume our former comparison ; any art may be judged to be arrived at its perfection, when it hath been a considerable time practised, and in reputation ; for, in those circumstances, there could have been no want of motives, either from interest or honour, to excite the ingenious to try every expedient for its improvement.

“ Languages have hardly ever received any real improvement, after an entire century favourable to the polite arts ; and, from causes that have generally coincided, the period of literary renown in any nation, hath seldom been long after the time in which it made the greatest figure in arms and politics. Also the language of those times which produced the most and the best writers, hath always been deemed *classical*, and the standard of Style to those that have succeeded them.

“ We need make no doubt, therefore, but that the conjectures and apprehensions we find in the writings of *Addison*, *Pope*, *Swift*, and others, their cotemporaries, that the language of their time would, at length, become obsolete in this nation, are absolutely groundless. And it may be taken for granted, that the schemes of some still more modern writers, to add something considerable to the perfection of the English language, in order to contribute to the permanency of it, cannot, according to the course of nature, produce any effect. If the English language hath not already attained to its maturity, we may safely pronounce that it never will ; and if it be not now in a condition to perpetuate itself, and stand the attacks of time, no method that we can at this day take, will rescue it from oblivion.

“ More than a century is already elapsed since *Dryden* began to be admired as a writer, and where is the probability of the prophecy of *Mr. Pope* ever coming to pass ?

And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

“ R

“ It is *writing* that fixes and gives stability to a language ; for hardly any of the causes that contribute to the revolutions of *vocal* language do at all affect that which is *written*. And when a language is so much read, written, and diffused in books through the bulk of the nation that speaks it as the English, in its present state, it would be absolutely miraculous were it to receive any considerable alteration.”

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. Vols. V. VI. 12mo. 5s. Becket and De Hondt.

THE Authors of the Monthly Review being determined never to lose sight of truth and candour, are neither to be misled by favour, nor irritated by reproach ; neither perverted by prejudice, nor borne down with the current of popular opinion. The books that come under their cognizance will be considered with the same impartiality, whether the Authors be their friends or foes, in plain cloaths or prunella, in power or in prison. They would willingly, indeed, have their censure fall upon books only, without any regard to their Authors ; but it is certain that a man may be immoral in his Writings as well as in his Actions, and in that respect he will always be liable to the censure of those, who consider themselves not only as judges in the Republic of Letters, but as members of society, and the servants of their country.

Upon these considerations, in reviewing the works of the learned, we are not only to observe their literary excellencies or defects, not merely to point out their faults or beauties, but to consider their moral tendency ; and this more particularly, as it is of greater consequence to society that the heart be mended, than that the mind be entertained.

Decency is the hand-maid of Virtue, and the votaries of the mistress never insult the servant. Purity of heart always produces purity of manners ; and not only the Christian system has enjoined the latter, as being the visible effect of the former, but it has been pleaded for by the wife of every age, and of every sect.

Had we not then a right to complain, if a person, by profession obliged to discountenance indecency, and expressly commanded by those pure and divine doctrines he teaches, to avoid it ; ought we not to have censured such a one, if he
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introduced obscenity as wit, and encouraged the depravity of young and unfledged vice, by libidinous ideas and indecent allusions?

In reviewing the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, we have hitherto had occasion to lament, that, while the Author was exerting his talents to maintain the humour and consistency of his characters, he himself was so much out of character; and we could wish sincerely that we had now no farther reason for complaints of that kind.

The fifth and sixth volumes of this work, indeed, are not so much interlarded with obscenity as the former; yet they are not without their stars and dashes, their hints and whiskers: but, in point of true humour, they are much superior to the third and fourth, if not to the first and second. Some of the characters too are placed in a new light, and the rest are humorously supported. Uncle *Toby* is a considerable gainer by this continuation of his Nephew's *Life and Opinions*. In the story of *Le Fever* the old Captain appears in a most amiable light; and as this little episode does greater honour to the abilities and disposition of the Author, than any other part of his work, we shall quote it at large, as well for his sake, as for the entertainment of such of our Readers as may not have seen the original.

“ It was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in *Europe*—when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together——But this is neither here nor there.——why do I mention

mention it?—Ask my pen,——it governs me, — I govern not it.

“ He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast,—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

“ —— If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

“ Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

“ Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—*Trim*,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*,—do *Trim*,—and ask if he knows his name?

“ —— I have quite forgot, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; — but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

“ My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

REV. JAN. 1762.

D “ — Stay

“ — Stay in the room a little, said my uncle *Toby*. —

“ *Trim*! said my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and smoaked about a dozen whiffs. — *Trim* came in front of his master and made his bow; — my uncle *Toby* smoaked on, and said no more. — Corporal! said my uncle *Toby* — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

“ *Trim*! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — Your honour’s roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicholas*; — and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, ’twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour’s torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle *Toby*, — or that I had known more of it. — How shall we manage it? Leave it, an’t please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; — I’ll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here’s a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

“ My uncle *Toby* filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from his point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaille a straight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

“ It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

“ I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. — Is he in the army then? said my uncle *Toby*. — He is, said the corporal. — And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby*. — I’ll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as
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I-learnt it.——Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it——*Your honour is good.*——And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered,—and begun the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

“ I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,——That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*——I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,——we can hire horses from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,——for I heard the death-watch 'all night long; — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

“ I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;——but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.——I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.——I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.——Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;——I wish I had him here.

“ —— I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: —— what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

“ When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy*’s servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (And thou might’st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*)—he was heartily welcome to it: — he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast. — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. *Yorick*’s curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

“ When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

“ I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an’ please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—’Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.—But when a soldier, said I, an’ please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I, for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an’ please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should’st

should'it not have said that, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said *Trim*.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby*, and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—in the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with thy story.

“ When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it.——The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

“ He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed side.——If you are Captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of *Levens's*,—said the lieutenant,—I told him your honour was. —— Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus's*——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. —— I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed

tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice.——Here, *Billy*, said he,——the boy flew across the room to the bed side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiss'd it too,—then kiss'd his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

“ I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

“ Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

“ I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted ;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ; — but finish the story thou art upon.——’Tis finished already, said the corporal, —for I could stay no longer,—so wish'd his honour a good night : young *Le Fever* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*. —— But alas ! said the corporal,—the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy ? cried my uncle *Toby*.

“ It was to my uncle *Toby*’s eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when coop’d in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves.——That notwithstanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who press’d theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterescarp,—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of *Dendermond* into a blockade,—he left *Dendermond* to itself,——to be reliev’d or not by the *French* King, as the *French* King thought good ; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son,

“ —— That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

“ Thou

“Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, — and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*.——In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my service to *Le Fever*, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

“In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*, —— when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him. —— Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

“—— In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, smiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an’ please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.——He will march, said my uncle *Toby*, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.——An’ please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. —— He shall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the corporal. —— He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby*.——He’ll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly. —— A-well-o’day,—do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die. ——He shall not die, by G—! cried my uncle *Toby*.

“—— The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—— and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

“—— My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the cor-
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poral

poral to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

“ The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,——when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed side, and independantly of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,——how he had rested in the night,——what was his complaint,——where was his pain,——and what he could do to help him ?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

“ ———— You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,——and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,——and we'll have an apothecary,——and the corporal shall be your nurse,——and I'll be your servant, *Le Fever*.

“ There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,——not the effect of familiarity,——but the cause of it,——which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,——rallied back,——the film forsook his eyes for a moment, —— he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby's* face,——then cast a look upon his boy,——and that *ligament*, fine as it was,——was never broken.

“ Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulse flutter'd——stopp'd——went on——throbb'd——stopp'd again——moved——stopp'd——shall I go on ?——No.”

Such is the affecting story of *Le Fever* ; who was attended by his son and uncle *Toby*, as chief mourners to the grave.

Since

Since Mr. Sterne published his Sermons, we have been of opinion, that his excellence lay not so much in the humorous as in the pathetic; and in this opinion we have been confirmed by the above story of Le Fever. We appeal to the Heart of every reader whether our judgment is not right?

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Fingal. An ancient Epic Poem, in six Books. Together with several other Poems, composed by Ossian, the Son of Fingal. Translated from the Galic Language by James Macpherson. 4to. 10s. 6d. in boards. Becket and De Hondt.

STRANGE as it may seem, that an epic poem, composed in our own country, above fourteen hundred years ago, and handed down by tradition from the ancient bards, should not have made an earlier appearance in the English language, it had been yet stranger, if the present publication of so uncommon a production had failed to engage the attention of the literary world. Its extraordinary merit, indeed, has not a little contributed to increase that admiration, which must be naturally excited by so great a curiosity. The sensible pleasure we ourselves received in the perusal, makes us readily subscribe to the universally-allowed merits of this poem; for which we think the public much obliged to the ingenious Editor, whose translation is very justly deemed a valuable acquisition to English poetry. We should be wanting, however, in a due regard both to our own character and the justice we owe to our readers, did we implicitly join in that excessive admiration, which, indiscriminately entertained, even for the best performances, is diametrically opposite to the candour of true criticism, and destructive of the very elements of literary composition. The noble flights, and native excursions, of true genius are, indeed, frequently too excentric to be exactly measured by critical rules; nor is it to be wished they should be too strictly subjected to such restraint: it is expedient, nevertheless, that the mechanism and execution of every considerable performance should be compared with that standard, and examined by those laws, which have, for many ages, been allowed to constitute the perfection of that peculiar species of writing, under the denomination of which such performance is presented to the world. Criticism degenerates, otherwise, into a servile echo of the leading voices of the times, and gives encouragement for every rising genius to indulge the luxuriance of his imagination,

gination, at the hazard of being hurried, by the impetuosity of unbridled fancy, into bombast, extravagance, and absurdity. At the same time, the taste and judgment of the reader, misled by such general and undistinguishing applause, become gradually vitiated, and the very end and design of all critical institution thereby totally subverted.

Were we to judge from the many unsuccessful attempts that have been made by poets, in different ages, to reach the dignity and perfection of the *Epopæia*, we should be apt to conclude it the most difficult, as well as the most perfect, species of poetry. But though we should agree with the Stagyrice, that an epic poem is inferior in excellence to a perfect tragedy, yet certain it is, the former requires such superior faculties of the human mind, as have been seldom found to correspond with the studies and inclinations of those who have undertaken so arduous a task.

The *Iliad* of Homer, the father of heroic poetry, as it is the most ancient, so it is universally allowed to be the most perfect epic poem extant. It was, indeed, from an examination into the construction and execution of Homer's poems, and not from the efforts of intuitive genius, that Aristotle deduced those laws, which he has laid down as essential to the *Epopæia*. In admitting the justice of those laws, therefore, we do not implicitly subscribe to any abstract reasonings, founded on arbitrary assumptions, *a priori*, or to the mere *ipse dixit* of the Stagyrice; but to the propriety of those precepts, which he rationally deduced, *a posteriori*, from the approved practice of the Grecian bard, and in composing which

Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Some critics, from a superficial knowledge of these rules, have talked of them as if they related only to the form, and not the spirit, of poetry. This, however, is far from being the case; and though we are not, as above hinted, so prejudiced in favour of the models of antiquity, as to pretend a poetical genius should servilely conform to them in the mere forms of composition, yet experience is strong on our side, to prove, that such as deviate from those essential parts, which compose the sublime and perfect works of the ancients, will ever fall short of their perfection. If Ariosto has been censured by some, for neglecting the established rules of Aristotle, and justified by others, as having a right to invent a new species of composition, the critics on both sides the question may, nevertheless, have been right in their different opinions, if

if the former suppose his work a compleat epic poem, and the latter take the contrary for granted. A poet has an undoubted right to indulge his genius in any known species of writing; or, if he think proper, to invent a new one: but, by the same rule that he is allowed the privilege of inventing a new species, he ought not to endeavour to corrupt and destroy the old. The world, in general, has been long agreed, as to the essentials of a genuine epic poem; and a work that is not distinguished by them, whatever poetical beauties it may otherwise possess, can lay no claim to the consummate merit of the *Epopœia*. To censure, or justify Ariosto on this head is therefore, in our opinion, as absurd, as to rank him in the number of genuine epic poets; as we should, for our own part, almost as soon rank Spenser's *Fairy Queen* among the epic poems, as the celebrated allegorical performance of Ariosto.

Our readers must not hence, however, imagine us so hypercritical as to expect, that Ossian should have composed with as much poetical propriety as Homer or Virgil. On the contrary, we are sensible of the moral impossibility of its being so. There are so many requisites to the perfection, and even to the constitution of an epic poem, that the greatest powers of genius are not alone equal to the task. A happy collision of the times and circumstances in which the poet lived, has had a great share in contributing to the perfection of such compositions. In the very early infancy of languages and states, when the manners of men were simple, and their intercourse confined, they must evidently want the means of acquiring an extensive knowledge of mankind, and thereby of a very intimate acquaintance with the various faculties and operations of the human mind. Hence the poet must be necessarily, in a great degree, deficient in the powers of diversifying his personages, distinguishing them by mental characteristics, and making them express themselves with a propriety of speech and sentiment, justly adapted to their characters on every occasion. Had Ossian therefore possessed even a superior genius to Homer, we conceive he could not, in the age wherein he is said to have lived, have produced an epic poem of equal merit with that of the *Iliad*. On the other hand, that excessive refinement of manners, that extensive knowledge and accuracy of reasoning, which prevail in a very polite age, are equal obstacles to the success of the epic poet. In the former times, the imagination of the poet will be more luxuriant, his sentiments more animated and striking, and his style bold
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and metaphorical, even to absurdity. His ideas being few, and their combination less diffuse and complex, external objects will have all their effect on his senses, and make a vigorous and lasting impression on his unburthened memory. Hence, in a variegated soil and climate, he may produce an infinite variety of beautiful descriptions. In reading his productions, we shall admire the loose, though nervous outlines of his figures, the sublimity of his expressions, and the daring boldness of his similes. We shall be captivated with the seductive glare of his style, while the cast of obscurity that envelopes the whole, will excite in us a kind of veneration, which precise ideas, correct imagery, and perfect similitude of allusion could never inspire. He will be found also to excel chiefly in still life. In describing the passions, and their effects, he will naturally express them as they appear in such an age of barbarous simplicity, undiversified by those various accidents, and numerous arts of dissimulation, which form or modify the factitious characters of more polished times. In these again, the perfection of epic poetry is counteracted by contrary means. As knowledge increases, precision and propriety, those enemies to the sublime, are a constant check on the powers of genius, and cool the warmth of imagination. When manners become greatly refined, the play of the passions also is concealed under the curtain of civility, the heart is disguised, and a certain sameness of conversation and action insensibly creeps in, to the utter destruction of sentiment and character. The age of Ossian was not that of critical propriety, nor is the present that of poetical rhapsody. Homer lived in an age characterised by a happy mixture of both, and the *Iliad* was the perfect work of a great genius, fortunately circumstanced for its production. Virgil, it is true, wrote in politer times; but with all his original merit, he was still an imitator; and had not Homer gone before him, the Augustan age had, in all probability, never produced an heroic poem worth transmitting to posterity.

For these reasons, it is with reluctance we should enter into a strict examination of the work before us, as an epic poem; in which light, however, we conceive ourselves, in some measure, obliged to consider it, as many of its admirers have allowed it consummate merit *as such*, and have risked its reputation, perhaps a little unadvisedly, on a comparison with the more perfect works of the kind among the ancients. Aristotle distinguishes the essential parts, which enter into the composition of an epic poem, by the appella-
tions

tions of μῦθος, ᾗθη, δαίνοια, and λέξις.—Μῦθος, or the fable, includes the composition and contexture of the whole work. This ought to depend on one general subject, and be uniform and consistent throughout; subject, however, to the admission of episodes, formed on circumstances naturally arising from, and depending on, the main business of the poem. The construction of the fable is, according to the Stagyrice, the most arduous task of an heroic poet. Μέγιστον δὲ τούτων ἐστὶν ἡ τῶν πραγμάτων συλασις. And though he has not assigned his particular reasons for this opinion, it is confirmed, by the experience of all ages, that power of imagination, which can happily combine the circumstances of any great transaction into one consistent plan, creating at the same time, and blending therewith, such incidents, and delineating such characters, as may make the whole great, interesting, and various;—this power being, undoubtedly, that faculty of the soul, which is most rarely to be found in the human mind. And thus, in order to produce that happy contexture of fable, which perfectly corresponds with the characteristics of the *Epopæia*, the poet is freed from the servile method of relating things as they really happened; otherwise he would be precluded from the means of composition: for which reason, he has a right to create all such probable incidents as are necessary to the perfection of his plan. In proportion therefore as an epic poem is defective in its fable, its merit declines; and, without affording instances of invention, however happy the poet may prove in his versification, or in embellishing his style with the flowers of rhetoric, his performance must still continue to be deemed an history in verse. For, as the Stagyrice observes, should any one versify the works of Herodotus, they would, nevertheless, compose an history in that state, as well as they do in prose; a *Poet* being distinguished from an *Historian*, in that the former selects those incidents and circumstances which ought to compose the *Epopæia*, and the latter relates things as they really existed. Εἴη γὰρ αὖ τὰ Ἡροδότου εἰς μέτρα τιθεσθαι, καὶ εὖν ἥτιον αὖ εἶν ἱστορία τις μετὰ μέτρων, ἢ αὖεν μετρῶν ἀλλὰ τετρῶ διαφερί, τῷ τὸν μὲν τὰ γενόμενα λέγειν, τὸν δὲ οἷα αὖ γένοιτο,

The conduct of an epic poem, therefore, should be such as may exhibit the various operations of the human mind, by a diversity of objects and circumstances, so as to affect the readers with the sensations of pain and pleasure, according to the nature of the subject and design of the poet: and this is

to be effected by the introduction of a number of capital personages, each distinctly marked by different characteristics, and who, by the artful management of the writer, are made to exemplify, by action and expression, the good and ill effects of virtue or vice, agreeable to their respective situations and characters. For this reason, none of those personages should appear, on any occasion, to deviate from those ruling principles that constitute their several characters; every action should be consentaneous to the general design, and afford in itself a rational motive for its being introduced; the whole fable being, at the same time, so constructed, that no part of it could be left out, without manifest injury to the remainder.

Subject to these restrictions, the narrative, or story, of an epic poem may proceed, without any variety of striking incidents or revolution of events, directly to that conclusion of good or ill fortune intended by the poet. But, notwithstanding this simplicity of fable is not contrary to the rules of the *Epopeia*, the merit of an epic poem is rendered incomparably greater, when it includes those parts of the fable, which are denominated by Aristotle *περιπέτεια* and *αναγνώσις*; by the former being meant those incidents which, though unforeseen, arise naturally from the circumstances of the story, retard the progress of affairs, and create those unexpected perplexities and revolutions, which fill the soul with pleasing suspense or surprize, and strongly impress the sensations of pleasure and pain, aversion or pity, on the mind of the reader. By the addition of this part of the fable, the poet has a more extensive field, on which to display his knowledge of the human heart and mind, and captivate the passions of his readers. By the *αναγνώσις* is meant that sudden change produced in the soul, as from enmity to friendship, from pity to revenge, &c. occasioned by the recollection of the person with whom another is engaged, either by remembering his features, seeing some known mark in vestment or armour, or otherwise; which, reviving the ideas of a former acquaintance, renews his friendship, or inflames his resentment. The *αναγνώσις* is most successfully introduced, and its end most happily effected, when it is immediately followed by the *περιπέτεια*. The happy effects of these parts of composition are every day seen in tragedy; and it is needless to explain how essential they are to the perfection of the *Epopeia*, how much the superior genius of the poet is manifested by their proper application, and how imperfect the piece must necessarily be wherein such embellishments are wanting.

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There is yet another part of the fable, which is distinguished by the word *παθος*, and consists in the representation of some visible injurious act, such as the inflicting death, wounds, &c. which vigorously affects the reader, and induces him to sympathize with the suffering object. Next to the *μῦθος*, or construction of the fable, *ἥθος*, or the manners, become the great object of the Poet's consideration. These, which should be justly deduced from the times in which the transactions of the Poem are supposed to have happened, should also, like the medium through which we behold visible objects, impart one general colour to every character and circumstance; throwing an additional cast over those peculiar lights and shades, whereby each is particularly distinguished. In consequence of this rule, nothing animate or inanimate is to be admitted incongruous to such æra and people. The national religion and mythology, their influence and tenets, are to be aptly applied. Their architecture, dress, armour, way of living, &c. are all to be consistent with, and contemporaneous to, the respective times and nations: the whole resembling a finished picture from the masterly hand of the painter, where, in one grand composition, every figure expresses its peculiar character, and in what manner it is affected by the same object, agreeable to their various dispositions; at the same time, the inanimate parts of the piece, or what the Italians call the *Costume*, ascertaining the country and æra of the artist's subject.

The next in degree of excellence in the essential parts of the *Εποποιία*, is the *Διάνοια*, or the effect of that pervading faculty of the mind, which can penetrate into the inmost recesses of nature, and select those parts alone which are best adapted to illustrate and sustain the whole, as it ought to exist in the reason of things, and nature of the composition.

To the preceding succeeds *λέξις*, or the power of diction. It is the business of this to express with energy and propriety those ideas, which are best adapted to the situation and circumstances in which every person is placed by the disposition of the fable, varying itself, by turns, agreeable to the language of joy or grief, tenderness or ferocity, complacency or horror, the simple or the sublime, according to the design of the Poet; whose style may, and ought to be, occasionally decorated with metaphor and simile, and diversified by the tropes and figures of rhetoric.

Such are the rules by which, as Critics, we should judge of the merits of an Epic Poem; rules that have received, in

confirmation of their rectitude, the sanction and approbation of more than two thousand years; and for our giving this slight sketch of them, we hope the learned, to whom it may be useless, will excuse us: we have many Readers who have often *heard* of them; and, to such, this part of the article may be acceptable. We shall not, for reasons above-mentioned, however, apply them too minutely in our strictures on the Poem before us; we are nevertheless naturally led, in giving a general idea of the performance, to compare it sometimes, in parallel circumstances, with the works of the Greek and Roman writers; a comparison that can by no means be deemed invidious, as we shall confine it to those parts wherein neither the superior education, nor the different manners and customs of the times, afforded them any advantage over our Celtic bard. But if Ossian possessed the same degree of genius that inspired an Homer, those objects, which presented themselves to the senses of the son of Fingal, will be described with the same truth and beauty of colouring, that we find in the works of the son of Mæon: the passions will be expressed with like energy; the manners of the times, simple as they are, will be delineated with similar propriety; and the characters of the persons distinctly marked, and preserved through the whole, with like precision and consistence. These particulars will also be combined in such a manner, as to make the whole great, interesting, and replete with variety of imagery: that is, in a degree, and so far as the subject of the Celtic Poet is equally capable of such embellishments with that of the Grecian.

The story of this Poem, says the Translator, is so little interlarded with fable, that one cannot help thinking it the genuine history of Fingal's expedition, embellished by poetry. He scruples not, however, to assert it to be truly epic, notwithstanding the greatest excellence in that species of composition, *invention*, is confessedly wanting. It is very possible, nevertheless, that a production may be defective in the supreme part of composition, and yet have otherwise great poetical merit. How far the Poem of Fingal affords us proofs of this, will be seen by taking an impartial view of some of its principal beauties and blemishes.

The subject of it is an invasion of Ireland, by Swaran, King of Lochlin*. Cuchullin, General of the Irish Tribes, during the minority of Cormac, King of Ireland, upon in-

* *Scandinavia*, according to the Translator.

telligence of the invasion, assembled his forces near Tura, a castle on the coast of Ulster. The Poem opens with the landing of Swaran; councils are held, battles fought, and Cuchullin is at last totally defeated. In the mean time, Fingal, King of the Highlands of Scotland, whose aid had been solicited before the enemy landed, arrived, and expelled them from the country. This war, which continued but six days and as many nights, is, including the episodes, the whole story of the Poem. The scene is the Heath of Lena, near a mountain called Cromleach, in Ulster.

The Poet begins abruptly, without making any general declaration of his subject, as is done by Homer and Virgil; but this is not mentioned as an instance of inferiority. "Cuchullin sat by Tura's wall; by the tree of the rustling leaf.---- His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. As he thought of mighty Carbar, a hero whom he slew in war, &c." ---- Cuchullin, it seems, having intelligence of the intended invasion, had sent forth his scouts, who were to return, and give him immediate notice, on the appearance of the enemy. In this state of suspense and expectation, his own situation, with the disposition of his arms and armour, is well imagined; but the subject on which he is ruminating, is less happily chosen. A Poet, whose penetrating genius could place his heroes in the most proper dispositions of body and mind, would rather have employed him in thinking by what means he might best defend his country from the foe he hourly expected, than on the past event of his slaying Carbar. But perhaps it will be said, that it was natural for Cuchullin to dwell on this pleasing idea, in hopes that Swaran also was destined to fall by his victorious hand.---Possibly this is right.

Moran, a scout, returns with an account of Swaran's arrival: "Rise! said the youth; Cuchullin, rise! I see the ships of Swaran. Cuchullin! many are the foe; many the heroes of the dark-rolling sea. — Moran, replied the blue-eyed chief, thou ever tremblest, son of Fithill; thy fears have much increased the foe." There is, in our opinion, very little propriety in this answer of the chief; indeed, were not the same mode of expression frequently made use of in this, and the other Poems in the book, we should be apt to imagine the Translator had mistaken the sense of the word which in the original answers to *many*, and which had probably been better translated *numberless*, or expressed by some word

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equivalent:

equivalent: for it is impossible Cuchullin could expect Swaran would come to invade Ireland alone, or with fewer than *many* attendants. The scout proceeds: "I saw their chief, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that blasted fir. His shield like the rising moon. He sat on a rock on the shore; like a cloud of mist on the silent hill.---Many, chief of men! I said, many are our hands of war.---Well art thou named, the mighty man; but many mighty men are seen from Tura's walls of wind.---He answered, like a wave on a rock, Who in this land appears like me? Heroes stand not in my presence: they fall to earth beneath my hand. None can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, King of stormy hills. Once we wrestled on the heath of Malmor, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring from our strife. Three days we renewed our strife, and heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the King of the Ocean fell; but Swaran says, he stood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is strong as the storms of Malmor."

The judicious Reader will observe that, in the redundancy of the Poet's similes, one follows so quick as, sometimes, to confound or destroy the effect of the other. Swaran is tall as a rock of ice; and immediately he is described as sitting on a rock on the shore; like a cloud of mist on a silent hill. Now a rock of ice, whatever beautiful allusion it may give rise to, is not peculiarly taller than any other rock; and as to the cloud of mist, into which he is so soon converted, it is an universal object of simile with our Poet, and compared to almost every thing. The epithet *silent* also is here unmeaning, expletive, and puerile. We remember somewhere to have met with the following lines, wherein a similar allusion is better preserved.

Terrible he stood, as a huge rock of ice,
Projecting from the summit of some cliff,
Cloud-capt with fogs, and dark'ning all the shore,
With chilling horror.-----

The Poet's comparing the spear of Swaran to the blasted fir, and his shield to the rising moon, is indeed beautiful; but Swaran's account of his wrestling with Fingal, is hyperbolical, beyond the extreme of poetic licence.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

To

To Swaran's demand of Cuchullin's yielding to him, immediately on his landing, the reply of the son of Semo is animated, great, and becoming an hero. "No, replied the blue-ey'd chief, I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead." His order immediately afterwards to strike the shield of war, to call together his heroes, is naturally and beautifully expressive of that just and heroic resentment, he might be supposed to conceive at such an affront. The effects of the sound of the shield, both on animate and inanimate subjects, are also finely represented. "He went and struck the bossy shield. The hills and their rocks replied. The sound spread along the wood. Deer start by the lake of roes. Curach leapt from the sounding rock, and Connal of the bloody spear. Crugal's breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Ronnar, the spear of Cuchullin, said Lugar. Son of the sea, put on thy arms! Calmar, lift thy sounding steel! Puno! horrid hero, rise. Cairbar, from thy red tree of Cromla. Bend thy white knee, O Eth, and descend from the streams of Lena. Cá-olt, stretch thy white side as thou movest along the whistling heath of Mora: thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour it on the murmuring rocks of Cuthona."

The epithets our Poet bestows on his heroes are indeed unpardonable, not one of them being described by any corporeal or mental qualification, that might denote the warrior, or distinguish them from each other; not less than three of them being characterized by the same mark of effeminacy, whiteness of skin. Their coming on, however, in obedience to the call of war, is lively and picturesque.

"Now I behold the chiefs in the pride of their former deeds; their souls are kindled at the battles of old, and the actions of other times. Their eyes are like flames of fire, and roll in search of the foes of the land. Their mighty hands are on their swords, and lightening pours from their sides of steel. They came like streams from the mountains; each rushed roaring from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in the armour of their fathers. Gloomy and dark their heroes followed, like the gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red meteors of heaven. The sounds of crashing arms ascend. The gray dogs howl between. Unequally bursts the song of battle, and rocking Cromla echoes round."

This is truly grand and sublime, the similes being just, and aptly illustrating the figures they accompany.

The heroes arriving, a council of war is held among the chiefs, of whom Cuchullin, Connal, and Calmar, are the only persons who speak: the first, though he had determined to oppose Swaran, asking the advice of the rest, whether they should fight, or give up their country to the foe? The second, like a magnanimous hero, is for giving the enemy their wealth and half the land, for a truce till Fingal should arrive with succours. This proposal the spirited Calmar treats with disdain, and no further debate is held about the matter. Neither the arguments, which would naturally have arisen from the sensations of brave men, nor those which reason must necessarily dictate, were made use of. Calmar urges not the scandal of tamely giving up their country without engaging in arms, nor Cuchullin the absurdity of parting with half the kingdom, without contest, at the moment of expecting succour. The Reader will do well to compare this council with that called by Agamemnon, in which it is debated whether or not the Greeks should return home from the siege of Troy.

War being resolved on, Cuchullin orders a review of his tribes, enquiring, in the mean time, after three other heroes, two of which, Cathbat and Duchomar, are killed; and the third, Fergus, comes in luckily at the moment when he is asked for, to tell the story of their death; which, with the fate of Morna, is the subject of the first episode in the piece. Its introduction, however, appears both unnatural in itself, and unartful in the Poet, it seeming a little improbable to us, that Cuchullin should not before have heard of the fate of the two heroes: at least his asking Fergus if they fell by the sons of Lochlin, striving in the battle of heroes, carries with it a manifest impropriety, since he could not but know there had been as yet no engagement. From the tale of Fergus we learn, that Duchomar had slain Cathbat; that Morna, beloved by the latter, had slain the former, and that, just before Duchomar expired, he had slain her.

We shall enter a little particularly into the probability of the circumstances, justness of imagery, and propriety of sentiment contained in this episode. Duchomar, it seems, having slain Cathbat, the lover of Morna, returns, with a present of a stately deer, to the maid, and solicits her love. Morna tells him, however, that she loves him not; that Cathbat, the son of Torman was her love, and that she then waited his coming. To which the gloomy Duchomar answers, "And long shall Morna wait; his blood is on my sword:"

sword:—he fell at Branno's Stream." He tells her, however, that high on Cromla he will raise his tomb; and bids her fix her love on him, whose arm is strong as a storm. This circumstance of Duchomar's promising to raise the tomb of his murdered rival, is well calculated to sooth the grief and resentment of Morna; such an act being represented, through the whole Poem, as one of the greatest marks of respect that can be shewn to the memory of the deceased.

"And is the son of Torman fallen? said the maid of the tearful eye. Is he fallen on his echoing hill, the youth with the breast of snow? He that was first in the chase, the foe of the strangers of the ocean?---Duchomar, thou art dark indeed, and cruel is thy arm to Morna. But give me that sword, my foe; I love the blood of Cathbat."---He gave the sword to her tears; but she pierced his manly breast. He fell, like the bank of a mountain stream; stretched out his arm and said, Daughter of Cormac-cairbar, thou hast slain Duchomar; the sword is cold in my breast: Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina the maid; Duchomar was the dream of her night. She will raise my tomb, and the hunter shall see it and praise me. But draw the sword from my breast, Morna; the steel is cold.—She came, in all her tears; she came, and drew it from his breast. He pierced her white side with steel, and spread her fair locks on the ground. Her bursting blood sounds from her side, and her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay, and Tura's cave answer'd to her sighs."

The first thought, which would naturally be suggested to a man, who had killed a rival preferred to himself, would certainly relate to the manner in which he might reconcile that action to the object of his love; for which reason, he would not abruptly tell her that he had murdered him, and directly solicit her love. The natural way would have been to introduce the act with every circumstance that might soften and extenuate its guilt, imputing the rashness of the deed to the irresistible impulse of his passion for her, and insinuating that so ardent an affection deserved a reciprocal return; and that beauty delighted in rewarding the brave. After this he might, with propriety, have mentioned the raising the tomb of the deceased, as a proof that no malice or resentment against Cathbat entered into the cause of his death. Such an apology had not only been very natural in itself, but would have as naturally suggested to Morna the means of disguising her design under a plausible pretext. She might have hence

seemed to acquiesce in his sentiments, respecting the reward of superior valour; and, affecting to renounce her passion for Cathbat, have asked, with propriety enough, to see that sword which slew the man, whom she had before thought invincible. But as the passage is here circumstanced, it was the most unnatural of all methods of seduction, after calling Duchomar her foe, to request him to give her his sword, because it was stained with the blood of her lover; a cause, for which she must naturally have detested its sight. The weakest of men, therefore, could not have been induced to part with his sword on so groundless a pretext. But, by Morna's proceeding in the manner just mentioned, that eagerness in lovers, to believe every thing which tends to put them in possession of their wishes, had been cajolled in Duchomar, and would have afforded a probable cause for complying with her request; when, taking it in her hand, she might have plunged it in his breast, breaking out at the same time into some expression of vindictive joy. In like manner Duchomar's contrivance to draw Morna near him, in order to avenge himself, is a very poor one indeed. His desiring her to draw the cold sword from his breast, is a plea inadequate to the occasion. His pretext to deceive her should have been calculated for that recoil of the soul, which generally follows the commission of such acts of horror. Had he feigned a joy in dying by the hand of her he loved, since he could not possess her living, and implored one last embrace, which the chastest maid might give in pity, though not in love, this might naturally have induced her to approach him. This story, therefore, improbable in its circumstances, is yet more imperfect in the manner of its narration. It is, indeed, in this instance, as throughout the whole Poem; though the objects of perception are frequently embellished with poetic description, yet the Poet appears to have understood little of the human mind, and of the application of its various faculties in the conduct of mankind, in order to give cause for, and verisimilitude to, the actions he describes.

The above story being finished, Cuchullin bids his heroes gather together their tribes; but the poet does not draw them up in any order of battle, place their leaders at their head, or characterize them by different corporeal powers or mental dispositions. All is general and indistinct. Very differently has Homer made the Greeks and Trojans take the field, having communicated to the reader the general characteristics even of the common soldiers of both armies. The latter are described

described as wasting their spirits in idle prate, as they marched to battle,

Τῶν μὲν κλαυθρῶ τ' ἰσότη τ' ἴσαν, ὁμοῦ δ' ὡς.

the Greeks as reserving it by silence, for the sake of assisting each other.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ μίνα πτόοις Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἐμ' θυμῷ μεμαυτοῖς ἀλεξιμὲν ἀλλήλοισιν.

The noise, made by the coming on of Cuchullin's heroes, induces Swaran to send forth a scout, to see what was approaching. The son of Arno ascends a hill, and immediately returns trembling, and in the utmost amazement; "his eyes rolling wildly round, his heart beating high, and his words faltering, broken and slow." In this situation, however, he describes the car and horses of Cuchullin, as minutely as if he had himself been the charioteer for half a century. It is nevertheless clear, as well from the shortness of his stay, as from the panic with which he was struck, that he could not possibly have attended to such particulars. "The car of battle comes, says he, the rapid car of Cuchullin.—Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam, and its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears, and the bottom is the footstool of heroes. Before the right side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The high-maned, broad-breasted, proud, high-leaping strong steed of the hill. Loud and resounding is his hoof; the spreading of his mane above is like that stream of smoke on the heath, bright are the sides of the steed, and his name is Sulin-Sifadda. Before the left side of the car is seen the [other] snorting horse: the thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet, bounding son of the hill: his name is Dufroinnal among the stormy sons of the sword. A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs, bright-studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds." Indeed the great object of the son of Arno's fear seems to be the finery of the chariot and prancing horses of Cuchullin; for, in the description of that hero himself, there is nothing very martial or terrible. It is true, his "red cheek is like the polished yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forward he wields the spear; and [*he is said to come*] like a storm along the streamy vale." In consequence of what he had seen, however, the timid scout advises Swaran to fly, and is answered much in the

same manner as Cuchullin answers the son of Fithill. In this great similarity of circumstance and expression the sterility of the poet's invention is obvious. What need was there that both scouts should be cowards? It had, at least, been with much greater propriety, had the latter concluded that Cuchullin was weak and effeminate, from the magnificent foppery of his car; a foppery, by the way, little consistent with that penurious simplicity of manners described in other parts of the poem.

The battle begun, the general onset is well described. "As Autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes.—As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, founded on steel, helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smoaks around.—Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light, that gild the stormy face of night. As the troubled noise of the ocean, when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is the noise of battle." Many, it is said, are the falls of the heroes, yet none are mentioned but Sithallin, Ardin, and Trenar; the two first as slain by Swaran, and the last by Cuchullin: and even these are undistinguished by any act of bravery, particularity of combat, or manner of dying.

In the display of the first battle of the Iliad, the chiefs are brought into action, and marked with distinguishing characteristics. Each engages with some one of the enemy; no two combat in the same manner, nor fall by the same means: and an able painter may design after the description of every hero's engagement, in a manner no other imagination can so well supply. In this first battle of Fingal, neither army is distinctly drawn up, no two heroes are brought to engage; and all that the most excellent genius for painting could truly delineate from the description is, on one side, Cuchullin, drawn by two ill-matched horses in a paultry car, and followed by an unruly mob; and on the other, Swaran on foot, with like attendants.

The fine apostrophe, in which the poet bids the maid of Inisfore lament the death of Trenar, her lover, is capable of great improvement from the circumstances mentioned, of his gray dogs howling at home, and seeing his passing ghost; and which the poet neglected to make use of. Had
Ossian

Offian represented her struck with a presentiment of Trenar's death, bewailing his fate from such ill-boding appearances, and confirmed therein by the howling of his dogs, both the superstition of the times, and the prevalence of credulity, under such circumstances, had been aptly applied, and happily illustrated.

But we must refer the reader for the farther remarks we have to make on this poem, and our account of the other pieces contained in this extraordinary book, to our next Review.

K-n-k

Elegies of Tyrtæus, translated into English Verse, with Notes, and the original Text. 12mo. 1s. 6d. T. Payne.

TYRTÆUS was that fine old Grecian, whom the Athenians, in derision, sent to the Lacedæmonians for their general, when, at the siege of Messenê, that brave People had consulted the Delphic oracle, and were told, that an Athenian general was necessary to their success. In derision was Tyrtæus sent, for he was a poor bard, maimed, deformed, and blind of one eye; nay, if we may believe the Author of the Lives of the Philosophers, he was looked upon as little better than an idiot. But though, in every respect, he was apparently unfit for the office of a commander, history, nevertheless, informs us, that, animated by the spirit-stirring verses of Tyrtæus, the Spartans carried the town.

Among these verses were supposed to be the few remaining elegies of the old bard, of which a translation is here offered to the public. As to the merit of the elegies themselves, it is certainly very great, and has saved them from the depredations of time, near three thousand years. Horace seems to think that Tyrtæus lived and wrote about the time of Homer, and the noble simplicity of his verse seems to testify the same. His poems are, with respect to their measure, pathos, and ease, characteristically elegies; but in many places they rise to the sublime.

Οὐδεὶς ποτε κλῆος ἰσθλὸν ἀπολλύσας, εἴδ' οὐ μὲν αὖτις,

Ἀλλ', ὑπὸ γῆς περ ἔστι, γυνήλας ἀθανάτος.

Οὐκ ἀριστεύσας, μνηστὰς τε, μαρμαίρειν τι

Γῆς περ, καὶ παιδὸν θυρὸς Ἀρκὸς ὄλισσιν.

What, tho' his ashes lie entomb'd, his name
Shall gain unbounded and eternal fame,

Who

Who, in his children's and his country's right,
Exerts his utmost efforts in the fight,
Maintains his stand with honour, joins the strife,
And to dread MARS's fury yields his life.

Tyrtæus has been very happy in accommodating the sound of his verses to the sense. In the following line, it is impossible not to mark the enormous bulk of the Cyclops; while you read it, you ascend the giant, as it were, with a scaling ladder,

Οὐδ' ἢ Κυκλωπῶν μὲν ἔχει μεγέθος τε βίη τε,

Nor is the line that follows it less expressive of the swiftness of Boreas; such is the rapidity of the dactyls.

Νικᾷη δὲ Σειῶν θρηῖκος Βορέας.

This couplet is thus translated:

Not tho' he equal to the Cyclops rise
In nervous limbs, and huge gigantic size;
Not tho' he spring so nimbly o'er the field,
That vanquish'd Boreas to his swiftness yield:

Here are six elegies; but the verses we have quoted are sufficient as a specimen of the whole translation, which in many places is worse, and in few better. The versification is too weak, too languid, and destitute both of the spirit and pathos of the original.

La.

ACCOUNT of FOREIGN BOOKS.

*Essai sur la grande Guerre, de Main de Maître: Ou Instruction militaire du Roy de Prusse pour ses Generaux. Avec de courtes Maximes, pour la petite Guerre.**

An Essay on War: Or, the King of Prussia's military Instructions to his Generals; with short Maxims for skirmishing Parties.—Said in the title to be printed at London: a common finesse abroad.

THE Editor, in his preface, acquaints us, that a German manuscript of this little piece fell accidentally into his hands; and that, notwithstanding the French are already possessed of very excellent military treatises, he has not scrupled to present his countrymen with this, as it contains many use-

* Imported by Becket and Co. who have also just published a Translation of this Work.

ful

ful observations, and is the production of a master consummately skilled in the subject.

He farther observes, that as the principles of War are always the same, nothing new is to be expected; most of the rules here delivered having been diffused in other writings upon the same subject: but what principally distinguishes this performance, is, that these rules are applied to fact, and that the Author has evidently founded his principles upon real experience.

The subjects particularly considered in this Essay are, 1st, the Defects and Advantages of the Prussian Troops;—2. the Subsistence of the Troops, and provisions (Field Commissaries);—3. Suttlers, Beer and Brandy;—4. Dry and Green Forage;—5. The Knowledge of the Country;—6. Quickness of Sight*;—7. The Distribution of the Troops;—8. Camps.—9. How to secure a Camp.—10. How and for what reasons to send Detachments.—11. Stratagems and Artifices in War.—12. Spies, how the best use may be made of them on every occasion, and in what manner to get intelligence of the enemy.—13. Certain marks by which the intention of the enemy may be discovered. — 14. Our own Country, neutral Countries, the Enemy's Country, Difference of Religions, and the peculiar Behaviour requisite to different Objects.—15. All the Marches of an Army.—16. Some Precautions to be taken in a Retreat against the Hussars and Pandours.—17. In what manner Light Troops should engage with Hussars and Pandours. --18. What Motions are necessary to force an Enemy to move also. — 19. The Passages of Rivers. 20. How to defend the Passage of Rivers.—21. The Surprise of Towns.—22. Battles.—23. For what reason and how to give Battle.—24. Chances and unforeseen Accidents which happen in War.—25. Whether it is absolutely necessary for a General to hold a Council of War.—26. The Manœuvres of an Army.—27. Winter-Quarters.—28. Winter-Campaigns in particular.

We might perhaps stand excused with several of our Readers, if, after this specification of its Contents, we should take no farther notice of this performance; but as, in the Title, it is ascribed to the greatest military Genius of this age, with whom also Great-Britain is at present intimately

* *Coup d' Oeil* is the French expression, by which is here intended an ability to judge, at the very first glance, of the space necessary to contain any number of Troops, and the far superior talent of knowing how to distinguish, in a moment, every advantage that can be taken of the ground.

con-

connected, it is very possible that to some a farther account of it may be acceptable. The conciseness with which the several Articles are treated, renders a regular analysis of each almost impossible, and any abridgement would be useless. The following article therefore, which is endeavoured to be rendered intelligible to the mere English Reader, may serve as a specimen of the rest, and is not of the least importance to the well ordering an Army.

Art. 2. "A certain General observes, that in order to form a good Army, it is proper to begin with the Belly, which is the foundation of all operations. I shall consider this matter under two heads. In the first, I shall point out in what places, and after what manner, Magazines should be established; in the second, how to make the best use of such Magazines, and how to transport them when requisite.

"The first rule is always to establish the most considerable Magazines in the rear of the Army, and, if it can be made convenient, in a fortified place. In the Wars in Silesia and Bohemia, we had our grand Magazine at Breslaw, on account of the facility of recruiting this Magazine by means of the Oder.

"When Magazines are formed in the front of the Army, there is a chance of losing them upon the first check, and then there is no resource; but if you establish your Magazines in the rear, one behind another, you will act with prudence, and a small misfortune will not be attended with your entire ruin. To establish Magazines in the Electoral Marche, Spandau, and Magdebourg, the latter will be useful on account of the Elbe, in an offensive War against Saxony; and Schweidnitz, in a war with Bohemia.

"Great care is necessary in the choice of Commissaries, for if they happen to be knaves or fools, affairs suffer considerably. With this view, men of spirit should be appointed their chiefs, who must watch them narrowly and often controul them.

"There are two methods of establishing Magazines. The Nobility and Peasants must be ordered to send or carry to the Magazines the Corn, which they are to pay according to the tax of the Chamber of Finances, or in diminution of the contributions imposed upon them. If the country does not abound with Forage, it will be necessary to bargain with undertakers to furnish a certain quantity. These bargains are to be made and signed by the Commissaries.

"Boats

“ Boats likewise must be provided on purpose for the transportation of corn and forage, by the canals and rivers.

“ Undertakers should never be employed but in cases of the utmost necessity, for they are greater usurers than even the Jews; they enhance the price of provisions, and sell them extremely dear.

“ Magazines ought always to be established betimes, that all necessary provisions may be ready, when the Army goes out of quarters to open the campaign. If you stay too long the frost will render the water unnavigable, and the roads will become so bad and impracticable, that you will not be able to form Magazines but with extreme difficulty.

“ Besides the regimental waggons that carry bread for eight days, the Commissaries must be provided with carriages to carry provisions sufficient for a month.

“ But if there are any navigable rivers, advantage must be taken of them; for it is these alone that can procure plenty in an Army.

“ The carriages should be drawn by horses. We have likewise employed oxen, but to a disadvantage. The waggons should be obliged to take great care of their horses. It is the duty of a General to keep a tight hand over them, seeing by the loss of these horses, the number of carriages is lessened, and consequently the quantity of provisions.

“ There is still another reason, which is, that if these horses are not well fed, they will not be able to sustain the necessary fatigues. And upon a march, you lose not only your horses, but also your carriages, and the provisions with which they are loaded. Such losses, often repeated, may defeat the best concerted projects. A General must not neglect any of these affairs, which are of so much importance to him.

“ In a War against Saxony, the Elbe is to be made use of, to facilitate the conveyance of provisions; and in Silesia, the Oder. In Prussia you have the sea; but in Bohemia and Moravia you can employ only land carriage.

“ Sometimes it will be proper to have three or four Magazines for provision, in a line, as we had in Bohemia in the year 1742. There was one Magazine at Pardubitz, another at Nienbourg, another at Podjebrod, and another at Brandeis, in order to be in a condition to march up to the enemy,
and

and to follow him to Prague, in case it was advisable to go thither.

“ In the last campaign in Bohemia, Breslau furnished Schweidnitz, and the latter, Jaromirtz; from whence provisions were conveyed to the Army.

“ Beside the carriages for provisions, the Army should also be furnished with a sufficient number of iron ovens, and bread should be baked whenever the Army stops. In all expeditions bread or biscuit should be provided sufficient for ten days. Biscuit is very good, but our soldiers do not like it except in soup, and do not know well how to use it.

“ In a march into the enemy's country, a depository of meal should be made in some town near the Army, in which there is a garrison. During the campaign in 1745, our depository was at first at Neustadt, afterwards at Jaromirtz, and lastly, at Tratenau. Had we advanced farther, we should not have found another secure place, except Pardubitz.

“ I have caused hand-mills to be made for each company, which will be very useful by employing at these mills the soldiers who carry the flour to the depository, and there receive bread. With this flour you not only spare your Magazines, but you will be able to subsist longer in a camp, which, for want of this resource, you would be obliged to quit. Moreover, there will not be occasion for so many convoys, or to furnish large escorts.

“ In speaking of convoys, I shall here add, what relates to that matter. In proportion to what may be apprehended from the enemy, the escorts are to be increased or diminished. Detachments of infantry are to be sent into the towns through which the convoys must pass, to be ready to assist them. Large detachments are often necessary to cover them, as it happened in Bohemia.

“ In all suspected places infantry should be employed to escort convoys. Some hussars should join with them, to observe their march, and give notice where the enemy may lie in ambuscade. I have also employed infantry preferably to cavalry for escorts in an open country, and I have found the advantage of it.

“ ——— A General of an Army can never take too many precautions for the security of his convoys. One good rule to cover convoys is to send some troops before to take possession of the defiles through which the convoy will pass, and

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to advance the escort a league before towards the enemy. This Manoeuvre will secure and conceal the convoy."

Fourteen Plans are added by the French Editor. With respect to the maxims for skirmishing Parties, we must refer the curious Reader to the work, and conclude this article with only observing, that this performance may be regarded as no improper appendix to the regulations for the Prussian Infantry and Cavalry, of which we gave an account in some former number of the Review. *

L.

Remontrances au Parlement de Paris, sur son Arrest rendu le 8 May 1761, contre les Jésuits, soit-disantes de la Compagnie de Jésus, &c. &c. Par. M. de Voltaire. That is,

Remonstrances to the Parliament of Paris, upon their decree of the 8th of May 1761, against the Jesuits, or the Company of Jesus. A Work in the manner of the *Henriade*, with Notes, containing some things hitherto unpublished, concerning the Conduct which these Gentlemen have observed in France, from their Establishment there to the present Time. By M. Voltaire. To which is added, a Ballad on the Occasion, by the Author of the *City Latin*, [said to be] printed at Paris, and re-printed at London. 8vo. 1s. Dixwell.

THIS is a just Satyr, in French verse, against the Jesuits, on occasion of the sentence mentioned in the title-page, by which thirty-two judges unanimously condemned P. Ricci, superior-general of the jesuits, and, in his person, the whole society in France, in the sum of fifty thousand livres to the Lioncys and Gouffée, merchants at Marseilles, for costs, damages, and interest. These gentlemen are affirmed to have accepted bills of exchange, drawn by P. Lavalette, (whose conduct was authorized by P. Ricci) for 150,266 livres. This Lavalette was sent abroad as apostolic Prefect of the missions in South America, but happened to be more advantageously employed in trade at Martinico: and these negotiants were obliged to dispose of their whole substance, as the original says, *reduits a la Chemise*, to honour those bills, notwithstanding Lavalette and the society had failed in performing the engagements they had contracted, on their parts, with these gentlemen.

* See vol. XI. p. 138. and vol. XVII. p. 360, and p. 364.

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Though it seems more probable than otherwise, that Voltaire is not the Author of this Satyr, it contains several good lines, and exhibits many just and severe truths. The poet ironically accuses the parliament of Paris, for proceeding with more severity against these *good* fathers, than the merciful parliament of Aix did against father Girard in miss Cadriere's case, on the score of spiritual incest (as we think they term it) with her, and some of his other penitents. With regard to this *continent* jesuit, who died in *Franche-Comté*, we are informed by father Montigny, that he departed in the odour of sanctity, and, according to father Colomna, with all his baptismal innocence.

As we do not imagine any extracts from the French poetry would entertain many of our English readers; and we were rather more entertained with the notes than with the text ourselves, we shall extract a few jesuitical maxims, and instances of their notorious conduct, from the former.

One note, taken from their *Avis secrets*, their secret councils, assures us, the order of the jesuits comprizes all the perfections of all the other orders; which shine forth most eminently in theirs. Another note affirms, the jesuits at Lisle erected an altar there to father Guignard, who was hanged and burned at the Grève, for saying, it was lawful to murder Henry IV. and that the act of Clement, in the parricide of Henry III. was inspired by the Holy Ghost. This altar was inscribed—"To the beatified Guignard, martyred for the faith by the heretics of France." We are also told, the jesuits of Portugal have decided, that the lately attempted assassination of the king there, did not amount even to a venial sin, or *peccadillo*, as they term it. The *Compendium of their Privileges* excommunicates all who shall have the temerity to contravene such of their privileges, as allow their members to be criminal. M. Palafox (probably the prelate lately canonized at Rome at the earnest instances of the king of Spain) acquaints his cotemporary pope, by a letter in 1649, That the great and populous city of Seville was all in tears, on account of a shameless bankruptcy of the jesuits there, who had borrowed the effects of widows and orphans, to the amount of four hundred thousand ducats, and paid them solely by the bankruptcy. The *constitutions* of this order inform us, that when there is any proposal about killing a tyrant, it must not be executed without consulting their General. We are to infer then, that He, and He only, can give a proper sanction to it; but, at the same time, if he refuses this, it gives him
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an opportunity of selling many lives to the tyrant, to the enrichment of himself, or his order. Their *secret councils* avow, the society is invested with the most ample Power to dispense with paying their debts; and they are to obey the voice of their general as zealously as the voice of Jesus Christ. Not content with obeying this injunction, they are sure to overact it abundantly; since, of all existing orders of men, this, which impudently assumes the name of Jesus, by the account of a majority of their own church, imitate him the least.

The *Veaudeville*, or French Ballad in short verse, annexed to this Satyr, whoever wrote it, is also a just and a droll invective against these same pious fathers; who have discovered a quirk or nostrum to become holy, without an atom of goodness, or even of righteousness. It is the happy lot, indeed, of this realm, to need but little precaution against such ecclesiastical pests. Nevertheless, it may be highly prudent, their extraordinary artifices and activity being considered, to preserve, by all just means, that laudable aversion, and even horror, which we entertain for a set of men, who, we find, are become so justly odious to a majority of their own communion.

K .

The Nuptials. A Didactic Poem, in three Books. 4to. 2s. 6d. Flexney.

THIS is not a Poem on the Royal Nuptials, which, from the Title and the time of its publication, some may have supposed, but a poetical Essay on Marriage.

The Didactic is not one of the least difficult species of Poetry, for it certainly requires great art, *with precept to communicate pleasure*; neither is it the most capable of the embellishments and graces of fancy, as truth is best discovered in a simple dress. The Author of this Poem, however, either through the copious variety of his subject, or the fertility of his genius, or more probably by means of both, has happily united the pleasing and the instructive. The Versification resembles that of Dr. Armstrong; in his *Oeconomy of Love*, and his *Art of preserving Health*: but we cannot join with those who think this not inferior to those elegant Poems, either in force of imagination, or harmony of numbers. And

we can by no means approve of the Dialogue at the end of it, which, in our opinion, is much too refined for the speakers. The story of Lucrece might have been wrought up in a much more pathetic and affecting manner, and the Digression on the Militia seems foreign to the subject, however commendable it may be in other respects.

Some idea of this agreeable performance may be drawn from the following Extracts :

B. I. p. 8. The Arguments which are drawn from nature, in behalf of Marriage, are not more poetical than just.

“ Be man and woman one.”—So spake the power
Supreme : and his decretal high the dim,
The glimmering lamp of Reason gives to read
In nature's ethic page. Whom God thus join'd,
The consecrated Union who shall break ?
Who slight his great Behest, with which concur
The genius, state, and powers innate of man ;
His passions various, yet concentrating all
In Love, all tending to connubial joys ?
Else why those longings for the Fair he loves,
For her alone why these anxieties :
She absent, why should cheerless nature droop,
And in her presence, why must grief be gay ?
Not so the pard, the steed, the lordly bull,
If love by chance invite their hale embrace,
The passion quell'd the object is forgot,
And a new flame is welcome as the first.
But Man, by appetite or strong desire
Unprompted, joys to pass the silken hours
With her he loves ; while ever and anon
'Midst parlies soft, and questions aptly fram'd,
Where the fond youth his bosom half unfolds,
And half the blushing maid is left to guess,
Chaste blandishment, he mingles and fond looks,
Love-breathing whispers, and the nectar'd kiss,
Idalian language ! Partial to his choice,
The glowing beauties of each other nymph,
Or 'scape his eye, or have no power to charm.

Speaking of the peculiarities of fancy in chusing the objects of Love, the Author has availed himself of that humorous Ode of Catullus on the Mistress of Formianus.

Blush not, my Friend, to own the power of Love,
To own the fair *Ophelia* has your heart.
What though the world hold not *Ophelia* fair,
With foot not small, and eye not passing bright.

With

With elephantine nose, and teeth of jet,
Trust your own fancy; as that plastic spark
Conceives the Nymph, such she your senses meets.

_____ in nature lies
Some secret sympathy, which knits the heart
To the lov'd object; that we see, or seem
To see, fair, passing fair, and perfect all.

Amongst the many instances of unhappy matches which
are introduced in this Poem, the following, we presume,
will not be the least entertaining to our Readers.

Wretched Lucilia! doom'd to waste those hours,
Just claim of Love, the summer of delight,
'Midst sighs and ceaseless throbbings after bliss;
The promise fair of joy, her blossoms cropt
By winter's early hand. The nymph was fair,
And could have boasted lovers, no mean train:
PUBLIUS had merit; CYNTHIO was a man;
FOPLING, a rich old beau of twenty-five,
His front embronz'd, his dress so debonair,
Impressive each, attack her yielding heart,
An easy conquest the gilt car compleats,
And bear the giddy, thoughtless prize away.
But he, alas! too oft in *Papbian* wars
With *Chloe* and with *Phillis* erst engag'd,
The bridal bed with cold indifference fills.
The conscious night on leaden feet pass'd by;
The morn approach'd; but to th' ill-mated pair
Nothing the rosy finger'd morning bore;
Nothing but cold disgust and blushing shame.
Thus while the nymph presumptive seem'd to grasp
A *Mars*, like *Venus* she perceiv'd herself
At morn entangled in a net of gold.

Nor less striking is the description of a Half-pay Officer
and an Attorney's Clerk, laying siege to the only Daughter
of a country 'Squire.

The taudry Captain, and intriguing Clerk,
Pride of some country town, with rival hopes
Besiege the mansion of the neighbouring 'Squire,
Where the sequester'd Heiress lives immur'd.
O shield, ye guardian powers, that tend the fair,
Whatever name delight you, Sylph or Gnome;
Belinda's heart from these bright figures shield,
For whom she sighs, as whom she never saw
So rare, so finish'd men. Each plies his arts:
Thro' the chicanery of the doubling law
This glibly glides; while sounds of cent per cent,
And lands in fee retain the father's ear.

Not so the other: with recital dread
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in dangers never fac'd,
 He holds her ear; his storied woes invade
 The tender breast where pity loves to dwell:
 While the soft Virgin sighs to hear a tale
 "So piteous, so wond'rous piteous."

We take leave of this performance, with a well-meant hint to its ingenious Author, in regard to a defect which frequently occurs in his Versification, arising from his want of attention to the accentuation of particular words. This has given a harshness to some of his lines, which this young (as we are informed) and modest Gentleman will do well to avoid in any future publication.

The redundancy of the particle *of* in the second line, has an effect peculiarly unlucky, as every Reader may not observe that it can be no other than an error of the Press.

La.

Fables for grown Gentlemen: Or, A Fable for every Day in the Week. 4to. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

THESE droll Fables are uttered in very irregular, arbitrary Metre and Rhymes, which may not constantly symphonize with the regulated ear of an over-delicate Connoisseur, though they are well adapted to the comic satirical turn of the Fable and its Moral; and to the desultory style and manner of the whimsical Fabulist. Dean Swift seems to have been an original adventurer in a sort of licentious Versification, in his *Petition of Frances Harris*: but these verses consisted, almost invariably, of very long, though generally equal lines, in a kind of rough trochaic measure, with immediately corresponding, and often double rhymes. Our present Verses are much more various both in the metre of different lines, and in the correspondence of the rhymes; notwithstanding such Verses, or *Versicles*, (as the frequent Lilliputian ones among them may be termed) could not be composed by a writer who had not a poetical ear; neither will they be read off at once in their proper cadence, by a Reader so unqualified. Indeed they are pretty exactly in the structure of an acknowledged *Shandean* production in rhyme, and of that happy imitation of it, which we gave at length in our Review, Vol. XXII. p. 437. Neither are the comic spirit, the knowledge of men and books, that often sparkle

out

out in these little sketches; with the ludicrous, yet just descriptions, the frequent digressions, and apt double similes, that abound in them, dissimilar to those of the celebrated Tristram. As we do not pretend, however, to the mystery of decyphering the names of Writers, who chuse to have none, we submit our suggestion in this point to the judgment of the Reader: though we should think it not unlikely, that the Author of a burlesque novel might chuse to try his hand at some more connected sketches in odd rhymes. There can be no doubt, however, but the present performance is either the production of that gentleman, or of some ingenious friend, who admires his manner, and is a successful imitator of it. — But to give some specimens.

The *Thames* being supposed to petition Jupiter, that the sea might return her nothing but the pure unadulterated stores she transmitted to it; after the God has answered her, that without her importations from the sea, she would prove as insignificant as the *Tiber* or *Seine*,

Led through Parterres, or roll'd down a cascade,
Confin'd to vanity,—and lost to trade,

Our humorous and sensible Mythologist thus simlizes and reflects:

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
'Tis thus the Union they abuse,
For binding their backsides in chains,
And shackling their feet in shoes.
For giving them both food and fewel,
And comfortable cloaths,
Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel,
Instead of rags and heritable blows. —

— Thus Dr. BROWN was taken with the spleen,
And fancied we were all undone,
Raving about a carpet and a screen,
And out of temper with the sun.
Because it is a crime,
As he supposes,
For men to run in winter time
Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
A want of taste and want of shame,
To fancy universal affluence
And luxury the same. —

—Luxury, in a state, is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial and obstructed wealth ;
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.

The Fable of the Dog and Cat is very shrewd, and contains some pregnant and picturesque comparisons, with some reflections, which are certainly farcastical, and possibly may be just.

Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
 Each a famous politician,
 Were meditating as they sat,
 Plans and projects of ambition.
 By the same fire were sat to warm,
 Fragments of their master's dinner,
 Temptations to alarm
 The frailty of a finner.

Clear purient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
 And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws.
 And as two Plenipos,
 For fear of a surprize,
 When both have something to propose,
 Examine one another's eyes :

Or like two maids, though smit by different swains,
 In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,
 Pompey and Tabby both cudgell'd their brains,
 Studying each other's physiognomy.
 Pompey, endow'd with finer sense,
 Discover'd in a cast of Tabby's face,
 A system of concupiscence,
 Which made it a clear case.

When straight applying to the dawning passion,
 Pompey address'd her in this fashion :
 Both you and I with vigilance and zeal,
 Becoming faithful Dogs, and pious Cats,
 Have guarded day and night this common weal,
 From robbery and rats.

All that we get for this, Heaven knows,
 Is a few bones, and many blows.

Let us no longer fawn and whine,
 Since we have talents, and are able ;
 Let us impose an equitable fine
 Upon our Master's Table :

And to be brief,
 Let us each chuse a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef.

Take you that turbot——you love fish.

Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.

Thus

Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
To agree at last in every measure;
One takes the management of the marine,
The other of the nation's treasure.

For the nominal applications, we chuse to refer to the Pamphlet.

After the seven Fables, for there is one for every day in the week, which would at least be indecent in a Clerical Writer, though it may be only fashionable in a Laic; our Fabulist, whoever he be, introduces a character intended for Mr. Shandy's, under the Name of Tray, a good-natured, frolicksome young puppy, who

Of when he meant to have amus'd
His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
By many he was snarl'd at, and abus'd,
And slighted even by the best.

This Tray is supposed to consult his Grandfather, an old spaniel, who thus advises him to have nothing to do with those of his own profession :

Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
If you lie open and unguarded,
Is it not just
That vigilance should be rewarded? —
Happiness you'll seldom find,
Unless you learn
To have no weighty interest or concern,
With those of your own kind.
Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
That they are neither worth your love nor hate.

If this be a layman's advice, it requires no particular remark; but if it were the resolution of Mr. S——, it would naturally remind us of the guest, who being turned out of doors by his host, for some real or supposed indecorum, swore, in revenge, he would never spend a shilling under his roof as long as he lived.

K.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For JANUARY, 1762.

POLITICAL.

- Art. 1. *Constitutional Queries, humbly addressed to the Admirers of a late Minister.* 8vo. 6d. R. Davis.

THE principal objections which have been made to Mr. P——'s administration, and to the war in Germany, are here revived, with additions, and are thrown into the concise and striking form of queries; a form, which is often made to carry more appearance of proof and conviction than the strongest and boldest affirmations.

- Art. 2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Matthew Blackiston, Knt. Lord-Mayor of London. By a Merchant of London.* 8vo. 1s. Scott.

Contains an encomium on the late instructions given by his lordship, the court of aldermen and common-council, to their representatives in parliament; together with a brief view of the conduct of the present war, in order to shew, that, since the days of Cromwell, there has been no period of time wherein the reputation of the British arms and nation has arisen to such a pitch of glory, as during the late administration. The author is certainly right as to his facts; but he enlarges upon them in a very tedious manner, and is, upon the whole, an displeasing and inelegant writer.

- Art. 3. *A consolatory Epistle to the members of the old Faction; occasioned by the Spanish war. By the Author of a consolatory Letter to the noble Lord dismissed the military Service.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Williams.

By the *old faction* this whimsical writer seems to mean, the gentlemen who went out when Mr. P—— came in; some of whom may now be supposed, Mr. P—— being out again, to have retained their influence at the helm. He is very arch and satyrical upon the Great Man's antagonists, and evidently sets up for the character of a humorous writer; but he is wanting both in erudition and style: and in fine, has neither the genius of a Cervantes or a Swift, a Rabelais or a Butler. In time, however, he may rival the fame of the noted Ned Ward, or his name-fake Tom, whose burlesque history of the Reformation has, by some, been admired as a second Hudibras.

- Art. 4. *A Third Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of B***. In which the Causes and Consequences of the War between Great Britain and Spain are fully considered; and the Conduct of a certain*

certain Right Hon. Gentleman further considered. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Coote.

Our Author honestly acknowledges, that the *happy operation* of his two former letters upon the public, emboldened him to undertake a third: *i. e.* the *good sale* of the first and second letters rendering it probable that another might answer, accordingly another was written; and so will a fourth and a fifth too, we doubt not, if the third succeeds. The political market is at present the best market for Authors to carry their wares to.

Art. 5. *The Parallel: Being the substance of two Speeches, supposed to have been made in the Closet, by two different Ministers, sometime before a late Demise. Humbly submitted to the Judgment of those who are to consider of the Renewal of our Prussian Treaty.* 8vo. 1s. Nicoll.

A nervous stroke aimed at the late minister, and at the German war, from the pen of a sturdy veteran, if we mistake not, who has often pursued Mr. Pitt with a zeal which is certainly laudable, if proceeding solely from a persuasion that the measures of the minister have been contrary to the interests of his country; but if from personal enmity, it merits the indignant resentment of every impartial reader.

Art. 6. *The proper Object of the present War with France and Spain considered; and the Independence of Great Britain vindicated from any Connection with foreign Politics.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnston.

We sought in vain, all through this irregular pamphlet, for the proper object of the present war; the Author having presented to our view so many objects of importance, that, it is to be feared, the favourite one he would recommend to notice is lost in the croud. Perhaps he means our seizing the Brasils, in case the Spaniards should conquer Portugal. This, no doubt, would be a master-stroke, and easily vindicated by the *ultima ratio regum*.

This rambling politician, who whisks his readers through every part of the globe in less than sixty-eight pages, taking notice of many a proper object in his circuit, damns the war in Germany beyond all hope of redemption, and predestinates that which is expected in Portugal to the same fate, unless we confine our efforts to the watery element. Perhaps he is very right in this idea, as well as in many other of his observations relating to France and Holland: but then he is such a rough and furious declaimer, that we doubt, those readers, who are as hasty as himself, will be apt to pick many a quarrel with him, as they jog along through the various scenes of our present and future contention with France and Spain.

Art. 7. *Arguments against a Spanish War.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cabe.

This pamphlet appeared just before the declaration of war against Spain; but came, alas! too late to prevent the flame from breaking out. Had he published a month or two sooner, who knows what effect it might have had at the Courts of London and Madrid?—But let us see what the same gentleman (as we suppose him to be) has to say on the other side of the question in the next article, viz.

Art. 8. *Motives for pursuing a Spanish War with Vigour.* By a Member of Parliament. 8vo. 1s. Cabe.

Aye, now, Mr. Member of Parliament, you are got on the right side of the hedge; now you may say something to the purpose; for, as we are certainly *in for it*, the best service our pamphleteers can render their country, is to point out the most advisable means of *getting out again*, with honour and advantage. Let us attend then to what this gentleman has to offer: “We have too long been the bubbles of Europe.”—True, Sir, very true; and human life itself, as the Philosopher says, is but a bubble! Well, let us proceed to something else, for there is nothing new in this. “Neither of these nations [France and Spain] can ever love us”—for “they are all *blind* and bigotted papists.”—If this, indeed, be the case, where is the wonder that the Spaniards are not able to *see* the folly of their quarrelling with Great Britain? Poor people! they are to be pitied. But as to the French, they ought to know better; because, with our Author’s leave, they are not *all* blind and bigotted papists, near one half of the nation being Huguenots, or free-thinkers, who have as little animosity to our religion as they have to our roast-beef.—But has not our Author something more important to communicate?—“We may now, perhaps, feel the loss of Minorca; but let us not shamefully forget Gibraltar.” Aye, this is to the Point. Gentlemen at the helm! halloo! take care there, and don’t forget Gibraltar!

Art. 9. *Fresh Hints from an honest Man, upon the present critical Posture of Affairs.* 8vo. 1s. Burnet.

Modestly instructs the Government how to carry on the war, and *wisely* publishes the secret to all the world. But there is no great harm done; the *honest Man* may print away as long as he finds it answer his purpose: the public, we apprehend, will be very little affected by his communications.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 10. *Græcæ Grammatices Rudimenta Ordine novo ac facilissimo digesta.* Or, *A new Greek Grammar, wherein the Declension of Nouns, and Conjugation of Verbs, are disposed in a new*

new, easy, and distinct Method. By Thomas Stackhouse,
A. M. Octavo. 6s. Dilly.

This Grammar, we are told in the Preface, was originally drawn up for the use of a private pupil, and is now published at the desire of several friends, for whose judgment the Author has the highest esteem. He makes a free use of other Grammars, and frequently expresses himself in their words, wherever it suits his purpose. His great aim has been to unite a comprehensive brevity, with distinctness and perspicuity; and in this attempt he appears to have succeeded better than the generality of those who have engaged in the same undertaking.

R

Art. 11. *A new Account of the Inhabitants, Trade, and Government of Spain.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hinxman:

Compiled, hastily, from larger Treatises, and published within a few days after the Declaration of War. It may afford some satisfaction to those who are not possessed of more ample accounts.

Art. 12. *All in the Right: Or, The Cuckold in good earnest. A Farce in two Acts, as it was agreed to be acted at a certain Theatre.* 8vo. 1s. Nicoll.

Low, dull, and indecent.

Art. 13. *Postscript to the Ornaments of Churches considered.* 4to. Walter, &c.

From this postscript to the ingenious treatise above-mentioned we learn, that the prosecution against the church-wardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, is not yet dropped; that the Author "has received many letters from gentlemen of great dignity and learning in the church, and from laymen of superior abilities," in commendation of his performance; and that the Monthly Reviewers were mistaken in supposing the prosecution was set on foot by some of the parishioners, it having been commenced and carried on by a *certain body*, with whom the parishioners had no connection.—Nor had they ever taken the least offence at the fine painted window, which has given rise to so much contention. See Review for May, 1761.

To this Appendix is added, an Extract from a Sermon preached by Dr. Zach. Pearce, (now Bishop of Rochester) in Defence of Church Ornaments.

Art. 14. *The Battle of the Players; in Imitation of Swift's Battle of the Books. In which are introduced the Characters of all the Actors and Actresses on the English Stage; with an impartial Estimate of their respective Merits.* By the Author, 8vo. 1s. Richards.

This

This imitation has somewhat of the form, but nothing of the spirit of Swift's *Battle of the Books*; but it seems that any ribaldry concerning the play-houses and players will sell, especially if, like the present trash, it be well seasoned with obscenity.

Art. 15. *An authentic Account of the Proceedings of their High Mightinesses the States of Holland and West-Friesland, on the Complaint laid before them by his Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Hague, concerning Hostilities committed in the River of Bengal. To which is added, an Appendix, containing the original Letters of Colonel Clive, Admiral Pococke, Admiral Watson, with other Vouchers. Translated from the original Dutch, printed by Authority.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Becket and Co.

No Englishman who reads the news-papers, (and who does not now read them?) can be ignorant of the bickerings which happened between the English and the Dutch, in the East-Indies, about two years ago; which were terminated by several hearty drubbings of the latter; who thereupon found themselves constrained to acknowledge themselves in the wrong, and to submit to superior force. The English, however, not content with humbling their antagonists, transmitted their complaints to Europe, and charged the Dutch with being the aggressors. In consequence of this, Mr. York was ordered to remonstrate on the occasion to their high mightinesses, and to demand satisfaction for the affront and damage intended against the settlements and subjects of his Britannic Majesty. The Dutch, however, deny the charge, recriminating upon the English, accusing them with being in reality the aggressors, and, in their turn, claiming satisfaction for the damages they actually received,—by the *above-said drubbings*. How this dispute will end, time will shew, as Pamphlet says in the farce.

Art. 16. *Some authentic Particulars of the Life of John Macnaghton, Esq; of Benvardon, who was executed in Ireland, on Tuesday the 15th of December, for the Murder of Miss Mary Anne Knox, &c. Compiled from Papers communicated by a Gentleman in Ireland to a Person of Distinction of that Kingdom, now residing here.* 8vo. 1s. Payne and Cropley.

By a strange affection of the human mind, we are, perhaps, more delighted with narratives that, at the same time, strike us with terror and melt us with pity, than we are with any other kind of reading. The tale to which we have now been attending, is of this sort. The circumstances were, in general, well known before; but the manner in which they are related is so new, so different from the poor unconnected ill-written details we had previously met with relating to this unhappy affair, that we found no want of novelty to interest us in the perusal. In short, this narrative is penned in a strain
far

far superior to what might be expected from the subject; and it appears to be as authentic, in regard to facts, as it is correct and elegant in the expression.

Art. 17. *Fugitive Pieces on various Subjects. By several Authors.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 6s. Doddsley.

We have here a collection of ingenious compositions in prose, which have already been published separately, and most of which have taken place in our Review, at the times of their respective publications. Their titles are as under, to which we have added references to the places in the Review where they are noticed.

I. *Crito, a Dialogue on Beauty.* By Sir Harry Beaumont. Review, Vol. VI. p. 226.

II. *An Account of the Emperor of China's Gardens at Pekin,* translated from the French, by the same. VII. p. 421.

III. *Deformity.* By William Hay, Esq; IX. p. 500.

IV. *Lucina sine Concubitu:* addressed to the Royal Society. II. p. 255.

V. *A modest Defence of Gaming,* IX. p. 472.

VI. *The pretty Gentleman;* first printed in 1747.

VII. *The polite Philosopher:* a well known Tract, written by Col. Forrester, and first printed at Edinburgh.

VIII. *The Plan of an Essay on Delicacy.* By Dr. Lancaster. 1748.

IX. *A Vindication of natural Society,* XIV. p. 18.

X. *History and Antiquities of Wheatfield.* XIX. p. 309.

XI. *Fragments of antient Poetry.* XXIII. p. 204.

XII. *Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia.* XIX. p. 439.

XIII. *Hentzner's Journey into England.* XVII. p. 453.

XIV. *A Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch.* By the Rev. Mr. Spence. XXI. p. 363.

We sincerely congratulate the public on this little, but elegant, collection, which may preserve some valuable pieces from being utterly lost.

RELIGIOUS and CONTROVERSIAL.

Art. 18. *A familiar Introduction to the Knowledge of ourselves. In two Parts. By Samuel Walker, A. B. late Curate of Truro in Cornwall, and formerly of Exeter College in Oxford.* 12mo. 4d. Oliver.

This introduction seems to be written with a pious intention; but the Author's notions are so narrow and contracted, that a reader of an enlarged and liberal turn of mind can have little pleasure in perusing it.—The subject, indeed, is a very important one, but we do not remember ever to have seen it so poorly handled.

R.

Art. 19. *Presbyters and Deacons not commissioned to preach without the Bishop's Allowance.—A Discourse addressed to a certain Methodist Clergyman.* 8vo. 1s. Nicoll.

This

This Discourse relates to a dispute begun in the London Chronicle many months ago. The subject of it is of little importance to the generality of readers, and there are but few, we apprehend, who will have the curiosity to consult the Chronicle upon what has already been advanced concerning it.

R.

Art. 20. *A Letter to Mr. S. Fothergill, occasioned by his Remarks on an Address and Sermon lately published by Mr. Pilkington.* 8vo. 1s. Doddsley.

This defender of Mr. Pilkington, who signs himself T. J. apprehending that Mr. Fothergill had used Mr. P——— rather uncivilly in his Remarks, takes up the cudgels in behalf of his friend, and lays about him with true polemical zeal. The chief point in dispute is the Doctrine of Water-baptism, for which Mr. T. J. contends, in opposition to the spiritual notion of baptism entertained by the Quakers.

Art. 21. *Remarks upon a Letter to a Dissenting Minister, concerning the Expediency of stated Forms of Prayer for public Worship. By a Dissenting Minister. The second Edition. To which is now added, an Examination of the Preface to a new Plan of Christian Worship, called the Christian Common-Prayer-Book, or Universal Liturgy, lately published; with a Defence of Water-Baptism.* 8vo. 1s. Waugh.

In this miscellaneous pamphlet are many sensible and weighty arguments in defence of Free Prayer, and in opposition to stated forms. The Preface above-mentioned is, in particular, closely examined, and strictly animadverted upon. As the Remarker appears to be a man of sound learning, solid understanding, and acute penetration, the Advocates for Liturgic and precomposed forms, will do well to attend impartially to what he has to offer on the other side of the question. It is a subject of great consequence to the peace and prosperity of the Christian Church; and therefore, we should be glad to see it thoroughly debated, with a spirit of candor, meekness, and charity, worthy so serious, so important an occasion.

Art. 22. *The Ambassadors of Christ delineated; in divine Sketches taken from real Life. Being a characteristic Dialogue, copied from an original Plan in the School of evangelical Experience, &c. By a Lover of Truth.* 8vo. 6d. Keith.

Low, illiterate, methodistical cant and nonsense. It is written in what the Author imagines to be verse; in such a strain as

Ye callous hearts, the gospel seek;
That hammer flinty hearts will break——

It will be long, we doubt, ere any one will be able to hammer a little common sense into the heads of these ignorant and presumptuous enthusiasts,

enthusiasts, who are the bane and disgrace of the Christian Religion. Oh! Wh——! Oh! W——y! ye original raisers of all this mystical dust, how much have ye to answer for! How many eyes have ye blinded, how many understandings have ye perverted, how many heads have ye turned!—However, it is hoped ye are not *intentionally* guilty of all this mischief, and that the following couplet from this your *ingenious* disciple, is not applicable to you, as it certainly was not designed for you,

Such hypocrites their souls do cheat,
And post to hell by heaven's gate.

POETICAL.

Art. 23. *The Songs of Selma. From the Original of Ossian, the Son of Fingal.* 4to. 1s. Griffiths.

The piece here verified is not one of the least affecting of Ossian's poems; the subjects of them all being either tragical or warlike, which last circumstance may be considered as more extensively tragical. It recounts the unhappy catastrophe of the loves of Salgar and Comla; the death of Morar, a very martial chief; and the pathetic lamentations of Armin for his only son and his only daughter; with the death of her heroic lover Armar, arising from a succession of fatal, but natural mistakes. Ossian supposes these mournful songs to have been accompanied with the harp, by some former bards, at the feasts of Fingal king of the Highlands, at his palace of Selma.

We imagine, whoever compares the beginning of the prose, but not prosaic translation of the Gaelic original, with the following verification of it, will not think the latter unjust, nor without some merit. The invocation is addressed to the Evening Star, and is said by Mr. Macpherson, in a note, to be very beautiful and harmonious in the original.

Fair light! that, breaking through the clouds of day,
Dartest along the west thy silver ray;
Whose radiant locks around their glory spread,
As o'er the hills thou rear'st thy glittering head;
Bright Evening Star! what sees thy sparkling eye?
What spirits glide their mould'ring bodies nigh?—
The storm is o'er; and now the murm'ring sound
Of distant torrents creeps along the ground;
Around the rocks the lashing billows cling;
And drowsy beetles rise on feeble wing;
Across the plain I hear their humming flight:
But what, bright beam! is seen by thine all-piercing sight?
Ha! thou dost hasten smiling to the west,
In Ocean's wat'ry bed to take thy rest,
With open arms its waves thy form embrace,
Bathe thy bright locks, and hide thy lovely face.
Farewel, thou silent harbinger of night!—

All the rest of the version is nearly as correspondent to the original and may even read more intelligibly and smoothly to many ears. But we acknowledge, for our own parts, that the poetical prose and imagery of the first translation delighted us beyond this versification of it, the execution of which is more to be commended than the design. We think the second Transfuser might have reflected, that the antiquity of the subjects, whether fictitious or historical, and the novelty of the high metaphorical, and yet concise, manner of recounting them, must lose some part of that variety and change, that antique air and spirit we find, or suppose we find, in Mr. Macpherson's translation, by its being reduced into modern rhyme and metre; notwithstanding both the long and the lyric English measure were introduced in different parts of the performance; which, indeed, our present author has judiciously done, to preserve what variety he could. But still this is less various, more common, and appears to us more languid than its English prose. It seems like scowering the shield of Scriblerus, or attempting to polish an Otho. When we imagine ourselves engaged in remote antiquity, among chieftains of simpler manners, and in scenes of less artificial life, we seem very naturally to wish, that their manner of expression, although in our own language, should vary as much from the present manner, as our notions of their situation and customs differ from what we experience of our own.

SINGLE SERMONS.

K.

1. **T**HE *peaceful End of the perfect upright Man, recommended to Consideration.* On the death of that learned Divine, Dr. John Guyle. Nov. 29, 1761. By John Conder. Buckland, &c.
2. *Before the Mayor and Corporation of Chester.* Oct. 26, 1761, being the anniversary of his Majesty's accession. By Ed. Mainwaring, A. M. Prebendary of Chester. Longman.
3. *The Hope of Immortality, a most powerful Motive to fervent Charity.*—At Barbican, Dec. 6, 1761. On the death of the late Rev. and learned Mr. Joseph Burroughs. By Daniel Noble. Henderfon.
4. *On the Origin of Faith.*—Before the University of Oxford. At St. Peter's, Oct. 28, 1761. By John Rotheram, M. A. Fellow of University College. Sandby.
5. At St. Laurence Jury, near Guildhall, Nov. 18, 1761, before the society for promoting religious knowlege among the poor. By Thomas Jones, M. A. chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Field.
6. *Jesus the King of Kings.*—At Liverpool, on the day of their Majesties coronation. By John Johnson. Printed for Johnson near the Monument.
7. At the Temple Church, Nov. 15, 1761. On the death of Dr. Thomas Sherlock, late Lord Bishop of London, who departed this life July 18, in the 84th year of his age. By Samuel Nicolls, LL. D. master of the Temple, rector of St. James's, Westminster, and chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty. Whiston, &c.
8. In Lambeth Chapel, at the consecration of the right reverend fathers in God, John lord bishop of Lincoln, and Thomas lord bishop of Bristol, Dec. 28, 1761. By Peirson Lloyd, M. A. second master of Westminster school. B. Dod.

T H E

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For F E B R U A R Y, 1762.



The History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, to the Accession of Henry VII. Vol. II. Containing the reigns of Henry III. Edward I. Edward II. Edward III. Richard II. Henry IV. Henry V. Henry VI. Edward IV. Edward V. and Richard III. By David Hume, Esq; 4to. Millar.

HAVING, in our account of the preceeding volume*, delivered our sentiments concerning the manner of Mr. Hume's treating this early part of our History, we now with pleasure proceed to the consideration of the second volume, which opens with the reign of Henry III.

To the speculative and intelligent, the history of the reigns included in this volume, will prove extremely curious and interesting; though perhaps to the generality of readers it may appear dry and un-entertaining, in comparison with the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, which, as they approach nearer to the present manners and customs, are more generally understood, and consequently more agreeable.

To enter into the rude policy of the feudal reigns, and to discover the principles which influenced the civil and military operations of our brave and unpolished ancestors, requires a deeper insight into antiquity, and a closer degree of application, than falls to the lot of our modern students, who delight in the flimsy productions of prostituted genius, constrained by necessity, or seduced by vanity, to flatter the prevailing depravity of taste, which seems to forebode the decline of literature.

If however, the admirers of modish ease and elegance, can for once bend their attention to subjects which require

* See Rev. Dec. 1761.

strength and solidity of judgment, they will find their labour amply repaid in the perusal of this history, wherein Mr. Hume has given a very clear and accurate account of the religion, laws, manners, and customs of those early times, with the state of trade and commerce, the value of money, and price of commodities, with such shrewd and suitable reflections upon the whole, at the end of each reign, as may enable the attentive reader to trace the gradual advances, by which we rose from a condition of hospitable* barbarism, to our present imperfect state of modern refinement.

The wars which Henry III. waged against his Barons, and the consequences they produced, are well known. The King being defeated, was obliged to confirm the Great Charter, the corner stone of our liberties. The contest however between the King and his Nobles, seems to have been merely whether there should be one or many tyrants; for the people were alike oppressed by both; and though it is true, that the Great Charter contained some provisions in their favour, yet in those days, when power was the measure of right, they were not in a condition to render those provisions effectual. In short, this reign is almost a continued scene of tyranny, rapine, and violence: even the courtiers of the King's household, and men of title, were public robbers, and being convicted, said in their excuse, that "they received no wages from the King, and were obliged to rob for a maintenance." But no people were more cruelly oppressed at this time than the unhappy Jews.

"Interest," says our Historian, "had in that age mounted to an enormous height, as might be expected from the barbarism of the times and mens ignorance of commerce. There are instances of fifty per cent. paid for money. Such profits tempted the Jews to remain in England, notwithstanding the grievous oppressions to which they were continually exposed from the prevalent bigotry and rapine of this age. It is easy to imagine how precarious their state must be under an indigent prince, somewhat restrained in his tyranny over his native subjects, but who possessed an unlimited authority over them, the sole proprietors of money in the kingdom, and hated on account of their riches, their religion, and their usury: Yet will our ideas scarce come up to the ex-

* We say hospitable, because in those early times the doors of the nobility were in a manner open to all comers; and the number of their retainers, &c. is incredible. But this hospitality proves the dependance of the people, who in return for their subsistence, were in the most abject subjection to their lords.

tortions which in fact we shall find to have been practiced upon them. In the year 1241, 20,000 marks were exacted from them: two years after, money was again extorted; and one Jew alone, Aaron of York, was obliged to pay above 4000 marks: in 1250, Henry renewed his oppressions; and the same Aaron was condemned to pay him 30,000 marks upon an accusation of forgery: the high penalty imposed upon him, and which, it seems, he was thought able to pay, is rather a presumption of his innocence than of his guilt. In 1255, the King demanded 8000 marks from the Jews, and threatened to hang them, if they refused compliance. They now lost all patience, and desired leave to retire with their effects out of the kingdom. But the King replied: "How can I remedy the oppressions you complain of? I am myself beggared. I am despoiled, I am stripped of all my revenues: I owe above 200,000 marks; and if I had said 300,000, I should not exceed the truth: I am obliged to pay my son, prince Edward, 15,000 marks a year: I have not a farthing; and I must have money, from any hand, from any quarter, or by any means." He then delivered over the Jews to the earl of Cornwall, that those whom the one brother had flead, the other might embowel, to make use of the words of the historian*. King John, his father, once demanded 10,000 marks from a Jew of Bristol; and on his refusal, ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day till he should consent. The Jew lost seven teeth; and then paid the sum required of him."

The barbarity exercised toward this race of men, will not so greatly surprize us, when we consider the severity of the antient law of England, by which, if a christian man married a woman who was a Jewess, or a christian woman did marry with a Jew, it was felony, for which the offending party was to be burned alive. This strange and inhuman law was made in the infancy of christianity, and we might almost doubt its real existence, did we not consider that zealots have ever been forward to violate the dictates of reason and humanity, in defence of a new and favourite system, against an opposite sect.

The reign of Edward I. who has been celebrated as the English Justinian, affords abundant matter of speculation. Under this prince, the English constitution acquired some tolerable consistence. Knights, citizens, and burgesses were now more regularly summoned to parliament, and the common law held the gladfome dawn of independence. It suf-

* Matthew Paris.

ferred many eclipses however, before it rose so near to the meridian as it has since advanced. Our Historian makes a digression in this reign, in which he gives a succinct and ingenious account of the progress of the commons' authority. Nevertheless it is too long for us to give it entire, and to select any particular part, would be injustice to the whole. We will only observe therefore, that Mr. Hume seems to rely too much on the authority of Brady, who, though very ingenious and intelligent, is, in many instances hasty and partial: and we are by no means persuaded by the authorities he cites, that the knights originally sat apart from the commons, and that the latter, even in the reign of Henry IV. had not any legislative authority. Were we however to enter into a regular confutation of these propositions, it would carry us too far into the cobwebs of antiquity, whither few of our readers, perhaps, would chuse to follow us. We therefore refer the examination of these niceties to the learned and curious.

It would be needless to enter into the military exploits of this prince in France and Scotland, against the latter of which he was actuated more by principles of policy than justice, having violated the confidence reposed in his friendly arbitration, to promote an usurped dominion. The civil government of this reign is most worthy of our attention, and is indeed well described by our Historian. Here however he is clearly mistaken, when he says, that "Edward seems to have been the first Christian Prince, who passed a statute of mortmain;" for this was one of the articles of the Great Charter passed in his father's time.

Our Historian's reflections on the reign of that weak and unfortunate Prince, Edward II. are well worthy of observation. Mr. Hume has softened the character of this unhappy Monarch, and takes notice, that it is a shameful delusion in modern historians, to imagine that all the antient Princes who were unfortunate in their government, were also tyrannical in their conduct. This reflection is certainly just: but we must add, that if a prince is ever so innocent and inoffensive in himself, yet his weak attachment to a tyrannical and oppressive minion, is as reasonable a ground for opposing his authority, as if the tyranny was personal in himself. It must be confessed nevertheless, that "the facility and weakness of this Prince, more than his violence, threw every thing into confusion;" and these considerations, more than any real grievances, gave birth to the sedition of the turbulent Barons; whose conduct and influence is admirably described in

in the following extract, which opens with some curious particulars, relative to the elder Spenser, father to Edward's favourite.

“ The petition of the elder Spenser to parliament, complaining of the devastation committed on his lands by the barons, contains several particulars, which are curious, and discover the manners of the age. He affirms, that they had ravaged sixty three manors belonging to him, and he makes his losses amount to 46,000 pounds; that is, to 138,000 of our present money. Among other particulars, he enumerates 28,000 sheep, 1000 oxen and heifers, 1200 cows with their breed for two years, 560 cart horses, 2000 hogs, together with 600 bacons, 80 carcases of beef, and 600 muttons in the larder; ten tuns of cyder, arms for 200 men, and other warlike engines and provisions. The plain inference is, that the greatest part of Spenser's vast estate, as well as that of the other nobility, was farmed by the landlord himself, managed by his stewards or bailiffs, and cultivated by his villains. Little or none of it was let on lease to husbandmen: its produce was consumed in rustic hospitality by the baron or his officers: a great number of idle retainers, ready for any disorder or mischief, were maintained by him: all who lived upon his estate were absolutely at his disposal: instead of applying to courts of justice, he usually sought redress by open force and violence: the great nobility were a kind of independant potentates, who, if they submitted to any regulations at all, were less governed by the municipal law, than by a rude species of the laws of nations. The method in which we find they treated the King's favourites, and ministers, is a proof of their usual way of dealing with each other. A party, which complains of the arbitrary conduct of ministers, ought naturally to affect a great regard for the laws and constitution, and maintain at least the appearance of justice in their proceedings: yet these barons, when discontented, came to parliament with an armed force, constrained the King to assent to their measures, and without any trial or witness or conviction, passed, from the pretended notoriety of facts, an act of banishment or attainder against the minister, which, on the first revolution of fortune, was reversed by like expedients. The parliament, during factional times, was nothing but the organ of present power. Tho' the persons of whom it was chiefly composed, seemed to enjoy great independance, they really possessed no true liberty, and the security of each individual among them, was not so much derived from the general protection of law, as from his own private power and that of his confederates. The au-
thority

thority of the monarch, tho' far from absolute, was very irregular, and might often reach him: the current of a faction might easily overwhelm him: a hundred considerations, of benefits and injuries, friendships and animosities, hopes and fears, were able to influence his conduct; and amidst these motives a regard to equity and law and justice was commonly, in those rude ages, of little moment. Nor did any man entertain thoughts of opposing present power, who did not deem himself strong enough to dispute the field with it by force, and was not prepared to give battle to the sovereign or the ruling party."

We are here presented with a very just and lively picture of the manners of these times, and this may serve as a key for the more perfect understanding of the disorderly and violent transactions of these reigns. Such comments display the true characteristics of an Historian.

The reign of Edward III. affords little more than a romantic scene of chivalry. The much celebrated victories of Crecy and Poitiers, only serve, among other instances, to prove that heedless temerity frequently triumphs over supine confidence. The treatment however, which John, the captive King of France received from the Black Prince, his conqueror, displayed a noble generosity and humanity, which shewed the Prince to have possessed a mind superior to the little ambition of false heroism. The military exploits of this reign have ever been the theme and boast of vulgar admiration; but we find little improvement in civil polity, which is more worthy of attention. The government, as our Historian observes, "at best, was only a barbarous monarchy, not regulated by any fixed maxims, nor bounded by any certain undisputed rights, which were in practice regularly observed. The King conducted himself by one set of principles; the barons by another; the commons by a third; the clergy by a fourth. All these systems of government were contrary and incompatible: each of them prevailed according as incidents were favourable to it: a great Prince rendered the monarchical power predominant; the weakness of a King gave the reins to aristocracy; a superstitious age saw the clergy triumphant: the people, for whom alone government was instituted, and who alone deserve consideration, were commonly the weakest of the whole. But the commons, little obnoxious to any other order, though they sunk under the violence of tempests, silently reared their head in more peaceable times; and while the storm was brewing, were courted by all

all sides, and thus received still some accession to their privileges, or, at worst, some confirmation of them."

The reign of that weak Prince, Richard II. affords little matter worthy of commemoration. Our Historian, though he warns the reader not to give entire credit to writers who composed their works during the reigns of the Lancastrian Princes, acknowledges nevertheless, that "he was a weak Prince, and unfit for government, less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment, and of a good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences; fond of idle shew and magnificence; devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure: passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent œconomy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government."

The ensuing reign, though busy and active, was chiefly employed in defending a bad title to the crown, so that Henry IV. had little leisure to look abroad, or perform any actions which might redound to the honour or advantage of the nation. "It must be owned however," adds our Historian, "that his prudence and vigilance and foresight, in maintaining his power, was admirable: his command of temper remarkable: his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after times, rather salutary, during his own reign, to the English nation." We confess that we cannot readily subscribe to the propriety of this concluding sentiment. It is difficult to conceive, in what respect Henry's usurpation was salutary to the kingdom, even during his own reign: neither does such a reflection seem consistent with what our Historian had before acknowledged, viz. "That Henry had little leisure to perform any actions, which might redound to the honour or advantage of the nation."

His son however raised the nation to the highest pitch of honour to which martial merit and success could exalt it. This conqueror of France, it is well known, was, while Prince of Wales, wild and dissolute to a shameful excess; and his extravagance is thus, not improbably, accounted for by our Historian.

"The many jealousies, to which Henry IV's situation naturally exposed him, had so infected his temper, that he had been persuaded to entertain unreasonable suspicions with re-

ward to the fidelity of his eldest son ; and during the latter years of his life, he had excluded that Prince from all share in public business, and was even displeased to see him at the head of armies, where his martial talents, though useful to the support of government, acquired him a renown, which, he thought, might prove dangerous to his own authority. The active spirit of young Henry, restrained from its proper exercise, broke out in extravagancies of every kind ; and the riot of pleasure, the frolics of debauchery, the outrage of wine, filled the vacancies of a mind, better adapted to the pursuits of ambition, and the cares of government. This course of life threw him among companions, whose disorders, if accompanied with spirit and humour, he seconded and indulged ; and he was detected in many sallies, which, to severer eyes, appeared totally unworthy of his rank and station. There even remains a tradition, that, when heated with liquor and jollity, he scrupled not to accompany them in attacking the passengers on the streets and highways, and despoiling them of their goods ; and he found an amusement in the incidents, which the terror and regret of these defenceless people produced on such occasions. This extreme of dissoluteness proved equally disagreeable to his father, as that eager application to business, which had at first given him occasion of jealousy ; and he saw in his son's behaviour the same neglect of decency, the same attachment to low company, which had destroyed the personal character of Richard, and which, more than all his errors in government, had tended to overturn his throne. But the nation in general considered the young prince with more indulgence ; and observed so many gleams of generosity, spirit, and magnanimity, breaking continually through the cloud, which a wild conduct threw over his character, that they never ceased hoping for his amendment, and ascribed all the weeds, which shot up in that rich soil, to the want of proper culture and attention in the King and his ministers. There passed an event which encouraged these agreeable views, and gave much occasion for favourable reflections to all men of sense and candor. A riotous companion of the prince's had been indicted before Gascoigne, the chief justice, for some disorders ; and Henry was not ashamed to appear at the bar with the criminal, in order to give him countenance and protection. Finding, that his presence had not over-awed the chief justice, he proceeded to insult that magistrate on his tribunal ; but Gascoigne, mindful of the character which he then bore, and the majesty of the sovereign and of the laws, which he sustained,

tained, ordered the Prince to be carried to prison for his rude behaviour. The spectators were agreeably disappointed, when they saw the heir of the crown submit peaceably to this sentence, make reparation for his error by acknowledging it, and check his impetuous nature in the midst of its extravagant career.

These sentiments may, to some, appear overstrained and too refined : but they who have accurately examined the human heart, who can make allowances for the frailties of mortality, and who know how nearly the greatest virtues border on the opposite vices, will withhold their censure of this apology for the Prince's strange irregularities. As it is essentially necessary for an historian, among other requisites, to be a philosopher ; so philosophers only are capable of forming a right judgment of history.

The character of this Prince, who died in the flower of his age, is painted in the following strong and glowing colours.

“ This Prince possessed many eminent virtues ; and if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar are inclined to do, among his virtues, they were unstained by any considerable blemish. His abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field ; the boldness of his enterprizes was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and of gaining his enemies by address and clemency. The English, dazzled by the lustre of his character, still more than by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title : the French almost forgot that he was an enemy : and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars, in which his short reign was almost entirely occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity ; and that the earl relied so entirely on his friendship is no less a proof of his established character for candor and sincerity. There remain in history few instances of such mutual trust ; and still fewer where neither party found reason to repent it.”

After all however, it must be confessed, that he owed the splendor of his military character to a fortunate rashness, and the most destructive and fatal consequences might reasonably

ably have been expected from his daring and indiscreet enterprizes. Indeed Mr. Hume acknowledges, that "nothing in appearance could be more unequal than the battle of Azincourt, upon which all his safety and his fortunes depended. His situation was exactly similar to that of Edward at Cressy, and that of the Black Prince at Poitiers; and the French confidence, notwithstanding past experience, in like manner proved their ruin; so that in the end, their enemies, by their misconduct, derived immortal glory from a temerity which portended inevitable destruction."

The reign of Henry VI. is a farther proof, that every weak Prince will, in a limited and mixed government, be unhappy. This King had the misfortune to lose most of the territories which his father had conquered from France, and had the farther mortification to have them, in fact, ravished from him by a General in petticoats, that is, the famous Joan d'Arc, known by the name of the Maid of Orleans. Of this wonderful girl, our Historian gives the most accurate account we remember to have met with.

"In the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc, who was servant in a small inn, and who in that station had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity; whether that she had met with no occasion to excite her genius, or that the unskilful eyes of those, who conversed with her, had not been able to discern her uncommon merit. It is easy to imagine, that the present situation of France was an interesting object even to persons of the lowest rank, and would become the frequent subject of their conversation: a young Prince, expelled his native throne, by the sedition of subjects and by the arms of strangers, could not fail to move the compassion of all his people, whose hearts were uncorrupted by faction; and the peculiar character of Charles, so strongly inclined to friendship and the tender passions, naturally rendered him the hero of that sex, whose generous minds knew no bounds in their affections. The siege of Orleans, the progress of the English before that place, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, the importance of saving the city and its brave defenders, had turned thither the eyes of

of all the world; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with a wild desire of bringing relief to her sovereign in his present distresses. Her unexperienced mind, working day and night on this favourite object, mistook the impulses of her passion for heavenly inspirations; and she fancied, that she saw visions and heard voices, exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France, and to expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of temper made her overlook all the dangers, which might attend her in such a path; and thinking herself destined by heaven to this office, she threw aside that bashfulness and timidity, which would naturally adhere to her sex, her years, and her low station. She went to Boudricourt, governor of Vacouleurs; procured admission to him; informed him of her inspirations and intentions; and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke thro' her, but to second those heavenly revelations, which impelled her to this glorious enterprize. Boudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but on her frequent returns to him, and importunate sollicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined, at all hazards, to make so easy an experiment. It is uncertain, whether this gentleman had discernment enough to perceive, that great use might be made with the vulgar of so uncommon an engine; or, what is more likely in that credulous age, was himself a convert to this visionary: but he adopted at last the scheme of Joan; and he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

“ It is the business of history to distinguish between the *miraculous* and the *marvellous*; to reject the first in all narrations merely profane and human; to scruple the second; and when obliged by undoubted testimony, as in the present case, to admit of something extraordinary, to receive as little of it as is consistent with the known facts and circumstances. It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the King, tho' she had never seen his face before, and tho' he purposely kept himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside every thing in his dress and apparel, which might distinguish him; that she offered him, in the name of the supreme Creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims to be there crowned and anointed; and on his expressing some doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn confidants, a secret, which was unknown to all the world but himself, and which nothing but a heavenly inspiration could discover to her: and that she demand-

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ed, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, which was kept in the church of St. Catharine de Fierbois, and which, tho' she had never seen it, she described by all its marks, and by the place in which it had long been laid and neglected. This is certain, that all these miraculous stories were spread abroad, in order to catch the vulgar. The more the King and his ministers were determined to give into the illusion, the more scruples they pretended. An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. She was sent to the parliament, then residing at Poitiers; and was interrogated before that assembly: the presidents, the counsellors, who came persuaded of her imposture, went away convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope began to break thro' that despair, in which the minds of all men were before enveloped. Heaven had now declared itself in favour of France, and had laid bare its outstretched arm to take vengeance on her invaders. Few could distinguish between the impulse of inclination and the force of conviction; and none would submit to the trouble of so disagreeable a scrutiny."

The merit of these reflections must be acknowledged by every reader, who has the least portion of that manly and liberal spirit which distinguishes our author. An Historian above all others, should never be a dupe to credulity: and he ought not only to reject incredibilities himself, but it is his duty likewise to warn his readers against crediting phantastic relations, which often give a wrong bias to enthusiastic minds, and render them ridiculous to the wise, and dangerous to the weak.

Henry's losses and misfortunes abroad, naturally produced discontents at home, which at length broke out into open rebellion, and made way for the line of York in the person of Edward IV. His throne however tottered for some time, but the victory over Henry's forces at the battle of Hexham, seemed to have extinguished the hopes of the Lancastrian family. The consequences of this battle are described in a very affecting manner.

"The fate of the unfortunate royal family, after this defeat, was very singular. Margaret, flying with her son into a forest, where she endeavoured to conceal herself, was beset, during the darkness of the night, by robbers, who either ignorant or regardless of her quality, despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity.

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The partition of this rich booty raised a quarrel among them ; and while their attention was thus engaged, she took the opportunity of making her escape with her son into the thickest of the forest, where she wandered for some time, over-spent with hunger and fatigue, and sunk with terror and affliction. While in this wretched condition, she saw a robber approach with his naked sword ; and finding that she had no means of escape, she suddenly embraced the resolution of trusting entirely for protection to his faith and generosity. She advanced towards him, and presenting to him the young prince, called out to him, *Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your King's son.* The man, whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, but not entirely lost, by his vicious course of life, was struck with the singularity of the event, and charmed with the confidence reposed in him ; and he vowed, not only to abstain from all injury against the prince, but to devote himself entirely to her safety and protection. By his means she dwelt some time concealed in the forest, and was at last conducted to the sea-coast, whence she made her escape into Flanders. She passed thence into her father's court, where she lived several years in privacy and retirement. Her husband was not so fortunate or so dextrous in finding the means of his escape. Some of his friends took him under their protection, and conveyed him into Lancashire, where he remained concealed during a twelvemonth ; but he was at last detected, delivered up to Edward, and thrown into the Tower. The safety of his person was owing less to the generosity of his enemies, than to the contempt which they had entertained of his courage and his understanding."

Distress, like this, must move our pity, even though the sufferers were in the meanest station. But when we consider it as the lot of an unfortunate pair, accustomed to the pomp of royalty, and softened by all the blandishments of ease and luxury, then our compassion increases in proportion as the extreme reverse of fortune must make their sense of misery the stronger.

The unfortunate Henry, however, was afterwards restored, and in a short time fell again into the hands of Edward, to experience still farther calamities, which not long after put an end to the days of this weak but pious prince ; though some incline to think that he died a violent death.

All the glories of Edward's reign, Mr. Hume observes, terminated with the civil wars, where his laurels too were extremely sullied with blood, violence, and cruelty. His spirit
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seems afterwards to have been sunk in indolence and pleasure, or his measures were frustrated by imprudence and want of foresight. His character is summed up in these few words: He was "a prince more splendid and showy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place by his vigour and enterprize." *

We shudder as we pass through the short reign of Edward V. which is full of the butcheries of that inhuman monster the Duke of Gloucester, who murdered the young King with his brother the Duke of York, and stepped to the throne through the blood of his slaughtered kinsmen, under the title of Richard III. Happily, however, this stain to humanity did not long disgrace the diadem; he was killed at the battle of Bosworth, and fell by too mild a fate. Mr. Hume, who by many, perhaps, will be thought to have been too indulgent to the characters of our weak and wicked princes, does not attempt to palliate that of Richard. "The Historians (says he) who favour Richard, (for even he has met with partizans among the late Writers) maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes, which appeared necessary for that purpose. And it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne."

"Thus (says our Historian) we have pursued the History of England through a series of many barbarous ages, till we have at last reached the dawnings of civility and science, and have the prospect, both of greater certainty in our historical narrations, and of being able to present to the Reader a spec-

* Mr. Hume seems to be mistaken, when he says that the *Benevolence* attempted to be levied by this prince, was "a sort of exaction, which, except during the reign of Henry III. had scarce ever been practised in former times." They appear to have been more frequently raised than he supposes: they were even levied in the preceding reign; and the instructions to the commissioners employed in procuring a benevolence in the 20th of Henry VI. speak the language of an arbitrary prince.

tacle more worthy of his attention." Mr. Hume concludes with a kind of recapitulation, wherein he gives an abstract of the antient system of government, and its successive changes in these remote times: but our limits will not allow us to extend our extracts any farther.

Upon the whole, we do not scruple to commend these Volumes, as containing the most just and masterly account of the reigns of our early Kings, that has hitherto been penned. The attentive Reader will find that philosophy and jurisprudence constantly go hand in hand with History: and we hope that as Mr. Hume has with such success gone backwards as far as probability can warrant relation, that he will now continue the History of this kingdom, from the period at which he left off, on the publication of the first two Volumes.

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An Historical and Critical Account of the Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, after the Manner of Mr. Bayle. Drawn from original Writers and State Papers. To which is added, an Appendix of original Papers, now first published. By William Harris. 8vo. 7s. bound. Millar.

IN our Review of the last production * of this industrious Biographer, we took occasion to observe that his business had been chiefly that of a Compiler; that he had shewn great care and accuracy in his Compilation, and had in general summed up the evidence on both sides, with great judgment and impartiality. On perusing the Volume now before us, we find no reason for altering our opinion of Mr. Harris's care and accuracy, but we are sorry to confess that we cannot entertain the same respect for his judgment and impartiality. We are nevertheless still persuaded that he has too much honesty to be guilty of wilful misrepresentation; but zealous prejudice insensibly gives a wrong bias to the mind, and diverts it from the most obvious deductions. His generous detestation of the oppressive and arbitrary principles by which Charles attempted to govern, was a just ground for the severe censures, which he has passed on the political character of that ill-fated monarch: but when he endeavours to throw a favourable gloss on the conduct of Cromwell, who only

* *The Life of Charles.* For an account of which, see Review, Vol. XVIII. p. 452.

destroyed an irresolute tyrant, that he himself might take a firmer grasp of the sceptre of tyranny, he certainly errs in his judgment, and becomes, we trust, involuntarily partial.

It is difficult to say whence it arises that the enemies of Charles, all rank as partizans of Cromwell. Where parties have taken such opposite directions, manifestly against the guidance of reason, it is a hard task for a Reviewer to expose their deviations, without giving offence to the zealots on both sides. But whatever hazard we may incur, we do not scruple to affirm, that they who express their detestation of Charles, must, upon the same principles, if they are consistent, hold Cromwell in still greater abhorrence. If we regard Cromwell as a man, he was inferior to Charles in respect of private virtues; if we consider him as a sovereign, for such he was, under the title of Protector, he far exceeded Charles in every circumstance of absolute sway and tyranny: and what greatly aggravates the guilt of Cromwell is, that he *usurped* that sovereignty, which he so wantonly abused, to the oppression of the public.

We desire no better authority, in support of our principles, than the *Life* of the Protector now before us; wherein the facts indeed are stated with candor, and the comments are frequently liberal and just. All that we shall take occasion to dispute, will be our Author's reflections and inferences upon the whole.

We pass over Cromwell's birth and parentage, with all the uninteresting minute particulars, in which Mr. Harris is tediously circumstantial, and proceed to the account here given of his principles and character. It is confessed that Cromwell had but a moderate share of learning; that he was vicious in his youth, but that he afterwards reformed, and became a professor of religion even to a degree of enthusiasm. Here our Author has a long note of more than a dozen pages to prove the reality of Cromwell's enthusiasm. For this purpose, he chiefly relies on some extracts from Cromwell's letters, which, he says, will better than any thing else illustrate this part of his character. The extracts recited are replete with cant and fanaticism; and, in truth, it seems to be a strange method of examination, to try the reality of a man's principles, by letters of his own penning on public concerns. The more certain way of determining his sincerity, is to attend to his behaviour in the private hours of social converse. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Harris has not suppressed evidence of this nature, for he has very fairly stated
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the following anecdotes, which seem to indicate Cromwell a hypocrite. "His rude cant and spiritual simplicity were downright affectation; than which nothing can be more evident from Mr. Waller's observation, and his confession to him. Mr. Waller often took notice, that in the midst of their discourse a servant has come in to tell them such and such attended; upon which Cromwell would rise, and stop them, talking at the door, where he could over-hear them say, The Lord will reveal, The Lord will help, and several such expressions; which when he returned to Mr. Waller he excused, saying, Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men after their own way: and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. Waller an opinion that he secretly despised those whom he seemed to court.

"And the author of the *Political History of the Age*, thinks the enthusiasm of Cromwell entirely assumed and politic, quoting the following anecdote from Oliver St. John, in proof of it, viz. That being one day at table with his friends, and looking for the cork of a bottle of champaign which he had opened, on being informed that some person attended for admittance to see him, Tell him, says Cromwell, we are in search of the Holy Spirit."

"But (says our Author) what do these anecdotes prove, but that Cromwell sometimes talked inconsistently with his principles? Or being at times less under their power, he indulged himself in jesting and raillery, to which he was naturally prone?" This is indeed acting the part of a thorough-paced apologist: nevertheless Mr. Harris, we apprehend, will find it difficult to persuade his Readers, that a real enthusiast in religion, however at times he may relax from the severity of his principles, will ever be so extremely inconsistent, as to treat points, held sacred, with such profane and impious raillery. It may be allowed, that Cromwell was, in one sense, an enthusiast; for he certainly had that ardour and vehemence of disposition, or, if Mr. Harris will have it so, that *afflatu divinus*, which overlooks all difficulties, and often exalts men to heights of fortune, to which cool deliberation and sober judgment would never have advanced them. Rash ambition and lawless usurpation, are never without a tincture of this, for the most part, fortunate frenzy. But that Cromwell was a real enthusiast in religion, there is not the least foundation to believe. Nay, our Author himself, in the subsequent pages, is obliged to confess that Cromwell was a hypocrite; for he tells us, that "he got the better of some powerful opponents

by craft, dissimulation, *hypocrisy*, and the usual arts of men bent on defeating the designs of their foes, and advancing their own."

In the notes on this passage, he very ingenuously gives the general opinion of Cromwell's Contemporaries, with respect to his hypocrisy, which is farther corroborated by particular facts, cited from good authority. The general accusations are as follow: "If craft be wisdom, says Mr. Cowley, and dissimulation wit, (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actions of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer that they durst not do so, because the actors and door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries, even diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is the ill fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human wisdom could foresee them, which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor. Another writer, who also lived in Cromwell's time, and wrote when he was in the height of his power, expresses himself in the following manner: Had not his Highness had a faculty to be fluent in his tears, and eloquent in his execrations; had he not had spongy eyes, and a supple conscience; and besides to do with people of great faith, but little wit; his courage, and the rest of his moral virtues, with the help of his janissaries, had never been able so far to advance him out of the reach of justice, that we should have need to call for any other hand to remove him, but that of the hangman. And again: He hath found, indeed, that in godliness there is great gain; and that preaching and praying, well managed, will obtain other kingdoms, as well as that of heaven. His, indeed, have been pious arms; for he hath conquered most by those of the church, by prayers and tears. But the truth is, were it not for our

honour to be governed by one that can manage both the spiritual and temporal sword, and, Roman like, to have our emperor our high priest, we might have had preaching at a much cheaper rate, and it would have cost us but our tithes, which now costs us all."

But these being general declamations, Mr. Harris candidly cites facts, of which we have only room to extract the following, taken from Burnet. "When the House of Commons and the Army were at a quarrelling, at a meeting of the officers, it was proposed to purge the army better, that they might know whom to depend on. Cromwell, upon that, said, he was sure of the army; but there was another body that had more need of purging, naming the house of commons, and he thought the army only could do that. Two officers that were present brought an account of this to Grimston, who carried them with him to the lobby of the house of commons; they being resolved to justify it to the house. There was another debate then on foot, but Grimston diverted it, and said he had a matter of privilege of the highest sort to lay before them: it was about the being and freedom of the house. So he charged Cromwell with the design of putting a force on the house. He had his witnesses at the door, and desired they might be examined. They were brought to the bar, and justified all that they had said to him, and gave a full relation of all that had passed at their meetings. When they withdrew, Cromwell fell down on his knees, and made a solemn prayer to God, attesting his innocence, and his zeal for the service of the house. He submitted himself to the providence of God, who it seems thought fit to exercise him with calumny and slander, but he submitted his cause to him. This he did with great vehemence, and with many tears. After this strange and bold preamble, he made so long a speech, justifying both himself and the rest of the officers, except a few that seemed inclined to return back to Egypt, that he wearied out the house, and wrought so much on his party, that what the witnesses had said was so little believed, that had it been moved, Grimston thought that both he and they would have been sent to the Tower. But whether their guilt made them modest, or that they had no mind to have the matter much talked of, they let it fall; and there was no strength in the other side to carry it further. To complete the scene, as soon as ever Cromwell got out of the house, he resolved to trust himself no more amongst them, but went to the army, and in a few days he brought them up, and forced a

great many from the house." He likewise takes notice of the circumstances of Cromwell's indignation against Joyce, who, by his own orders, seized the King, though Cromwell "lifted up his hands in the Parliament, and called God, Angels, and Men to witness, that he knew nothing of Joyce's going for the King." He next quotes some instances of his hypocrisy, practised on Ludlow; and then exclaims, with a kind of exulting approbation of his hero's craft, that "he must have had a peculiar knack at dissimulation who was capable of imposing on Ludlow, who had many times before found himself deceived by him." But our Author's manner of reconciling these flagrant instances of hypocrisy, with a real sense of religion, common honesty, and fair dealing, is the most extraordinary that ever was attempted. "That enthusiasm, (says he) to which Cromwell was subject, is a very variable thing; it admits of much devotion, and many crimes. Men who think themselves under the special and extraordinary influence of the Deity, attribute to him their feelings, sentiments, and desires, and whatever proceeds from him must be wise, just, and good." What! could Cromwell then suppose himself under the special influence of the Deity, when he fell on his knees, and made a solemn prayer to God, attesting his innocence of a fact, wherein his own conscience bore witness of his guilt? Could he think himself under a divine influence, when he called God, angels, and men, to witness a notorious falsehood, in saying that he knew nothing of Joyce's going for the King? It is possible that he might have thought himself exempted from the common rules of morality, and that the end would sanctify the means, had that end been just and virtuous. But can we suppose him weak enough to have imagined that God directed his feelings, and prompted him not only to usurp the sovereignty, but to violate every moral and political duty, to support himself in his ill-gotten authority? Such a supposition would be absurd: besides, real enthusiasm acts by fits, is irregular and inconstant in its motions and appearances. But Cromwell's enthusiasm was uniform and systematic: in short, Cromwell was not an enthusiast in religion, but an hypocrite, which is the most profligate of all characters; for there can be no hypocrisy in religion without flagrant impiety.

Mr. Harris nevertheless thinks, that some allowances should be made for Cromwell's hypocrisy; and he adds, that James I. and Charles I. acted the same part, but with less art, and worse grace."——What then? As he has very justly reprehended

hended it as a detestable quality in them, why should he endeavour to apologize for it in Cromwell, who, as being more artful, was the more noxious enemy to society? In the name of reason and virtue let us conclude, that if it was odious in a lawful King, who practised it to extend prerogative beyond its just limits, it was doubly odious in Cromwell, who used it as a means to acquire a lawless power, which he exercised with such arbitrary violations of justice and public liberty, as were never attempted by the sovereign whose blood he spilt, as he pretended, on account of a tyranny, which at worst was mild in comparison with his own.

Our Author is, indeed, obliged to confess that Cromwell, who had opposed and punished Charles for his illegal acts, became an imitator of them, and in some instances even went beyond him. Among other oppressions, he instituted Major-Generals, who in a variety of respects lorded it over and oppressed the country.—He made use of packed juries on some occasions, and displaced judges for refusing to follow his directions.—He committed men illegally to prison, and suffered them not to enjoy the benefit of the laws.—He caused men to be tried before new-created tribunals, and adjudged to death without the verdict of a jury. These courts were stiled High Courts of Justice, the terror of Royalists, as their enemies were their judges.—Add to these, that he openly violated the privileges of parliament.

After such a catalogue of tyrannical, and some of them unprecedented oppressions, it is matter of amazement that any friend to liberty should attempt to apologize for a character so obnoxious and injurious to civil society. Had Cromwell used his usurped authority, in order to enlarge and confirm the basis of public freedom, his name might justly be adored; but all his virtues, and all his vices, were made subservient to the mean ambition of aggrandizing himself, and of supporting by force and oppression, what he had acquired by violence and craft. Even his war with Spain was directed to this end, and his successes therein were more owing to the courage and vigour of those intrusted with the execution of the projected enterprizes, than to any skill or sagacity in forming the plans. In truth, Cromwell's capacity for government seems rather to have been of that narrow nature, adapted for the management of domestic parties, than of that comprehensive kind, which judges of the true interest of a kingdom, from a knowledge of its foreign relations.

Yet he sometimes erred even in his own sphere of limited policy; witness his injudicious treatment of his Major-Generals,

negals, who had been the instruments of his tyranny, and whom he afterwards wantonly disgusted, which was the occasion of their opposition to his assuming the title of King. We wonder that our Author has omitted these circumstances, so fully related in the Parliamentary History.

Cromwell, however, was not only an enemy to civil, but religious freedom. Mr. Harris, indeed, affirms, that "he constantly was a friend to religious liberty." Nevertheless he acknowledges, how consistently let the Reader determine, that "his edict against the episcopal clergy was very cruel, as it deprived them in a good measure of their maintenance, and of their liberty of worshipping God, according as appeared best to their own understandings."

In few words, Cromwell was, as the Author of the *Memoirs of Brandenburg* well characterizes him, "a bold, cunning, and ambitious man; but unjust, violent, and void of virtue; a man, in fine, who had great qualities, but never a good one: who therefore did not deserve the surname of Great, which is due only to virtue. And it would (the *Memoir Writer* concludes) be degrading Lewis XIV. to compare him to such a rival."

At this Mr. Harris fires with indignation. "What (he asks) were the faults imputed to Cromwell? Dissimulation, hypocrisy, bringing Charles to the block, and ingratitude towards the long parliament. — Let these crimes (he adds) be weighed in the nicest balance, they must be light as air when opposed to those of Lewis, who was an *adulterer*, who was not ashamed to confess that he waged war merely for his glory, who broke through all oaths and treaties." He concludes, "that the painting out such enemies of liberty and mankind, in the finest colours and by the finest pens, is the greatest reproach of letters, and most dangerous to the interests of common humanity."

In these last sentiments we readily concur. What then shall we think of a Writer, who has endeavoured to paint Cromwell, the most inveterate enemy to liberty, in the finest colours, though we cannot say with the finest pen? If Lewis waged war for glory, so did Cromwell: and we believe it will be paying him a compliment to assign no worse reason for his war with Spain. If Lewis broke through his oaths, neither did Cromwell, we find, pay any regard to oaths, or even scruple to make the most solemn invocations on God, to witness the most notorious falsehoods. But then the crime of

adultery remains, of which Cromwell is thought to be clear; and, according to Mr. Harris, it should seem that, compared with this crime, "Diffimulation, hypocrisy, ingratitude, and murder, are light as air."—We say murder, because nothing can justify the killing of our fellow creature, but immediate self-preservation, or the good of society. And though it may not deserve that name in those who acted upon principle, and from a persuasion that the death of the King was necessary for the security of public liberty, it was the most atrocious kind of murder in Cromwell, who was so far from having the good of society in view, that he proved a more oppressive tyrant, than his sovereign whose blood he spilt. Yet, Mr. Harris concludes, that "he left behind him a never-dying fame; and if he cannot be ranked among the best, he undoubtedly is to be placed among the greatest of princes."

Certainly if bold and successful villany intitles a man to be called Great, Cromwell has a right to the appellation. But if goodness is inseparable from true greatness, no man ever had worse pretensions to that character. His public conduct, as has been seen, was such as must render his memory odious to every friend to justice and liberty. In his private capacity, he appears to have been by no means amiable. Tools he had many, but no friends; his familiarity was rudeness, and his pleasantries buffoonery.

Upon the whole, we think Mr. Harris's sentiments with regard to Cromwell's character, are narrow, partial, and injudicious. And as to his manner of writing, which we have heretofore had occasion to censure, it is by no means improved; for it is as usual, though not incorrect, yet extremely heavy, quaint, and inelegant.---Thus much we have thought ourselves obliged to observe, in justice to the Public, and to our credit as impartial Reviewers. But sorry we are to disapprove the work of a person of Mr. Harris's worthy character, as a hearty friend to liberty, both civil and religious, and a truly honest man: and who likewise had acquitted himself so much more to our satisfaction, in his former compilations.

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Poems on several Occasions. 8vo. 2 s. Rivington.

AT the desire of the Earl of Bath, the ingenious Mrs. Carter has favoured the Public with a Collection of her Poems; and it is with pleasure we congratulate our Readers on the occasion. We can assure them that through the whole

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adultery

of this collection, they will be entertained with the same attic wit, the same chaste philosophic fancy, and the same harmony of numbers, which distinguished the long admired *Ode to Wisdom*. The elegant Muse, which so early introduced this lady to the Groves of *Academy*, and the *Lyceum* Walks, has never forsaken her. The rigid doctrines of the stoic school, in which she has been so much conversant, seem not in the least to have restrained her fancy, or to have communicated any thing of their rigour to her heart; and, though she is the translator of *Epictetus*, she is evidently the disciple of *Plato*. In all her Poems there is that fine sensibility, serene dignity, and lofty imagination, which characterize the writings of that divine philosopher. Her style is perfectly *Horatian*, elegantly polished, and harmoniously easy. The *curiosa felicitas dicendi*, which genius alone, and the ear that nature has harmonized, can produce, is frequently to be found in these beautiful Poems. Some few, some very few faults, *quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum caveat natura*, might perhaps be pointed out; but we have little inclination to look at these, while the eye is continually attracted by new beauties. We must, however, complain, that our Poetess has been too negligent about her Rhymes, which are often inconsonant; for we cannot help thinking that bad Rhymes are much worse than no Rhymes at all. Possibly she might imagine herself justified in this by the *French* and *Italian* Poets; but the perfection of *English* Poetry, and the delicacy of an English ear, will not bear even so slight a defect. Mr. *Pope* could never endure an ill-match'd rhyme; and his imitator, Mrs. *Jones*, that other English *Sappho*, has also avoided this fault.

Prefixed to this little Volume is a short Encomium on the Authoress, and her Works, by Lord *Lyttelton*, which reminds us of the style and manner of Mr. *Langhorne's* Poem to the memory of *Handel*. [See Review, Vol. XXII. p. 261.]

On reading Mrs. ———'s Poems in Manuscript.

Such were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of *Silva's* hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 Accorded to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace, and good-will to men! Resume the Lyre,
 Chantress divine, and every *Briton* call
 It's melody to hear——so shall thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of *Orpheus*, tame
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees

Of

OF bold Impiety—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton muse,
Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's Poets the VIRTUES twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

The first Poem in this collection was written by our Poetess on her own birth-day, before she was eighteen years of age, and it scarce does greater honour to herself, than to that worthy parent who superintended her education. In what an uncommon degree must that mind have been enlarged, which in such early years could produce the following beautiful and sentimental lines !

Through each event of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper equal and sedate.
Give me a mind that nobly can *despise*
The low designs and little arts of *vice*.
Be my Religion such as taught by thee,
Alike from Pride and Superstition free.
Inform my Judgment, regulate my Will.
My Reason strengthen, and my Passions still.

The Verses on hearing a Lady sing, are as musical and melodious as the tuneful voice they celebrate could possibly be ; and nothing can be more elegant than the compliment with which they conclude.

Sweet Echo, vocal Nymph, whose mimic Tongue
Return'd the Music of my Delia's Song,
O still repeat the soft enchanting lay
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away.
Shall sounds like these in circling air be lost,
And in the stream of vulgar noises lost ?
Ye guardian Sylphs, who listen while she sings,
Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings :
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain.

Yet, if too soon this transient pleasure fly,
A charm more lasting shall the loss supply.
While Harmony, with each attractive Grace,
Plays in the fair proportions of her face ;
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well-tun'd mind within :
Alike her Singing and her Silence move,
Whose Voice is Music, and whose Looks are Love.

* An instance of the defect in Rhyme, which we have hinted at.

In

In the Poem which she devotes to the Memory of her Sister Poetess, the late *Mrs. Rowe*, we know not which to admire most, her ingenious Fancy or her friendly Heart. It may perhaps be objected that the compliments here paid to *Mrs. Rowe*, are too high, and that she had more Enthusiasm than Taste; but who, notwithstanding, can be displeased with the following Lines?

Transported echoes bore the sounds along,
And all creation listen'd to the song;
Full, as when raptur'd Seraphs strike the lyre;
Chaste, as the Vestal's consecrated fire;
Soft, as the balmy airs that gently play
In the calm sun-set of a vernal day;
Sublime as virtue; elegant as wit;
As fancy various, and as beauty sweet.
Applauding angels with attention hung
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue:
They, in the mid-night hour, beheld her rise
Beyond the verge of sublunary skies;
Where, rapt in joys to mortal sense unknown,
She felt a flame extatic as their own.

In a Poetical Epistle to one of her female friends, she thus elegantly expresses the tender and affectionate wishes of Friendship:

May angels guard thee with distinguish'd care,
And every blessing be my *Cynthia's* share!
Thro' flow'ry paths securely may she tread,
By fortune follow'd, and by virtue led;
While health and ease, in every look express
The glow of beauty, and the calm of peace.
Let one bright sun-shine form life's vernal day
And clear and smiling be it's evening ray.
Late may she feel the softest blast of death,
As roses droop beneath a Zephyr's breath.
Thus gently fading, peaceful rest in earth,
'Till the glad spring of Nature's second birth;
Then quit the transient winter of the tomb,
To rise and flourish in immortal bloom.

In another Epistle to the same Lady, she considers Friendship in a more sublime and philosophical sense.

But long ere *Paphos* rose, or Poet sung,
In heav'nly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below:
While one attraction mortal, angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:

Friendship

Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords;
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By this elevated train of thinking, our Poetic Philosopher was naturally led to her beloved *Plato*. By the magic power of sympathy, his spirit rises before her; and, in the raptures of imagination, she thus expresses herself:

By Heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught
What shining visions rose on *Plato's* Thought!
While by the Muses' gently winding flood,*
His searching fancy trac'd the *sovereign Good*;
The *lurell'd Sisters* touch'd the vocal lyre,
And *Wisdom's Goddess* led the tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial *Platane's* spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic Music play'd!
Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind:
In gay succession to his ravisht eyes
The animating powers of *Beauty* rise:
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colours glow:
Yet, not to matter's *shadowy* forms confin'd,
The *FAIR* and *Good* he sought remain'd behind;
Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of *moral Beauty* play:
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into *Love*.

How admirably chaste and simple is the style of the above Verses, even while the imagination is transported to extasy!

The sweet descriptive Muse which delights in the profusion of rural imagery, and tunes her harmonious lays to the beautiful works of Nature, the pleasing *Erato*, is not less kind to the *Kentish* Poetess than the sublime *Urania*. In her Verses addressed to *Bethia*, the same Lady, if we mistake not, whose Ode is prefixed to her Translation of *Epictetus*, we have the following beautifully descriptive lines.

* *Ilyssus*, a River near *Athens*, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a platane, *Plato* lays the scene of some of his Dialogues on Love and Beauty.

Tir'd

Tir'd with unmeaning sounds and painted shows,
 Which this vain theatre of life compose ;
 Let peaceful thought to happier scenes remove,
 And seek the lov'd retreat of K——n Grove,
 Where nature sheds her vernal sweets around,
 And fancy wanders o'er *Elysian* ground.
 Ye flowers, that bright in living colours glow,
 Ye gales, which sweet o'er new-blown roses blow,
 Ye lawns enliven'd by the solar beam,
 Ye groves that wave o'er contemplation's dream :
 How aptly were your peaceful joys design'd
 To match the temper of *Bethia's* mind !

The following verses, which we may suppose to have been written in some calm evening, on the sea shore, present the imagination with a most solemnly pleasing scene.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
 Where ebbing waters musically roll ;
 And solitude, and silent eve restore
 The philosophic temper of the soul.
 The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
 The busy tumult of declining day,
 To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast,
 And every wild emotion dies away.
 Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
 Your task be ended with the setting sun :
 Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
 While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

We shall present our readers with the charming elegiac epistle address'd to Mrs. ———, and with that take leave of our excellent Poetess, whose works will be admired while taste and learning exist in *Britain*.

Where are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,
 Which brought to every guiltless wish success ?
 When pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
 And every evening clos'd in calms of peace.
 How smil'd each object, when by friendship led,
 Thro' flowery paths we wander'd unconfin'd ;
 Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,
 And left the bustling empty world behind.
 With philosophic, social sense survey'd,
 The noon-day sky in brighter colours shone ;
 And softer o'er the dewy landscape play'd
 The peaceful radiance of the silent moon.
 Those hours are vanish'd with the changing year,
 And dark December clouds the Summer scene :
 Perhaps, alas ! for ever vanish'd, here
 No more to bless distinguish'd life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless folly drown'd,
In blank oblivion's sullen stagnant deep,
Where, never more to pass their fated bound,
The ruins of neglected Being sleep.
But lasting traces mark the happier hours,
Which active zeal in life's great task employs :
Which science from the waste of time secures,
Or various fancy gratefully enjoys.
O still be ours to each improvement given,
Which Friendship doubly to the heart endears :
Those hours, when banish'd hence shall fly to Heaven,
And claim the promise of eternal years.

Amiable Moralist ! what sublime simplicity of sentiment,
what melodious sweetness of expression do we find in this, and
almost all her Poems ! which, in short, may be styled the
HARMONY of PHILOSOPHY.

La.

The Death of Abel. In five Books. Attempted from the German of Mr. Gessner. 12mo. 3s. Doddsley.*

AMONG the many disadvantages to which Authors are exposed, there is none which more frequently injures their reputation, than a comparison between their productions and those of some celebrated writer, who has highly distinguished himself on subjects of a similar nature. We are greatly mistaken, if *the Death of Abel* would not have been more pleasing to the English reader, did it not remind him of one of the noblest efforts of genius, in Milton's *Paradise Lost* †. That the poem before us must suffer greatly by this circumstance, will hardly be doubted : as we may rather wish than expect, ever to see a production which would not be injured by such a comparison.

We mention not this, however, to detract from the merit of Mr. Gessner ; being too sensible of the talents necessary to accomplish works of this superior kind, not to acknowledge the justice of that applause which has been so liberally bestowed on this performance by his own countrymen.

It has been objected to this poem, indeed, by some foreign critics, that the last book is superfluous ; the murder of Abel being perpetrated in the preceding one ; and that the

* Of Zurich, in Switzerland.

† A work which, it is easy to see, Mr. Gessner has perused with attention and advantage.

poem should have ended with the story of its action. The Author has been also censured for having taken too great a liberty with sacred history, in representing the death of Abel as the effect of sudden passion in Cain, whereas it appears in reality to have been premeditated. We leave the Author himself, however, to obviate these criticisms; chusing rather to point out some of the beauties in a work of merit, than to dwell on the censures which may have been passed on its imperfections. From among the many striking and pathetic passages, with which this work abounds, we shall, therefore, select that part of the second book, wherein Adam, at the request of his son Abel, relates what had happened to him and Eve, from the time of their leaving Paradise.

Having described, in this relation, the first day of their departure from that seat of innocence and bliss, he proceeds.

“ Sleep, the relief of the weary, at length came; but it was unaccompany’d with that soft ease, that sweet delight which blest our slumbers while innocent: our imagination then presented none but smiling and agreeable images. Inquietude, fear, and remorse did not then keep us waking the tedious hours of darkness, nor mingle in our dreams with fantastic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our rest was undisturb’d: but Oh how different from that delicious night when I led thee, my spouse, for the first time to the nuptial bower! The flowers and odoriferous shrubs charm’d with new sweetness. Never was the warbling of the nightingale so harmonious: never did the pale moon shine with such radiance: — But why do I dwell on images that awaken my grief, now hush’d to silence?

“ We slept till the morning sun had exhal’d the limpid dew. When we awoke we found ourselves refresh’d and fitted for labour, and enjoy’d with delight and gratitude the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating with their sweetest notes the renewed light: their number was yet but small; for there were then no other animals on this earth but those, who, instructed by divine instinct, had, after the fall, fled from Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be defil’d by death.

“ We offered up our adorations at the entrance of the grotto, after which I said to Eve, We will, my love, go farther and view this immense country: our all-merciful God has given us liberty of choice. We may fix our abode where the earth is most fertile; where nature is most profuse of her beauties.

beauties. Seest thou, Eve, that river, which, like a huge serpent, winds in bright slopes through the meadows. The hill on its bank, seems at this distance like a garden full of trees, and its top is cover'd with verdure. My dear spouse, return'd Eve, pressing my hand to her bosom, I shall follow with delight the steps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will pursue our walk towards the hill.

“ We were going on when we saw just above our heads a bird fly with feeble wing : its feathers were rough and disorder'd : it cast forth plaintive cries, and having flutter'd a little in the air, sunk down without strength among the bushes. Eve went to seek it, and beheld another lie without motion on the grass, which that we had before seen seem'd to lament. My spouse stooping over it, examin'd it with great attention, and in vain try'd to rouse it from what she believ'd to be sleep. It will not wake, said she to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand,—It will not wake.—It will never wake more ! She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said, Alas ! the poor bird who pierc'd my ears with his cries, was perhaps thy mate. It is me !—It is me ! unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature ! For my sin these pretty harmless animals are punished. Her tears redoubled. What an event ! said she, turning to me. How stiff and cold it is ! It has neither voice nor motion. Its joints no longer bend. Its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death ? Ah it is.—How I tremble ! An icy cold runs thro' my bones. If the death with which we are threaten'd is like this, how terrible !—What, dearest Adam ! would become of me, if, like the feather'd mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn ? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms ? Should God create another Eve to fill my forfeit place in thy lov'd bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment. Unable to say more, she wept, she sobb'd, and her expressive eyes tenderly fix'd on mine, made my feeling heart partake her anguish. I press'd her to my breast : I kiss'd her cheek, and mix'd my tears with her's. Cease, dearest Eve, I cry'd, these fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in the Supreme Being, who governs all his creatures by his infinite wisdom. Though we cannot penetrate into the designs of his providence : though his majestic tribunal is surrounded by darkness, we may rest assur'd, that mercy and love remain near his throne. Why, my love, should we anticipate misfortunes ? Why should we, guided by a gloomy ima-

imagination, seek for them in futurity? Was our reason given us only to make us wretched? Shall we ungratefully turn our eyes from the repeated instances of his loving-kindness and tender mercy, at the hazard of plunging ourselves in misery by our blindness. It is his wisdom, and his goodness, that regulate and appoint what shall befall us. Let us with humble confidence proceed under his direction, and devoutly acquiesce in his appointments, without seeking to know what he hath not condescended to reveal."

With respect to the merits of the translation, it is but justice to acknowledge, that Mrs. Collyer, to whom the public are indebted for it, has acquitted herself extremely well of a very nice and difficult undertaking.——This work, as she observes in her Preface, is the first of Mr. Gessner's productions that has been translated into English; the original is written in a kind of loose Poetry, unshackled, as she expresses it, by the tagging of Rhymes, or counting of Syllables: a middle species between Verse and Prose.

K-n-k .

The History of the Travels and Adventures of the Chevalier John Taylor, Ophthalmiater Pontifical, Imperial and Royal, &c. Written by himself. 8vo. 3 Vols. 7 s. 6 d. Williams.

IN our Review for August last, we gave an account of a spurious history of this famous pontifical and imperial Ophthalmiater, and now we have the *genuine* story, written by the *Ophthalmiater himself*. This strange rambling mortal, always appeared to the world as a most consummate coxcomb, but a coxcomb of parts; and he is still as much a coxcomb as ever: a rattling braggadocio, a conceited fop, an eternal chatter-box! Never, sure, had any tale such a hero; never was hero celebrated in such a tale! Indeed none but Taylor himself, was worthy of being the Historian of Taylor.——But we cannot apply to him what was said of Cæsar, that he only possessed the happy art of speaking in a becoming manner, concerning himself; for never have we known, or heard of, so egregious, so surfeiting, so nauseous an egotist: and as to the truth of all his wonderful stories,——who ever doubted the veracity of a traveller or a mountebank?——From his own most *unquestionable* account, then, it appears, that this flying physician, this *here-and-there* oculist, has seen a thousand times more towns, and more changes of manners, than ever the wandering son of Anchises saw; and has cured more blind Popes, Emperors, Kings, Cardinals,

Cardinals, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Empreſſes, Queens, Princeſſes, Dutcheſſes, Counteſſes, and perſons of all ranks, than ever were cured by all the Boerhaaves, Sloans, St. Ives', Petits, Cheſeldens, Sharps, and all other eye-doctors that ever lived. But this is not the whole. Our Hero is likewiſe the greateſt beau, the gayeſt gallant, the brighteſt wit, the moſt accompliſhed gentleman: in brief, no words but his own can expreſs his merits, recount his ſucceſſes, or enumerate the honours and rich rewards* he received in every nation, at every court, and every univerſity in Europe. To his own pen, therefore, we leave the pleaſing taſk; to him, at leaſt, a moſt delightful one: and ſhall conclude with honeſtly cautioning our readers, notwithstanding the exalted ideas they may by this time have conceived of the doctor, not to depend too much on the ample profeſſions in his title-page and advertisements, ſetting forth, that 'this work contains all moſt worthy the attention of a traveller.' For, in truth, we have been able to diſcover nothing in it peculiarly worthy a traveller's notice; the whole being only a ſtring of puffs to recommend himſelf to the public; interſperſed with a number of ill-told anecdotes of what happened to his highneſs —, to his excellency —, to certain great perſons at the court of —; all within the circle of our Doctor's perſonal acquaintance; and every word as true as the goſpel. And at the beginning or end of every tale, we are ſolemnly aſſured that it is a moſt excellent ſtory; although it appears to us, that had not the doctor been a much better oculiſt than he is a ſtory-teller, he would never have collected money enough to pay the tolls, during his ſcampering progreſs through every turnpike in Europe. — With reſpect to the *forty-five* different treatiſes, mentioned by this wonderful writer, as written by himſelf, in almoſt every European language, the Author will no doubt join with us in lamenting, that we live in an age of ſcepticiſm and inſidelity, wherein facts delivered to us upon authorities ſuperior even to the doctor's, have been called in queſtion: and therefore he will not be ſurprized if, when he is boaſting of his ſkill in the Latin, French, Italian, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, High-Dutch, Daniſh, Swediſh, and Ruſſian languages, his unbelieving readers or auditors ſhould only expreſs their admiration with a *Credat Judæus Apella! — Non ego.*

* It is, however, the Chevalier's miſfortune not to be able to produce all theſe valuable teſtimonials, having (as he aſſures us, and who can deny it) been robbed by a *Beniſti*, in his paſſage from Naples to Rome, of all his riches, exceeding in value thirty thouſand Roman crowns.

REV. Feb. 1762.

I

The

The Scripture Doctrine of Remission. Which sheweth that the Death of Christ is no proper Sacrifice nor Satisfaction for Sin, but that Pardon is dispensed solely on account of Repentance, or a personal Reformation of the Sinner. 8vo. 1 s. 6 d. Griffiths, Henderson, &c.

THE Author of this ingenious piece makes a bold attack upon the Doctrine of Atonement, which is looked upon, by many, to be the fundamental principle, the very life and soul of Christianity. How far he has succeeded in his attack, we shall not take upon us to determine, but shall lay before our Readers the substance of what he has advanced.

The Old Testament, we are told, almost in every chapter, represents the Pardon of Sin as dispensed solely on account of men's personal Virtue, a penitent, upright heart, and a reformed, exemplary life, without the least regard to the sufferings or merit of any Being whatever. The language of the Old Testament Worthies, upon all occasions, even when they address themselves to the Deity, shews, that they expected pardon and favour solely on account of their integrity, either maintained through life, or recovered by sincere repentance. Our Author urges a variety of texts of Scripture in support of this doctrine, and observes, that when the legal sacrifices are declared by the prophets, to be insufficient to procure the favour of God, there is never any other more perfect sacrifice mentioned in opposition to them; as we might reasonably expect, if they really had referred to any such more perfect sacrifice, and such an one had been necessary. On the contrary, personal holiness only is all that is ever opposed to them, as of more value with God.

The wisest of the Jews in our Saviour's time, it is likewise said, talk exactly in the same strain, and in the presence of our Lord himself; who is so far from disapproving it, or attempting to set them right in the matter, that he gives his own sanction to the sentiment.—As often as he speaks of the necessity of his death, it is never as a sacrifice or propitiation for Sin, but only *that the Scriptures should be fulfilled*, which foretold that he should suffer.—In the discourse to his disciples before his death, recorded by St. John, he takes great pains to reconcile them to his departure from them, and to convince them of the expediency of it for themselves; but all the reason he gives for it, is, that otherwise the Comforter would not come to them. He drops not a hint of the necessity of his death for the Expiation of Sin, though that
would

would have suggested to them a very satisfactory and intelligible reason for his death.

If he had not chosen, for reasons that we cannot comprehend, to deliver himself in plain terms concerning the great doctrine of Atonement, he might have done it as obscurely as he had pleased by way of parable, as he did in many other cases; and yet, in those parables in which he gives a representation of his death and sufferings, we find no such view of it.

If it be urged, that the apprehension of some farther satisfaction being made to divine justice than Repentance and Reformation is necessary to allay the fears of sincere penitents, our Author answers, that all men naturally apprehend the Deity to be propitious, and that none of the human race, if left to their own natural, unperverted apprehensions of things, will ever fall into such doubts and uncertainties, as *all mankind* are *sometimes* represented to be so deplorably and helplessly involved in.

If it be urged, in favour of the doctrine of Atonement, that the scheme is absolutely necessary in the moral Government of God, because, upon different principles, no satisfaction is made to his offended Justice, he answers, that Justice in the Deity can be no other than a modification of goodness, the object and end of which is, the supreme Happiness of his creatures and subjects. This happiness, being of a moral nature, must be chiefly promoted by such a constitution of moral government, as shall afford the most effectual motives to induce men to regulate their lives well. Every degree of severity, therefore, that is so circumstanced as not to have this tendency, viz. to promote Repentance and the practice of Virtue, must be rejected by the benevolent principle of the Moral Government of God, as disagreeable even to Divine Justice, if it has the same end as the Divine Goodness.

The influence, which the doctrine of Atonement is maintained to have upon *Practice*, has been strongly urged in its favour. Now all the advantages of this opinion, our Author says, are acknowledged, by its advocates, to be derived from this, viz. that it raises men's apprehensions of the Divine Justice, and of the evil and demerit of Sin; sentiments of powerful efficacy in promoting Repentance and Reformation. Admitting this, it is obvious to remark, we are told, that, in proportion as any opinion raises our idea of the justice or se-

verity of God, it must sink our ideas of the Divine Mercy : and since a due sense of the Mercy and Compassion of God, is, to say the least, as powerful an inducement to Repentance, and as efficacious a motive to a Holy Life, (especially with ingenuous minds) as the apprehension of his Justice ; what the doctrine of Atonement gains on the one hand, it loses on the other : and so all this boasted advantage entirely vanishes.

Beside, the severity, which is supposed necessary to be shewn, on God's part, in order to the forgiveness of Sin, is so circumstanced as entirely to lose its effect. For if it be intended to work upon men, the men *themselves* should feel it. It will be the same to the bulk of mankind, whether the Divine Being animadverts upon the vices that are repented of or not, if the offenders themselves know that they shall never feel the effects of such animadversion.

But if we give up the doctrine of Atonement, what must be our notions of Christianity ? If Christ did not die to make Satisfaction for Sin, for what end did he die ?—Instead of making a direct reply to these and such like queries, our Author, by way of conclusion, gives a concise view of the scheme of Salvation by Jesus Christ, without the Doctrine of Atonement for Sin.—All that even Infinite Wisdom, Goodness, and Power could contrive and execute, in order to recover man to a sense of Religion and Virtue, due regard being had to his nature, may be reduced, we are told, to the following particulars ; first, to instruct us in the whole extent of our duty ; secondly, to engage us to the Performance of it, by the promise of suitable and sufficient Rewards, and to deter us from disobedience by the fear of punishment ; thirdly, to set before us proper Examples of Virtue ; and, lastly, to give us the most satisfactory assurance of the pardon of our past Sins upon our Repentance and Reformation, and of the certain acceptance of our sincere, though imperfect, endeavours to do our duty.—Now all this has been done for us, we are told, in the amplest manner.

If it be asked, what necessity there was for the death of Christ upon this scheme, our Author replies, That by his death he proved his Divine Mission in the most illustrious manner that can be conceived ; evidenced the benevolence of his heart, the greatness of his soul, the vast importance of the work he undertook, and how much his heart was in it : and encouraged all who should afterwards embrace his religion, to lay down their lives with courage and cheerfulness, in the cause of truth and integrity.

R

A New System of Geography: In which is given a general Account of the Situation and Limits, the Manners, History, and Constitution, of the several Kingdoms and States in the known World; and a very particular Description of their Subdivisions and Dependancies; their Cities and Towns, Ports, Sea-Ports, Produce, Manufactures and Commerce. By A. F. Busching, D. D. Professor of Philosophy in the University of Göttingen, and Member of the Learned Society at Duisburg. Carefully translated from the last Edition of the German Original. Illustrated with thirty-six Maps, accurately projected on a new Plan. Quarto. Six Volumes. 5l. 5s. bound Millar.

AS the utility of Geography is universally acknowledged, we shall not detain our readers with pointing out the various advantages that arise from the study of it, but proceed, directly to lay before them a general view of the plan and design of the truly valuable work now before us: and this we shall do in the Author's own words.

‘ My design,’ says he, ‘ is to give an accurate and useful description of the earth as far as it is known, from the best helps that could be procured on the subject. For this end, I was under the indispensable necessity of setting about the work, as if no system of Geography had been extant before. I am very sensible that there are many treatises of that nature published: however, I could not implicitly depend upon, nor safely copy after any of them; but was obliged carefully to examine every particular, and to have recourse to the first and best sources. My predecessors in this science, indeed, generally copy from each other; and such as have not copied from other systems of Geography, have used such helps as are universally known, and open to every one’s perusal, if we except some few particulars, And it is evident, they either had not, or could not have recourse to the best sources; or, which has generally been the case, did not use them with a proper degree of care and impartiality. Hence a person who has the least skill in Geography, or knowledge of the terraqueous globe, has reason to complain, that the systems of Geography hitherto published are of very little service. These were my motives for not blindly following my predecessors who have written on this subject; on the contrary, I had recourse to the same originals from which they derived their materials, and likewise to other sources which they could not have access to; or if they had, which they made no use of.

' Now, as I can truly aver, that I have neither retailed,
 ' new-modelled, nor made the labours of my predecessors on
 ' this subject the ground-work of mine ; but proceeded as if
 ' no such books had been extant, and I myself had been the
 ' first who wrote on the subject, I leave it to the determina-
 ' tion of any competent judge, whether my Geography can
 ' admit of any improvement from the labours of former Geo-
 ' graphers ? At least when I compared their works with the
 ' description which I had finished, I found nothing to add,
 ' which was either necessary, or useful to be known. And
 ' if they happen to mention some circumstances, about which
 ' my helps were silent, I have scrupled to admit such parti-
 ' culars into my account, and, I think, with reason reserved
 ' them for a future enquiry. This I look upon as the only
 ' means to bring Geography to a greater degree of perfection
 ' than it has hitherto acquired ; and I hope the learned will
 ' allow, that by this method I have laid a good foundation
 ' for it.

' In describing the various countries in the known world,
 ' I observe the following method. In the first place, I treat
 ' of their polity or civil constitution, in an authentic and
 ' concise manner, with impartiality and circumspection. I
 ' have, with regard to the constitution or form of govern-
 ' ment of several countries, had the good fortune, hitherto to
 ' procure important and authentic accounts, and such as
 ' rarely fall into the hands of the learned. Those who are
 ' competent judges of such matters; will find them scattered
 ' with no sparing hand in the first volume. I have candidly
 ' pointed out all the advantages which every country en-
 ' joys, or at least, such as have come to my knowledge ; and
 ' there is not a single country on the globe which cannot boast
 ' of some peculiar advantages. I wholly avoid giving the
 ' characters of nations, it being not only a very difficult task
 ' in itself, but such general characters are also, at best, un-
 ' certain, and for the most part ill-grounded and partial.
 ' As the extending and increasing of commerce is now one of
 ' the principal objects which most nations have in view, I
 ' have given an exact account of the present state of trade in
 ' those countries where it flourishes most. The reader will
 ' find this article, with regard to the northern countries, ac-
 ' curately described in the first volume.

' Next to the general account of the polity of states and
 ' kingdoms, follows the particular geographical description of
 ' every country, in which I lay down the usual political dis-
 ' vissions

visions into greater and smaller districts as the basis of it, including, at the same time, the ecclesiastical polity of every country. I do not designedly omit one natural or artificial curiosity that deserves notice in any place which I have described: but touch on it at least, if I cannot give a circumstantial account of it. The principal cities and towns in every country I describe according to the ichnographical plans we have of them, and that pretty largely, as they contain several things worthy notice.—I have set down the probable number of inhabitants in several countries and great cities, or inserted an account of their births and burials from the annual bills of mortality; but this could not be done for all. In describing others, I have also shewn how the names of places are properly pronounced: a necessary information in a system of Geography; but this I cannot pretend to have done in all in a satisfactory manner. Upon the whole, I must observe, that it is not possible to describe every country with equal accuracy and authenticity; the same helps, and vouchers of equal credit, cannot be procured for them all. My descriptions, however, will be found tolerably uniform and of a piece, in proportion to the extent and importance of the countries described; and what is still wanting in my account of several places may possibly be supplied hereafter.

‘ To write a system of GEOGRAPHY, or, in other words, to give a description of the earth, is a very difficult, laborious, and important task, and requires the united efforts of whole societies: what an arduous undertaking must it then be for a single person? I doubt, whether any one has bestowed more pains on the subject, or treated it with greater application and more unwearied diligence than myself; and this is the only merit I assume. Whoever expects a perfect work of this kind, does not understand wherein the perfection of it consists. Those who are competent judges of the subject, will consider whether the whole performance is good in its kind; for errors in some particulars are unavoidable, when we treat of a subject that admits of gradual improvement. I hope I may, without vanity, call my System of Geography *new* and *more perfect* than any book of the kind yet published; but I do not pretend to impose it on the public as a work absolutely perfect in itself, being well apprized, that a great number of additions and corrections are requisite to render it such, and consequently that it falls far short of perfection.’

The preface, from which this extract is taken, is followed by three curious essays, never before published, as far as we know; containing enquiries and conjectures concerning measures of length; concerning the spheroid-figure of the earth, with tables serving to compare observations relating thereto; and concerning the best form of a geographical map. The public is indebted for these essays, we are told, to the reverend and learned Mr. *Murdoch*.

To the essays succeeds a short discourse concerning the utility of Geography, wherein Mr. *Busching* chiefly considers it as serving to promote the knowledge of the great Creator and preserver of all things. And here he takes occasion to recommend to all instructors of youth, what it is greatly to be wished they would carefully attend to, *viz.* to labour to inspire their pupils, while they are describing to them the various kingdoms, states, and cities of the world, with an awful conception of that transcendently glorious and infinitely wise Being, of whose immense domain this earth constitutes so inconsiderable a part, and to whom Princes, Kings, and Emperors are all subject.

The reader is presented, in the next place, with an Introduction to Geography, in the first chapter of which *M. Busching* gives a short account of the origin and improvement of maps, and the most considerable Geographers, both ancient and modern. Mathematical geography is the subject of the second chapter; and here the author gives a short but clear view of the principal things that have been advanced by the best modern writers in relation to the figure, magnitude, and situation of the earth, with a variety of particulars relative to the study of Geography, which are to be met with in almost every book upon the subject. To the third chapter he gives the title of Physical Geography; and here he considers the properties of the surrounding atmosphere; treats briefly of those general classes of kingdoms, into which natural Philosophers divide the external and internal produce of the earth; and makes some observations concerning the number of men that may be living at the same time, and the proportion between the yearly births and burials.

Our Author now proceeds to his description of the several European States, and begins with the northern kingdoms, his account of which is by far the most copious, distinct, and satisfactory of any that we are acquainted with. He appears, indeed, through the whole of his work, to be extremely

trremely well qualified for the task he has undertaken; his manner of writing is grave and simple; his style perspicuous and manly; his method just and accurate. In his choice of the sources from whence he draws his accounts, and likewise in his use of them, he proceeds with great caution and deliberation; in a word, the reader every where meets with clear proofs of sound judgment and unremitting assiduity; so that we hazard nothing in affirming that his System of Geography is by far the most judicious and accurate that has yet been published.

Before we conclude this article, it is necessary to acquaint our readers, that Mr. *Busching* has here given us only a description of the European States; we are credibly informed, however, that he intends a compleat System, and that he has made a very considerable progress in the remaining part of his work. In our next number, we shall present our readers with some extracts, which we hope will be agreeable to them, and serve to convey a more adequate idea of this laborious undertaking.

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The Theory and Practice of Brewing, by Michael Combrune, Brewer. Printed with Permission of the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Brewers. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Dodsley, &c.

AN Essay on Brewing, by the Author of this treatise, was noticed in our Review, vol. XX. p. 277. where the total omission of *practical rules* for brewing was mentioned. In the present work these are supplied; the former essay composing the first part of it under the title of *The Theory*: to which is now added a second, containing, *The Practice of Brewing*.

Mr. Combrune's observations on the uncertain exercise of this useful art, evince his intimate knowledge of it.

“The difference, says he, that appears in the several processes of brewing, though executed with the same materials, by the same persons, and to the same intent, is generally acknowledged. The uneasiness this must occasion to those, who are charged with the directive part of the business, cannot be small: and the more desirous they are of well executing the charge incumbent on them, the greater is their disappointment, when frustrated in their hopes. To remove this uncertainty, no method seems preferable to that of experiment, as it is that alone, which can establish this, and any other art,

art, upon a solid foundation. But those, who have the courage, and grudge neither time nor expence, to multiply and to vary their trials, too often acquire the name of idle refiners, and, what is worse, too frequently deserve it. The operations of nature elude superficial enquiries. Where we have few or no principles for our guides, many experiments are made, which tend only to confound or deceive. Effects seen, without a sufficient knowledge of their causes, must often be neglected or viewed in an improper light; those that are remembered are seldom faithfully reported, and, for want of distinguishing the several circumstances that attend them, become the support of old prejudices, or the foundation of new ones.

“Whoever is attentive to the practical part of brewing will soon be convinced, that heat, or fire, is the principal agent therein, as this element used in a greater or less degree, and differently applied, is the occasion of the greatest part of the variety we perceive. 'Tis but few years since the thermometer has been found to be an instrument sufficiently accurate for any purposes, where the measure of heat is required. And as it is the only one, with which we are enabled to examine the processes of brewing, and to account for the difference in the effects, a theory of the art founded on practice must be of later date than it.”

This may be very true, but it is feared that in brew-houses where any considerable business is carried on, the introduction of a thermometer to regulate every transaction, will be considered rather as an impediment to their operations, than as the means of assisting and forwarding them.

The principles of the sciences are permanent; and no advances in them are valid, farther than they are warranted by positive data, and established rules. Here, and here only, truth is visible to conviction. The beauty and advantage of proceeding upon certainty, incline the ingenious, to establish the processes of mechanic arts from principles as positive as those of science. But these processes are liable to such infinite variations from contingent circumstances, and none more so than those of the Brewery, that no general rules can be universally applicable to them; and particular ones will be too numerous for retention, and for application, consistent with proper dispatch of business. Men impressed with that continual solicitude, in which extensive dealings necessarily involve them, seldom have time or disposition of mind to acquire literary knowledge: but with good natural parts,

parts, and the exercise of their professions, they attain, what books cannot communicate to them, nor they themselves convey to others; an intuitive dexterity of availing themselves of every experienced occurrence.

These observations are not intended to depreciate the worth of Mr. Combrune's labours now before us; far from it; on the contrary, he greatly deserves the thanks of the public for the attention he has bestowed on the improvement of so important an article: but seeing his calculations and rules *so philosophically, so critically, nice*, it is to be apprehended, that the current discharge of business will not permit an equally minute attention to them; that the expert artist may conclude himself to have already attained a mechanically shorter method of regulating his proportions, perhaps as far as are reducible to practice; and, that the ignorant operator will not attain the knowledge nor application of them at all, by reading a book beyond his comprehension.

Yet the fundamental propositions in this curious work may prove a valuable acquisition to that brewer, whom the calculations of the proportions do not deter from a perusal of them, through a distrust of their practicability.

The contents of the first part of this treatise were enumerated in our former article, on its first appearance; therefore need not here be repeated: the general properties of the various subjects considered in it are severally laid down, and the speculative brewer may derive from it both entertainment and profit.

Respecting the second and practical part of this work, the objects of its consideration are thus epitomised by the Author.

"Before I enter upon the practical, and indeed most important, part of this work, it will, I think, not be improper to give a distinct, though general, view of the different parts it is to consist of. Thus is a general map prefixed before any book of geography, to point out the countries described in it, and their connexions one with another.

"To extract from malt a liquor, which, by the help of fermentation, may acquire the properties of wines, is the general object of the brewer, and the rules of that art are the subject of these sheets.

"An art truly very simple, if, according to vulgar opinion, it consisted in nothing else than applying warm-water
to

to malt, mashing these together, multiplying the taps at discretion, boiling the extracts with a few hops, suffering the liquor to cool; adding yeast to make it ferment, and trusting to time, cellars, and nostrums, for its taste, brightness and preservation.

“ This might be sufficient, were the place and constitution of the air always the same, the materials and vessels employed intirely similar, and lastly the malt drinks intended for the same use and time; but, as every one of these particulars is liable to variations, the rules, by which the artist is to govern himself, would only serve to deceive him, if he applied them indiscriminately, or trusted to indefinite signs, and insufficient maxims, in his deviation from them.

“ A more certain foundation has been laid down in our first part, and the principles there established will, it is hoped, in all cases, answer our ends, provided we make use of the proper means to settle their application. In order to effect this, nothing seems more proper than to follow, as much as possible, that plan, which the rational brewer would, in every particular circumstance, sketch to himself, before he proceeded to business. His first attention ought to be directed not only to the actual heat of the weather, but also to that which may be expected in the season of the year he is in. The grinding of his malt must be his next object, and as the difference of the drinks greatly depends upon that of the extracts, he can but chuse to have distinct ideas of what may be expected from each of them. Hops, which are added as a preservative to the extracts, become too important a part of them, to be employed without a sufficient knowledge of their power. The strength of our malt liquors depending principally on their quantity or lengths, it is necessary to ascertain the heights in the copper, which answer to these lengths. The differences in the boiling, with regard to different drinks or seasons, the loss of water by evaporation, the proper division of it according to the different degrees of heat to be given, the means to ascertain these degrees by determining what quantity of cold water is to be added to that, which is at the point of ebullition, as well as to a certain volume of grist, come afterwards under the consideration of the artist. He will next employ himself in ascertaining the manner and time of mashing, and as many unexpected incidents may have produced some small variations between the actual and the calculated heat of his extracts, it will be incumbent upon him to make a proper estimation and allowance for them.

them. To dispose these worts in such forms and depths, as may render the influence of the ambient air the easiest and most efficacious upon them, and then, by the addition of yeast, to supply the part of that internal and most powerful agent, which was lost in boiling, are the next requisites. The fermentation which follows, and which the brewer retards or forwards according to his intentions, compleats the whole of his process, and it must be an additional satisfaction to him, if, upon comparing his operations with those of the most approved practitioners in his art, he finds himself able to account for those signs and established customs, which before were loosely described, authoratively dictated, and never sufficiently determined or explained. An object of still greater importance to him, is to know the proper stock of beer he ought to keep, in order to have at all times a sufficient quantity fit for use. As precipitation is requisite in certain cases, the common methods for effecting it should be known, and likewise the means practised among coopers to correct the real or imagined errors of the brewer, and to render his drinks agreeable to the palate of the consumers. This will naturally, and lastly, lead him to consider what true taste is, and by employing the means, by which it may safely be obtained and improved, he will have done all that was in his power, to answer his customer's expectation, and to secure his success."

In treating of these points, the Writer has manifestly employed great application; though, not being critical brewers ourselves, we can but credit him with that accuracy he apparently deserves. All the incidental circumstances of the operation of extraction are carefully noted, with calculations and tables adapted to them. Experience only can establish the propriety of them: and the importance of a manufacture hitherto conducted upon principles too vague for reliance, will surely dictate the expediency of fair trial to the most judicious of the profession. This, for the emolument of themselves, the public, and as an acknowledgement due to the laudable endeavours of Mr. Combrune for their service, we sincerely hope he will obtain.

As a specimen of our Author's critical exactness, we will give our readers his summary view of a Brewery for Porter, or Brown Beer, viz.

"A Brewing for Porter, or Brown Strong Beer, computed for 40 degrees of heat in the air.

21 quarters of malt dried to 138 degrees; 132 pounds of hops
27 barrels $\frac{1}{2}$ to go out at 3 worts, 29 inches above brast

6,11 volumes of grist	11 effervescing degrees
3	3 degrees for hard
18,33	corns.
14 effervescing degree	degrees equal to 3
	$\frac{1}{2}$ inches less cool-
	ing in for the first
	mash.
volume of grist 6,11 7332	
water for first	
mash } 16,00 1833	
22,11] 25662 [11	degrees of heat gained in the first mash
2211	by effervescence.
1552	

Mashes	1	2	3	4	5
Degrees of heat	144	152	156	159	162
whole quantity					
of water used, barrels	16	8	12	9	9
Quantity to be					
cooled in; barrels	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	3	2	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Coppers to be					
charged with; barrels	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	7	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Allowances for					
incidents;	G. C.	L. C.	L. C.	L. C.	L. C.
inches.	less 3 $\frac{1}{2}$.	more 2.	more 3.	more 2.	more 2.
	*	†	†	†	†

* Deduction from the 1 mash for heat created by effervescence and hard corns.

† Additions to the next mashes, on account of the refrigeration occasioned by mashing and standing.

‡ G. C. stands for great copper, L. C. stands for little copper."

This curious, philosophical treatise on the brewery; is dedicated to the learned Doctor Peter Shaw; 'by whose advice and council it was undertaken and finished:' and the ingenious Author modestly hints, that his work may be considered as a distant endeavour to imitate the laudable example set by this excellent chemist, whose labours are so universally and deservedly esteemed.

Observations on the present State of the Widows and Orphans of the Protestant Clergy, of all Denominations, in Great Britain and Ireland. With the Out-lines of a Scheme for the Relief of such of them as stand in need of it. To which is added, a brief View of the Widow's Fund in the Church of Scotland.
8vo. 1s. 6d. Griffiths, &c.

THE subject of this piece is of a very interesting nature, and must necessarily engage the attention of every compassionate Reader. It is obvious to the most superficial observer, that the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in general, are in a worse condition, and stand more in need of Relief, all circumstances considered, than those of any other set of men in Great Britain. The only suitable provision that has hitherto been made for their support, is that of the Widow's Fund in the Church of Scotland. This scheme was originally formed by gentlemen of very considerable abilities, and after being the subject of long deliberation in the several judicatories of that Church, was at last approved of by the wisdom, and confirmed by the authority of Parliament. After a trial of many years, it now appears, that the calculations on which it proceeded had been made with surprising exactness; accordingly it has, in all respects, effectually answered the end proposed, and produced all the good expected from it. But there are still great numbers of the Widows and Orphans of the Protestant Clergy, of all denominations, in Britain, who stand greatly in need of some provision for their support, (as much as those of the Church of Scotland formerly did) and for whom no provision has as yet been made. The Dignities of the Churches of England and Ireland, indeed, many Rectories, and some of the larger Vicarages, have such revenues annexed to them, as may enable their possessors to live in a manner not unsuitable to their stations, and at the same time make some decent provision for their families. But when this has been admitted, many more than one half, perhaps two thirds of the whole collective body of the Clergy of these Churches cannot do this; and their Widows and Orphans are commonly left in as distressful circumstances, as those of any other Clergy.

These circumstances are painted in very strong colours, by the judicious Author of the Observations now before us. He modestly leaves the matter, however, as far as it relates to the inferior Clergy of the established Churches of England and Ireland, in the hands of their own reverend superiors, who
have

have the best opportunities of being acquainted with the real circumstances and exigencies of their Clergy; and who, if such a measure shall appear to them, at any time, to be proper and desirable, are eminently qualified to contrive and accomplish the best scheme for so benevolent a purpose.

What our Author has in view, is to contrive a scheme for the support of the indigent Widows, and helpless Orphans, of such of the Protestant Clergy in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as are without the pale of these establishments. And this is, undoubtedly, a very charitable design; for though these gentlemen are tolerated and protected by the laws of their country, yet they labour under many, and grievous disadvantages. Their appointments, in general, are very small; and, from the nature of things, must be somewhat precarious.

The Protestant Dissenting Ministers in England, our Author observes, are too numerous a body of men, and too distant from one another in their situation, ever to be brought to concur in one scheme, or contribute to one fund, for the Relief of their Widows and Orphans. But it does not appear to be very difficult, he thinks, for thirty, forty, or fifty of them, who are contiguous, to form themselves into a society for this purpose.

Ministers of the episcopal persuasion in Scotland, who are duly qualified for the public exercise of their office, not being very many, might without much difficulty be formed into one society for the same end.—The Presbyterian Ministers in Ireland, especially in the northern parts of that kingdom, might also form themselves into two or three bodies, as should to them appear most convenient, for the like purpose.

For the benefit of these, and of any other societies, who may think fit to make use of it, our Author has contrived and published a scheme, the out-lines of which are as follow:

Each Congregation, who pay yearly to their Minister 20 *l.* and upwards, but under 40 *l.* shall pay 1 *l.* *per annum* to this fund.—Each Congregation, who pay yearly to their Minister 40 *l.* and upwards, but under 60 *l.* shall pay 1 *l.* 10 *s.* *per annum* to this fund, and so on, in the same proportion. Each Minister shall pay yearly to this fund, a sum equal to that paid by the Congregation of which he is Minister. — Each Minister and his Congregation shall be jointly and severally liable for the whole sum paid by him and his Congregation to this

this fund.—Those yearly rates, both from Ministers and Congregations, shall be payable at the term of Candlemas each year, and shall bear interest from that term to the time of their actual payment, at the rate of four *per cent. per ann.*

If any Minister shall be removed from a Congregation paying a lower, to a Congregation paying a higher yearly rate to this fund, the said Minister shall pay into this fund, within a year after his admission into the latter Congregation, a sum of money equal to the difference between the rate paid by him and his former Congregation and that paid by him and his present Congregation, for the whole time he had been Minister in his former Congregation, with interest thereon from the respective terms that the annual rates fell due; in consideration of which his Widow and Children shall receive out of this fund, according to the rate paid by him and his last Congregation.

If any Minister shall remove from a Congregation interested in this fund, to one not interested in it, or shall voluntarily quit, or by any means be divested of the Charge of a Congregation interested in this fund, such Minister shall continue to pay yearly, during his life, to this fund, a sum of money equal to what he and his Congregation had been in use to pay into it; in consideration of which his Widow and Children shall be intitled to the same benefits and advantages from this fund, as if he had died in the actual possession of his Charge in the said Congregation.

Each Congregation, in the time of a vacancy, shall pay the double of their own usual rate.—No Congregation shall be allowed to make any alteration in the yearly sum paid by them and their Minister to this fund, during the incumbency of any Minister; but, in the time of a vacancy, a change may be made, in this particular, by any Congregation, according to the change of their circumstances, provided timely notice be given of the intended change to the Trustees for the management of this fund.

Each Congregation shall require from each Minister, at his admission to the Ministry in the said Congregation, a written Obligation, that he will regularly and duly pay his part of the annual rate for the support of this fund; and at the same time shall deliver to the said Minister, a like Obligation, signed by the Trustees for the Congregation, that they will regularly and duly pay their part of the said annual rates. Both which Obligations shall be lodged in the hands of the Clerk to the

Rev. Feb. 1761. K Trustees

Trustees for the management of this fund—All the annual rates, payable by Ministers and Congregations to this fund, shall be paid *per* advance for the year to come.

Our Author now proceeds to lay before his Readers the purposes for which this fund is to be raised, and the manner in which it is to be applied to these purposes, with regulations and directions for the management of it; but the bounds assigned to this Article will not allow us to enlarge any farther. — The scheme, as far as appears to us, if pursued with zeal and unanimity, may be put into execution with little difficulty; and as the design is certainly a benevolent one, we sincerely wish it may meet with success.

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Fingal. An ancient Epic Poem, &c. concluded.

TOward the conclusion of the former part of this Article, in our last Month's Review, page 56, we introduced the first battle in *Fingal*, to our Reader's attention; and we now resume the consideration of that part of the work, in order to proceed regularly through the whole. The engagement is described as very long and bloody; night coming on, however, it appears to be indecisive, the heroes parting by consent. Cuchullin is indeed so extremely gallant and polite, as to invite Swaran to supper, being unwilling "the feast should be spread for himself alone, while the King of Lochlin was on Ullin's shore, far from the deer of his hills and sounding halls of his feasts." This might, it is true, be a very good reason for Swaran to accept the invitation, were it not more natural for him to suspect some treachery under such appearance of civility, than for Cuchullin to be in reality so obliging to the hostile invader of his country. Had such an invitation been made out of insult or mockery, it would have been agreeable enough to the dispositions and manners of such a people, who might be supposed to have done it with a view to shew their superior advantage over a foreign enemy, or to express their contempt of the invading power: but, as it stands here represented, it favours more of the affected ceremony, and unmeaning politeness of modern times, than of that simplicity, which ever prevailed in rude and uncivilized nations, always animated, as Tacitus observes, with the same sincerity and zeal both in their friendships and enmities.

But whether this be an error in the Poet, or that some such preposterous formality was in use among the people, and at the times

imes represented, we do not take upon us absolutely to decide. However this be, Swaran, more naturally and very prudently, refuses to come; sending the following spirited and sensible answer back by Carril, who brought the message. "He answered like the fullen sound of Cromla before a storm. Though all thy daughters, Inisfail! should extend their arms of snow, raise high the heavings of their breasts, and softly roll their eyes of love; yet, fixed as Lochlin's thousand rocks, here Swaran shall remain; till morn, with the young beams of the east, shall light me to the death of Cuchullin."—This is noble and sublime; nor is the short reply of Cuchullin to the messenger less striking and spirited. "Sad is the sound of Swaran's voice, said Carril of other times:—Sad to himself alone, said the blue-ey'd son of Semo."

The Epifode, immediately following, containing an account of Cairbar's killing Grudar, the lover of his sister Brassolis, is introduced, as the Translator observes, with great propriety; but, as it naturally calls to the Reader's mind the celebrated story of the Horatii, it will be impossible for him not to perceive how greatly the Poet might have improved on so interesting an incident. "Take, Brassolis, Cairbar came and said, take, Brassolis, this shield of blood. Fix it on high within my hall, the armour of my foe. Her soft heart beat against her side. Distracted, pale, she flew. She found her youth in all his blood; she died on Cromla's heath." And this is all. How justly might not she have upbraided her brother for killing her lover! How pathetically lamented his end; and, mixing her lamentations with the keenest reproaches on his murderer, have fallen more naturally by his resentment, than expired through mere affliction on the heath of Cromla.*

The

* Some Critics may indeed object that the original cause of quarrel, between the brother and lover, was not important enough to authorize the Poet to carry the matter so far as to make the former kill his sister; but, as the effect was to her the same, and she is said to have actually died, she might surely as well have had some visible way of dying, as to have gone off, no-body knows how, fighting and fobbing over the dead body of her lover: pure grief is seldom so fatal. Perhaps, on mature consideration also, the cause of quarrel will not be found altogether so trifling. They fought indeed only for their property in a bull; but, as the Reader will see hereafter the value they set in those times even on a grey-hound, this bull, being by the bye a spotted one, might, for ought we know, be deemed an object as worthy contending for, as the honour of their country and patrician virtue among the antient Romans. It is beside clear, from

The classical Reader will recollect how greatly the Historian rises above the Poet, by comparing this passage in the work of Ossian with the following one in Livy. "Præncps Horatius ibat, tergemina spolia præ se gerens: cui soror virgo, quæ desponsa uni ex Curatiis fuerat, obvia ante portam Capenam fuit: cognitoque super humeros fratris paludamento sponsi, quod ipsa confecerat, solvit crines, et flebiliter nomine sponsum mortuum appellat. Movet feroci juveni animum comploratio sororis in victoria sua, tantoque gaudio publico. Stricto itaque gladio, simul verbis increpans, transfigit puellam. Abi hinc cum immaturo amore ad sponsum, inquit, oblita patrum mortuorum vivique." The poetical incident of the ghost of Crugal appearing to Connal, at the opening of the second book, is introduced with great beauty and propriety. It comes to persuade him to avoid the battle and forsake the field; for that the sons of Erin shall fall. To communicate this information, Connal hastens, in the dead of night, to Cuchullin; who, waking out of his sleep, thus naturally and heroically receives him, and replies to his tale:

"The soft-voiced Connal rose in the midst of his founding arms. He struck his shield above Cuchullin. The son of battle waked.

"Why, said the ruler of the car, comes Connal through my night? My spear might turn against the sound; and Cuchullin mourn the death of his friend. Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak, thy counsel is like the sun of heaven.

"Son of Semo, replied the chief, the ghost of Crugal came from the cave of his hill.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream.

the great character given of the combatants, and the pathetic manner in which the Poet laments the existence of their cause of strife, that it could be no common bull, "Cairbar, first of men was there, and Grudar, stately youth. Long had they strove for the spotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's echoing heath. Each claimed him as *their* own, and death was often at the point of their steel—Whose name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar!—But ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's echoing heath? They saw him leap like the snow. The wrath of the chiefs returned. On Lubbar's grassy banks they fought, and Grudar like a sun-beam fell." You see, Reader, this bull was not only a spotted one, but had a very peculiar way of leaping too: unless there be here some error in the translation, or of the press. Perhaps leaping *like* the snow, should have been *through* or *over* the snow. At least we cannot find the shadow of similitude in this simile.

—He

—He is a messenger of death.—He speaks of the dark and narrow house. Sue for peace, O chief of Dunscach, or fly over the heath of Lena.

“He spoke to Connal, replied the hero, though stars dim-twinkled through his form. Son of Colgar, it was the wind that murmured in the caves of Lena.—Or if it was the form of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my fight? Hast thou enquired where is his cave? The house of the son of the wind? My sword might find that voice, and force his knowledge from him. And small is his knowledge, Connal, for he was here to-day. He could not have gone beyond our hills, and who could tell him there of our death?”

“Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds, said Connal’s voice of wisdom. They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men.

“Then let them talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin’s chief. Let me be forgot in their cave; for I will not fly from Swaran.—If I must fall, my tomb shall rise amidst the fame of future times. The hunter shall shed a tear on my stone, and sorrow dwell round the high-bosom’d Bragela. I fear not death, but I fear to fly, for Fingal saw me often victorious. Thou dim phantom of the hill, shew thyself to me! Come on thy beam of heaven, and shew me my death in thine hand, yet I will not fly, thou feeble son of the wind.”

Again, when Swaran offers Peace, on certain terms of submission, Cuchullin heroically answers, “Tell Swaran, tell that heart of pride, that Cuchullin never yields.—I give the dark-blue rolling ocean, or I give his people graves in Erin. But never shall a stranger have the lovely sun-beam of Dunscach; or ever deer fly on Lochlin’s hills before the nimble-footed Luath.”

In consequence of this resolution the fight is renewed, and the army of Cuchullin is routed. After which they retreat to the mountains, where, says the Poet, “On the rising side of

* Dunscach, the fair high-bosom’d spouse, and Luath, the swift-footed dog of Cuchullin; the being put in possession of which, Swaran proposes as the condition of Peace. One might, from this offer, have entertained a very high opinion of the lady, were she not so only coupled. Our stag-hunting Readers, if by such we are honoured with a refusal, however, are better judges perhaps than we, whether it could ever be natural in lovers of the chase, to rank their fair spouses and fleet back-hounds upon so equal a footing.

Cromla stood Erin's few sad sons : like a grove through which the flame had rushed, hurried on by the winds of the stormy night." There is inimitable beauty in this allusion, and the shattered remains of an army of defeated heroes are, in these few words, most admirably represented. In this situation, Cuchullin is informed, by a scout, that the ships of Fingal are in sight ; at which information, elated with the prospect of succours, and fired at the idea of revenge, he breaks into the following spirited exclamation : " Blow all ye winds that rush over my lovely isle of mist. Come to the death of thousands ; O chief of the hills of hinds. Thy sails, my friend, are to me like the clouds of the morning, and thy ships like the light of heaven ; and thou thyself like a pillar of fire that giveth light in the night."

Night again coming on, two other Episodes are introduced, in both which the puerilities and improprieties are too manifest to need pointing out ; nor can we think that they justly reflect the real manners of the people and the times.

In the third book the hero of the Poem begins to figure : previous to his landing, however, we have an Episode relative to his former achievements in Lochlin, whither he had been invited in his youth, by Starno, under the pretence of bestowing on him his beautiful daughter Agandecca ; but, in fact, with a malicious design in that King to assassinate him. This tale, nevertheless, does no honour to any thing but the military prowess of Fingal. His neglect, indeed, to preserve the fair Agandecca, who falls a sacrifice to her father's resentment, for saving the life of her lover, appears ungenerous and ungrateful. We are told, " She saw the youth and loved him ; he was the stolen sigh of her soul : her blue eye rolled on him in secret, and she blest the chief of Morven." If we add to this the obligation he lay under to her, for divulging her father's treachery in placing his chiefs in ambush to destroy him, it must appear highly unbecoming both in the hero and the lover, not to take proper measures for her security, when she repeatedly enjoined him to remember and save her from the wrath of her father. When it was too late, indeed, and Starno had pierced her white side with steel, he could take up arms, rout the murderer, and bring off the dead body of her who had preserved his life, at the hazard and expence of her own.

The martial virtues of Fingal, however, were those Cuchullin stood in need of ; who, at the close of the story, therefore, expresses his confidence in the valour of his ally ; dis-

missing

missing the soul of Agandecca, like a good Christian, with a blessing, and praying heartily for the safe arrival of the fleet. "Blessed be her soul, said Cuchullin, and blessed be the mouth of the song. Strong was the youth of Fingal, and strong is his arm of age. Lochlin shall fall again before the King of echoing Morven. Shew thy face from a cloud, O moon; light his white sails on the wave of the night: and, if any strong spirit of heaven sits on that low-hung cloud, turn his dark ships from the rock, thou rider of the storm!" The latter part of this passage is exceedingly beautiful, and seems to indicate a sense of religion in Cuchullin. The Translator observes, however, that notwithstanding this appearance of religious sentiment, as the apostrophe is attended with an *if*, it implies a doubt, which makes it not easy to determine whether the hero meant a Superior Being, or the departed spirit of some deceased warrior, whose ghosts, were in those times, supposed to rule the storms, and to transport themselves in a gust of wind from one country to another. It is most probable, in our opinion, that Cuchullin did believe in the existence of such superior beings, and that his doubt only extended so far as to the uncertainty whether or not any such spirit was the present agent. As to the ghosts of deceased warriors, these are constantly called, in the Poem, *feeble sons of the wind*; whereas he styles that to which he addresses himself a *strong spirit of heaven*: by which it appears it was of the particular presence only, and not of the general existence, of such a spirit that he doubted.

We have already given a notable example of that excessive hyperbole, which prevails in many parts of this Poem; in justice, however, to our Celtic Bard, we must observe, that we have heard many passages censured, as instances of ridiculous bombast and false sublime; which, on a due consideration of the supposed manners and superstition of the times, are less liable to objection. Of these the following, wherein the blustering, though wounded and feeble, Calmar, gives an account of himself and ancestors, is a remarkable one.

"I am of the race of steel; my fathers never feared.

"Cormar was the first of my race. He sported through the storms of the waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean; and travelled on the wings of the blast. A spirit once embroiled the night. Seas swell, and rocks rebound. Winds drive along the clouds. The lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared, and came to land: then blushed that he feared at all. He rushed again among the waves to find the son of the

the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark : he stood with the sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head, and searched its dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon and stars returned."

Should a Poet, indeed, make an hero of these times express himself in such a strain, he would certainly be guilty of intolerable bombast; but, if we take with us the supposition, that the people of those days believed departed souls to be material, there is no absurdity in supposing they might go farther, and conceive them vulnerable too. Thus, consistent with the same notion, Cuchullin, speaking of the ghost of Crugal, says to Connal, as in the passage already quoted, "If it was the form of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my sight? Hast thou enquired where is his cave? My sword might find, and force his knowledge from him."

At length Fingal arrives; and, perceiving the fate which had attended the army of Cuchullin, by the dead bodies laying on the heath of Lena, he orders his sons, Ryno and Fildan, to sound the horn of war, and call the children of the foe. Swaran appears; at sight of whom, Fingal, recalling to mind the fate of his sister Agandecca, and that he had lamented her with the tears of his youth, sends Ullin to invite him to the feast. This incident, though not perfectly corresponding to what the Stagyrite calls the *Αναγνώσις*, possesses a truly-poetic excellence. It is true, Swaran was before known by Fingal to be the enemy he was coming to engage; and there is no doubt but the circumstance of his having lamented the fate of his sister, might have frequently recurred to his mind: it was yet very natural it should return with greater energy, at the sight of him; and thus the friendly invitation made him was attended with a propriety totally wanting in the former one of Cuchullin. As Swaran refuses to accept it, however, it is certain the repetition of such circumstances, where the event is the same and answers no end, is a manifest proof of the want of poetic genius in the Writer, to invent and diversify the incidents of the *Epopæia*.

On the King of Lochlin's refusal to come to the feast, and to put off the battle till the morrow, the two armies came to immediate action; which, together with some of the chiefs, our Poet describes with all the pomp (though little variety) of expression. But, surely, Fingal's prowess is too highly described, when the rocks are said to fall down before him! None of these death-dispensing heroes, however, particularly signalize

signalize themselves by their actions; none of the slain are seen to fall by the sword or spear: all is vague and indistinct. The reflections of the Poet, in his own person, are indeed very natural and affecting. "My locks (says he) were not then so grey, nor trembled my hands of age; my eyes were not closed in darkness, nor failed my feet in the race.—Often have I fought, often won in battles of the spear; but blind, and tearful, and forlorn, I now walk with little men."—

In the fourth book, the Poet introduces the Episode of Everallin, his wife; whose ghost appears to him, and informs him of the dangers by which her son Oscar is surrounded, in fighting with the sons of Lochlin. In consequence of this information, Ossian armed himself and set forward to his assistance; and by *humming*, as he was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old, drove the affrighted sons of Lochlin before him. This appears to be too extravagant, not only from the consideration that the Poet is speaking of himself, but, from the figure he makes in the work, his valour justifies no such fear in the enemy. The Translator compares it to that passage in the eighteenth Iliad, wherein the voice of Achilles is said to frighten away the Trojans from the body of Patroclus.

Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud.
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hells drop'd their arms, and trembled as they fear'd. *Pope.*

There is a very material difference, however, in the circumstances. Homer, it is true, has represented the Trojans as retiring, intimidated by the voice of Achilles; but it should be observed that, though Achilles was the hero of the Poem, the Poet saw such a conduct would be unnatural without the intervention of some supernatural power. Minerva therefore throws her ægis over his shoulders, surrounds his head with a cloud, from which issues a splendid flame; [*Iliad, lib. 18, ver. 203, &c.*] and, when he spoke aloud to the Trojans, she assisted him, by joining in, and increasing, the sound. In this case, the terror occasioned by his voice was increased by an object of sight, and both were owing to the superior powers of a Divinity. Whereas Ossian alone hums a tune, and the host of Lochlin flies before him. This exceeds, in the effect, even the roaring of Mars; which, though we are told it equalled the shout of ten thousand men joining in battle, only spread terror through the hosts of the Greeks and Trojans, without putting them to flight. [*Iliad, lib. 5. v. 859, &c.*]

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The ghost of Agandecca appears next to Fingal in a dream ; but seems to come for no other purpose than to disturb his sleep. The Poet had here a favourable opportunity of applying the superstition, of which he appears so fond, and yet makes so little use. It had been extremely poetical to have made the ghost of Agandecca intercede for her brother and countrymen, and to have implored for them the mercy of Fingal, by the love he had formerly professed.

At length the two heroes, Swaran and Fingal, meet in battle, and the same undiversified accidents happen to both. Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain ; their steel flies broken from their helmets ; and lastly, this dreadful preparation of death ends in a wrestling bout, which is described, like the former, with intolerable hyperbole, and concludes in favour of Fingal. Homer, in describing the contest between Ulysses and Ajax, in the games instituted at the funeral rites of Patroclus, has assigned the cause of the former's prevailing over the latter, and admirably preserved his character. [*Iliad*, lib. 23. v. 725.] Here nothing is particularly mentioned to specify the cause of Fingal's superiority, or to distinguish his character ; but, as in almost all our Poet's descriptions, every thing is general, confused, and indistinct. From this great defect in the work, we are induced to doubt its ever having been written, as supposed, by a person who was present in the actions described. Indeed we can hardly think it possible a bard who saw, and acted therein, could be so very imperfect in his representation of them. With respect to character and manners, he is in general not more indistinct in marking them than inconsistent in their preservation. That of Fingal has been represented, by the implicit admirers of this Poem, as strongly delineated, well preserved, amiable, and heroic. It must be owned he is made now and then to talk very speciously, and, in one part of the work, addresses his grandson Oscar in the following beautiful apostrophe. " O Oscar ! bend the strong in arm, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people, but like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid.—So Trenmor lived ; such Trathal was ; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured ; and the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel." Could any one imagine so humane, so generous a personage, as he here seems to be, could be the same noble Fingal, who neglected the preservation of his mistress, that had blessed him with her charms, and risked her life for his safety ? The same noble Fingal who, after the defeat of Swaran, and taking him prisoner, which must naturally

turally terminate the war) cruelly bids his sons make a general slaughter, lest the enemy should save themselves by flight? “Sons of the King of Morven, said the noble Fingal, guard the King of Iochlin.—But, Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno, ye children of the race, pursue the rest of Lochlin over the heath of Lena; that no vessel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.”

Very different was the heroism of the truly noble Piercy and Douglas, recorded in the famous song of Chevy-chase; who, in order to save the harmless blood of their numerous attendants, agreed to decide the quarrel between themselves by single combat. And infinitely inferior, in every respect, must the character of Fingal appear in comparison with that of the amiable and heroic Hector in the Iliad! a personage distinguished by every public and private virtue; one in whom, not only personal bravery, but filial duty, paternal tenderness, manly affection, zeal for justice, love to his country, and piety to the Gods, were eminently conspicuous.

In regard to manners, the Piece is equally defective; it being impossible to form any consistent idea, from the Poem, of the religion of the people, or the times in which they lived. Their religion cannot well be considered as that of the Druids; the Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, being a doctrine inconsistent with their notions of ghosts. And though the latter be not altogether incompatible with the Christian system, yet the properties and powers attributed to such ghosts by the Poet, such as the consulting together concerning their friends, their revealing future events, assisting their countrymen, directing the storms and the like, are not very consistent with the earliest notions of Christianity. Again, there is too manifest an incongruity in the representation of things, which could hardly exist at the same time and place. Cuchullin's car and harness are adorned with gems, and yet he has nothing better to drink out of than a shell*. The echoing hall of Fingal is magnificently supported by white pillars, and yet not a chief in the army has a tent to cover him. There is frequent and pompous mention made of feasts, and yet they had not a common porridge-pot to dress their provisions. Such circumstances as these appear totally incompatible. Surely that art, which could frame and ornament a chariot and har-

* It is said, indeed, the Highlanders to this day drink out of shells. This we do not at all doubt; but we imagine a chariot studded with gems, is at the same time not to be found in all the Highlands, if indeed in any part of Europe.

ness with gems, might have advanced to some degree of perfection the most necessary articles of household furniture ! The men who feasted in superb halls at home, would doubtless have contrived some means, to defend themselves from the inclemency of the weather when in the field, and have invented utensils to prepare their viands. Indeed we are apt to think the Translator is mistaken, in fixing the æra of the Poem, at the conclusion of the third century. He conceives the epoch determined, among other similar reasons, by the resemblance of the names Caros and Carausius, Caracal and Caracalla ; a circumstance over-balanced, in our opinion, by more weighty considerations, than any depending on a mere similitude of names. And first, according to Usher, and all those who have studied the Irish antiquities, the Danes (or Scandinavians, as they are here termed) never visited Ireland till near five hundred years after the time laid down for their undertaking this expedition. Now we find, in the Irish history, that a war did subsist, between the Danes and the Irish Kings, soon after the former had got footing in that kingdom ; in the accounts of which the name of Fingal is mentioned, together with other circumstances that render it more probable that the subject of the Poem was taken from the events of those times, than from so early an æra as the Translator supposes. It appears, farther, from the Episode of Agandecca, that Fingal had been in Lochlin, whose sons, as they are called, had been also engaged in frequent wars with the Irish and Scottish Princes ; a circumstance which, supposing Lochlin to mean Scandinavia, finds no support from history at so early a period. It appears, however, that as the word *Lochlin* signifies, in the Celtic tongue, the sons of the sea, it may be very indefinitely applied. If we add to this, that in the Dissertation prefixed to this Poem, Fingal is expressly called the King of Scotland, is it not strange that no mention is made in Anderson's Tables of such a Prince, about that time ?

But whether or not there be any mistake about the time or parties of action, certain it is the manners of no age or people could be so inconsistent as they are represented in the Poem.

To come lastly to the *ælis*, or diction, in which the great merit of this production consists, it is certain there are many passages not inferior to any of the *Mæonian* or *Mantuan* bard. It were, however, needless to point out the particular instances of this excellence, since the Reader must be void of all sensibility not to have perceived this beauty and energy of style, even from the short extracts we have occasionally made
from

from the work. One of the highest embellishments to Poetry lies undoubtedly in the use and application of similes: in these, as we have already observed, Ossian is very redundant; most of them are striking, and many are applied with inimitable beauty and propriety. In as many others he is as remarkably defective. The impropriety and want of similitude we so often meet with, however, is even less displeasing than the constant return of the same comparisons and modes of expression. Thus every battle is a storm, the heroes are flames, winds, or torrents; almost all being compared to inanimate objects. And though, in many, the sublimity is vast and striking, yet their frequent repetition is to the last degree fatiguing and disgusting. On the whole, this Poem appears deficient in all the superior parts of the *Epopæia*; its principal, and indeed we may say, its sole excellence, consisting in the force of words, and in the glow of description. In the latter, the powers of imagination are, on many occasions, admirably exerted and carried to the highest pitch of perfection, particularly in what relates to inanimate subjects. As to sentimental or intellectual faculties, both the Poet's fancy and judgment appear generally poor and defective. The former objects are painted with truth and boldness; but then they are always delineated in the same manner, and have little or no variety of colouring: while, in drawing characters, the Poet resembles those Painters, who can give no variety of features to their figures, all appearing to belong to the same family, or having the same unmeaning expression of countenance.

As the production of an antient Scottish or Irish bard, this work is undoubtedly an object of great curiosity, and worthy of admiration; but, considered in the light of an Epic Poem, and set in comparison with those of Homer and Virgil, it looks like the statue of a dwarf beside the Colossal Apollo of Rhodes.

To the work entitled Fingal are annexed several other (smaller) Poems*. Of these we intended to give some account in our second article; which being, however, already arrived to a sufficient length, must be here concluded. We may possibly consider the other pieces, at some future opportunity.

* Among these, are the *Fragments* formerly published as a specimen of the *Erse* Poetry; of which we gave an account in the XXIII^d Volume of our Review, page 204.

K-n-k

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT of FOREIGN BOOKS.

Le Philosophe Payen. Ou Pensées de Pline ; avec un Commentaire Littéraire et moral. Par Mr. Formey. 12mo. 3 Tomes. Leide, Chez Luzac.

That is, The Heathen Philosopher : Or, The Thoughts of Pliny, with a Commentary, literary and moral. By Mr. Formey.

IN the Preface to this work, the Author tells us, that in the summer of the year 1756, he retired from Berlin, (where, being Professor of Philosophy, he usually resides) to Charlottemberg, with a design to re-establish his health. Amongst the books he took with him, for his amusement in this recess, were the Letters of Pliny, which afforded him such pleasure as to become his constant manual ; and, as it appears, induced him, on an attentive examination, to take the resolution of publishing the Beauties of his favourite Writer, in the same manner as those of Cicero are selected by Olivet *, and of Seneca by Beaumelle. Not contented, however, with a mere imitation, but determined to improve on his models, he has added to the passages from Pliny, a Commentary of his own. In writing these reflections, he tells us, he has avoided an excess of refinement, and has written with the same ease, with which he should have conversed with a friend. This neglect of labour and study, proper as it might be to the Professor's situation, and necessary to restore the charms of health, will nevertheless but little recommend his work to the public. And we may venture to affirm that, though in Epistolary Writing it has been said we should write as we converse, in every other species we always write ill when we write as we talk. Indeed, though we applaud the Author for his attention to whatever can form and improve the manners of mankind, that impartiality which Criticism requires, obliges us to own that this work seems but ill calculated to amuse or instruct, and that it will probably procure its Author but little reputation. Mediocrity in Morality is as insipid as in Poetry ; and, like verse of a certain character, may be written *sans pede in uno*. To convey instruction after so much has been written, is now become the easiest of all kinds of writing. To give, however, to moral precepts the allurement of elegance and novelty, is a task not the least difficult to a Writer. Those whom a liberal education has

* A Translation of the Select Thoughts of Cicero, into English, was printed some years ago, in one volume, Duodecimo.

enabled to taste the beauties of the original, will possibly find more pleasure in their own reflections on the Letters of the amiable Pliny, than from the Commentary of our Author; and for others less acquainted with the learned languages, they will be at no loss to exercise the same sagacity, from reading the elegant Translation of them by Melmoth.

At the end of the third Volume are two other performances, which are printed with this work, because they are in some measure connected with it. The first is a Translation of the Treatise on the Gods and the World, by Sallust the Philosopher, published in the year 1748, and now accompanied with a Commentary of the same kind with that on Pliny. The second is a Treatise on the Sources of Morality, by another hand; a production which, the Editor says, will be esteemed by the judicious who prefer gold to tinsel: and which tends to prove, that the Duties of Religion are clearly pointed out to us by Nature.

The second passage which Mr. Formey has selected from his Author's Text, begins thus: *Est enim plane aliquid edendum*. This seems to be the Professor's Motto, and to have given birth to the work before us. Indeed it seems to be that of a very numerous class of Writers, as well Foreign as British; all of whom agree in translating it very significantly, *On our honour and appetite, we must eat*.

K-n-k

De la Nature: Or,

A Philosophical Essay on the System of Nature. 8vo.
Amsterdam. Imported by Becket and Dehondt.

THIS Work is divided into four Parts, the first of which is designed to prove the necessary Equality of Good and Evil in Nature; the second, relates to the uniform Generation of Beings; the third, to moral Instinct; and the last contains a natural History of the Soul. In what manner the Author has conducted this work, and what the Reader is to expect from it, we are told in the Preface. "If we consider (says he) the errors which prevail among mankind, it appears that the Philosopher ought rather to distrust the most common than the most singular of his opinions. This (adds he) gives me confidence with respect to some peculiar ideas which appear in this work: not that I pretend to advance any thing new. The world is too old to be instructed; and I came into it too late

late to attempt it. I have endeavoured rather to make use of the reflections of others; to apply to my manner of thinking those which I thought conformable to it, without believing others inferior which should contradict it. It would indeed be singular if I had read with attention the best Writers without drawing some advantage from them. To deny the obligations I owe them would be unjust. I own them with pleasure; nor think I can acknowledge them better, than by pursuing their enquiries. It has been affirmed by many that all is Good; by others, that all is Evil. Some have insisted that the former is exceeded by the latter, whilst many as warmly contend that the reverse is true. As for myself I have seen throughout the whole, that they balance each other; and, upon reflection, I find this equality to be absolutely necessary.

“ To account for the Origin of Evil has been the endeavour of Philosophers in every age. Struck with the calamities to which mankind are subject, and filled with ideas of a Deity, whose attributes excluded every possibility of his delighting in the misery of his creatures; some have asked, with Plato, Whether it could be supposed, that what is evil, and irregular, can be the work of God, the source of every virtue? If he had found in the earth a tendency to regularity and order; he would, without all doubt, have made it the seat of happiness. To reconcile their ideas of Evil with their notion of the Deity, therefore, they supposed that, in this sublunary world, the matter out of which its various objects were produced, was too stubborn to receive a fixed and permanent state, and that all which Infinite Wisdom could effect, under such circumstances, was to produce the state in which we now find the world, subject to a numerous train of irregularities and misfortunes. This was a natural consequence of their opinion relative to the Nature of Body, which receiving every moment some new form and appearance, they thought incapable of stability or uniformity.

“ From this system, at length, arose that of Manes, or of two principles; which, soon prevailing, so strongly influenced mankind, that their prayers and religious ceremonies were evidently tinged with it. If there be but one principle, said they, and that one be essentially good, from what source are the miseries and the vices of mankind derived?—If Glory were the design of this being, what share of it could spring from a sense of disorder and confusion? If the Love of Mankind, it may be asked, why then are they the slaves of passion, or the victims of anxiety and distress? From hence, they

concluded, that there must necessarily be two Principles, one disposed to bless mankind with every felicity, another inclined to dispense the most terrible calamities and distress.

“However generally this opinion was once received, the Greeks and Romans do not appear to have entertained such notions. They had recourse to other hypotheses to explain the Origin of Evil. By some it was supposed that the Souls of men had pre-existed in another state, and that their Sufferings here arose from their conduct in such a state of Pre-existence. Upon this principle they expressly forbid any pity to be shewn for miseries, which they believed were inflicted only on those who deserved to suffer. This opinion is attributed by Plato to Orpheus; and the Pythagoreans, as well as the Eucratizæ since the Christian æra, avoided Marriage that they might not be the cause of Misery to human Souls.

“In the system of Epicurus, the Gods were supposed indifferent to the affairs of this world, which were esteemed either as beneath their notice and regard, or as inconsistent with a state of existence from which every care was excluded. The arguments in favour of this opinion were drawn from the same topics, which are now employed to prove a future state. Can the Gods (said they) be concerned with human affairs and suffer the virtuous to become miserable, and the abandoned to enjoy in luxury the fruits of rapine and fraud? Would suffering virtue be so common a spectacle amongst men? Again, many have conceived every event as fixed by destiny, which nothing could change; and have, in consequence, condemned every murmur and complaint. This variety of opinions is a sufficient proof of the difficulty which attends the discussion of this question; but, were we to descend from the hypotheses of the ancients through the numerous modern systems to the work before us, its difficulty would be still more apparent. Amongst those who have advanced the melancholy opinion, that even with those who enjoy the happiest lot of humanity the moment of anxiety is superior to that of pleasure, is the celebrated Maupertuis. A late Writer has taken the other side of the question, and in answer to the ingenious Frenchman, has asserted the superiority of pleasure. It is neither our business or design, however, to enter into their arguments: we shall only consider the opinion of the Author before us, who, equally distant from these extremes, asserts a perfect and necessary equality of Good and Evil.

REV. FEB. 1762.

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“Inequality

"Inequality of Rank (says he) does not arise from an increase of Good in the exalted, or additional Evil in the lower, stations of life. That is not possible in the nature of things. The latter are inferior in every thing. If we observe their increase, we shall find it proceeds in a regular and exact increased proportion of Good and Evil; that in proportion as they become more elevated, they take an equal share of happiness and anxiety; and that, by the invariable order of things, there is, in fact, no one condition more eligible than another, however distant they may be from each other.

"Born to an humble lot, and scarcely supplied with common necessities, the man of inferior station is little solicitous for the superfluities of life; his faculties, by an education suitable to his condition, are reduced to such as become it; his passions are few, and consequently his pains and pleasures also; while he is alike incapable of relishing the amusements, or feeling the anxieties of grandeur. It would perhaps be a misfortune to society, if the populace were more instructed. Their own and the public felicity depends, in a great degree, on the continuing in their native ignorance. With more dignity of sentiment, they would too easily perceive their abject state; they would lose their taste for the rude pleasures with which they were once contented, and scorn the servile labours to which they are destined.

"The husbandman frequently possesses those talents only which are necessary for the cultivation of the earth, and esteems himself happy if the harvest answers his hopes. He toils indeed throughout the day, and knows not the refinements of dress and food. This is true, but judge of his fatigue by his robust constitution, not by the delicacy of your own; from his accustomed labour, not from your own aversion to every thing attended with difficulty. His frugal repast is always delicious to him; your studied luxuries are often unseasoned, and delicacies only prove disgustful. He has not, however, our amusements, our balls, our entertainments, and our vanities. True, but you mistake if you think him destitute of amusements. He possesses those suited to his state, and the degree of pleasure he is capable of receiving from them. Our anxiety is a stranger to his humble roof, and vice avoids the place in which it could not be concealed. When tranquil sleep has restored the powers which the work of the preceding day had exhausted, he rises in the morning with cheerfulness, repeats his honest labours, and returns in the evening to a family, he always sees with pleasure. The holidays, the
rustic

rustic dance, and music amuse him, and the village fair exerts her art to charm him with her neat attire. — Have then the happy tenants of the field, you will say, no pains and anxieties? Alas, if you think so, you are mistaken. Oppressed by the proprietors of the lands they cultivate, they are treated with rigour; they groan beneath a load of taxes, and are taught that nature has established an equality in every situation."

After this, is it not a little surprising to find our Author, in the same Chapter, so far forget himself as to say, "If there be an enemy whom you hate, wish him the most voluptuous enjoyment, supreme grandeur, immense riches, and unbounded authority; and you will find him sink under the excess of his misery? By loading him with sensual delights, you rob him of the sweets of love, the delicate sentiments of united hearts." Nay, he proceeds farther, and endeavours to prove, that this enemy would be rendered the most unhappy of mankind.

This is very inconsistent with an hypothesis that maintains the necessary and inevitable equality of Good and Evil in every station of life.

Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

In other places again, he endeavours to shew, that those circumstances which we consider with so much dread, are always balanced by an equal degree of advantage. He has a Chapter, in which he assigns some reasons why Volubility of Tongue was bestowed so liberally on the fair sex: — and in the next proceeds to prove, that it involves a contradiction to suppose the absence of Evil in finite beings; attempting farther to evince the impossibility that the Good and Evil in Nature should be otherwise than perfectly equal.

In the second part, he treats of Generation, and labours to shew, that in the Vegetable, Fossil, and Mineral Kingdoms, as well as in the Planetary System, something analogous to the Generation of Animals prevails. Plants have, for some time, been generally allowed to possess their male and female parts. The Generation of Fossils and Minerals has been also believed by some, but our Author has extended it even to the Stars and Planetary Worlds. We are inclined indeed to think this hypothesis will find but few advocates. Yet, since it is the usual fate of human enquiries to exhaust error, before they arrive at truth, we look with great indulgence on every attempt to strike out new paths of science; and, though

we may not acquiesce in the opinions started, we applaud that fortitude without which no man will dare to differ from others, and speak as he thinks.

Of the third and fourth part of this work we shall give a farther account in a future Review.

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MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For FEBRUARY, 1762.

POLITICAL.

Art. 1. *Observations on the new Militia-Bill, now under the Consideration of Parliament; wherein the material Alterations are pointed out.* 8vo. 1s. Towers.

Sensibly suggested, by a friend to the Bill, and (we believe) to his Country; the honour and safety of which he apprehends to be much concerned in the judicious regulation of the Militia.

Art. 2. *A Letter to the Right Honourable Charles Townshend, Secretary at War. Being Thoughts on the Militia Laws, and for extending them to North Britain, and for making the Militia more useful.* 8vo. 6d. Horsfield.

Well intended, but somewhat intemperately, and very inaccurately written.

Art. 3. *Tragi-comic Memoirs of the Origin, Progress, and Events of our present War against France.* By a new Phænomenon in Politics. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Pridden.

Written in the person of Harlequin, the new Phænomenon in Politics, and intended to shew how sadly our affairs have been mismanaged, from the beginning of the War to the present time.—What pity it is, that our *Pamphleteers* are not taken into the Ministry! for we have their solemn words for it, and very often repeated, that *they* can see much farther into the Mill-stone, than any of our State-Millers, who have been grinding at it these forty years past.

Harlequin a political Writer!—There is something like a joke in the thought; but this Author carries it very little farther than his Title page. His attempt at humour, indeed, is a feeble one; his manner being, on the contrary, cramped, stiff, and pedantic; and as to the matter of which his laboured production is composed, it is little more than a repetition of the hackney'd objections to the German War, and Mr. P——'s ministerial conduct,—together with some angry reflections upon the meannefs of "Economi- cal Reforms in a Royalist's point of view."

Art 4.

Art. 4. *An Address to the City of London.* 8vo. 1s. R. Davis.

Another severe investigation of Mr. P——'s Conduct. It seems to be a shaft from no vulgar bow, and takes the *Citizens* in its flight, on account of their warm attachment to the late popular Secretary, manifested by some extraordinary political *Manœuvres* of theirs, subsequent to that gentleman's resignation: which are touched both in a ludicrous and serious strain of reprehension.

P O E T I C A L.

Art. 5. *Artaxerxes. An English Opera. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. The Music composed by* Tho. Aug. Arne. *Mus. Doc.* 8vo. 1s. Tonson.

Translated from Metastasio. Dr. Arne has been very successful in this his first attempt of the kind.

Art. 6. *Innocence, a poetical Essay, in two Books. Most humbly inscribed to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.* By Abraham Portal, Author of *Olinda* and *Sophronia**, a Tragedy. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dodsley.

Mr. Portal asks admission into the Temple of the Muses with so much modesty, that we hope they will not absolutely refuse him entrance. Thus, in a prefatory Ode, he addresses his brethren of the laurel.

Yet, O! ye sons of Phœbus, do not blame,
Tho' I, unworthy of a Poet's name,
Presume with my unhallow'd feet to tread
The Muse's consecrated shade:
For tho' unblam'd ye suffer me to stray,
I shall not bear one laurel wreath away.

Destitute, as he complains, of the advantages of learning, he shall, for us, be exempt from criticism. The following lines may either recommend his poem, or his shop †, in the city. They are taken from his *Address to Innocence*.

Nor fear, celestial maid,
The Trader's fraudulent wiles, for sooner here,
Shall Poverty, with her unhappy train
Of meagre wants, sharp griefs, and biting taunts,
Take up her hated residence, than e'er
Dishonest arts shall drive her from my door.

* Mentioned in the XIXth Volume of our Review, p. 94.

† The Author is a Silver-smith, on Ludgate-hill.

Art. 7. *A Sketch of the present Times, and the Time to come: in an Address to Kitty Fisher.* 4to. 1s. Waller.

By the present times, the Writer means the gay life of Kitty, in her bloom; and the time to come, is the wretched reverse brought

on by age, poverty, and the contempt of the world. The first part of this pamphlet is a loose encomium on this celebrated Courtesan; the second part contains a mere sermon in rhyme, on the Decay of Beauty, the Miseries of Poverty, the Terrors of Death, and the Necessity of Penitence. As to the Poetry, it consists of a strange medley of laboured lines, in a variety of unharmonious measure; through all the defects of which, however, we can discern some marks of Genius; and therefore we wish the Writer's talents employed on a worthier occasion.

Art. 8. A Gruff for the Critics. Inscribed to the most impertinent Puppy on Earth. 4to. 6d. Grinsel.

An angry invective against some Critic or Critics, who probably excited the Author's resentment, by falling foul upon some of his former productions.—It does not appear who is meant by "the most impertinent Puppy on Earth;" but the Monthly Reviewers are happy that *they* have not incurred the enmity of so vindictive a Writer.

Art. 9. Brown Beer, a Poem. By John Peake, Victualler, of Stoke-Newington. 4to. 6d. Williams.

John Peake appears to be a very clever fellow; and we would heartily recommend it to all lovers of Poetry and Porter, whenever they take a walk or a ride towards the pleasant village of Newington, to call in at honest Peake's, and take a draught of his best *Brown*. The Landlord, we conceive, (for we know him only in his present Verfes) must be a character worth notice. He acknowledges his having been "born and brought up in the lowest indigency of life, and enured to labour from his childhood, which deprived him of all opportunity of scholastic learning. What little I obtained afterwards, adds he, was by the dint of application to books; and that did not begin till I was just stepping on the stage of manhood"—But what disadvantages, what hardships will not Genius surmount? In short, Mr. Peake, with native good sense, had a natural vein also for Poetry, which he has evidently improved by reading, and particularly by reading Mr. Pope. Like a man of business, however, he has wisely chosen for his subject the Commodity he deals in; and if the spirit of his Beer be equal to that of his Verfes, he deals in no bad Commodity, of either kind. The design of his Poem is to shew the Injury, which common people will sustain, by the new Tax on the Brewery, and the consequent Increase of the Price of Porter, to the Consumers, who are chiefly the industrious poor, the most laborious and most useful classes of people; whose characters and various fatiguing employments, with the Relief they find in a Draught of good Porter, he describes with some Humour, and in a strain of Versification, far exceeding what could be expected from a person in his station: notwithstanding, he has here and there a bad Rhyme, or a faulty Couplet, which it would be ungenerous and uncharitable to criticise.

Art. 10. *Florizel and Perditta; or the Winter's Tale, a dramatic Pastoral, in three Acts: Altered from Shakespear, by David Garrick. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo. 1s. Tanson.*

The meanness of the Fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, has been the chief objections to this Play; which, however, in regard to propriety of character and sentiment, is not unworthy of its great Author. The *Action* of this piece, as Shakespear left it, comprehends the monstrous space of sixteen years. Mr. Garrick has cleared it of this absurdity; reduced it from *six*, to a more regular piece, of three acts; added a pretty song in the festive scene of Sheep-sheering; and to the whole has prefixed a very humorous Prologue.

Art. 11. *Two Lyric Epistles. 4to. 1s. Thrush.*

The droll production of the ingenious Author of *Fables for grown Gentlemen*. See our last, page 68, seq. where the Reader will find a sufficient specimen of the talents of this imitator of Gresset, La Fontaine, and other French Poets of their rambling easy cast.

Art. 12. *Britannia*, a Poem. By a young Gentleman. Folio. 1s. Grettog.*

Silence, young Sternhold! Thou art not cut out for Singing, as the Irishman says in the *Farce*. Cease thy hawling, therefore, young *Crispin*, and stick to thy last. — What a swarm of wretched scribblers have been buzzing about the court, since the month of October, 1760! One would imagine they thought any sort of Verses good enough for Kings and Queens.

* Addressed to his Majesty.

Art. 13. *The Muse's Recreation. In four Poems, viz. 1. A Farewell to Summer. 2. The Queen's Arrival, a Pastoral. 3. Silence. 4. Devotion, a Rhapsody. 4to, 1s. Johnson, opposite the Monument.*

If these Poems afford any recreation to the Muse, it must arise from her indulging in a hearty laugh, at the pleasant mistake of their Author, who is simple enough to imagine himself a Poet. — For shame, Mr. Wale! how could you sit down to design that pretty Ornament in the Title? We shall next expect to see you decorating the Bellman's Verses.

Art. 14. *High Taste, a Satire. Addressed to the young Tits of Pleasure. Folio. 1s. Marshall.*

Low, illiterate stuff, concerning the Women of the Town; and might, from the meanness of the subject, and of the writing, have been entitled, *High Taste below Stairs*.

Art. 15. *Four Elegies.* 1. *Morning.* 2. *Noon.* 3. *Evening.*
4. *Night.* 4to. 1s. Bristow.

From the name and date subscribed to the Dedication of these Elegies, (to Brooke Forrester, Esq;) we find that they are the production of Mr. Stephen Panting, of Wellington, in Shropshire; a name we do not remember to have met with before, in our poetical walks: but hope we may, not unfrequently, meet with it again. These Elegies were published several months ago; yet we happened to overlook the Advertisement, and might perhaps have been totally deprived of the pleasure of perusing them, had it not been for the information concerning them, kindly conveyed to us in a Letter, signed S. H. T.

We heartily congratulate our friends round the *Wrekin*, on the appearance of this Salopian Muse, who it is hoped will not be unmindful of her native Parnassus*; than which we do not know a finer subject for poetic description.

The first three of the present Elegies are of the descriptive kind, celebrating the most striking rural objects and circumstances, that distinguish the several divisions of the day; and that which has Night for its subject, is filled with beautiful moral reflections, which indicate the contemplative and laudable disposition of the ingenious Author. We shall give the conclusive part of this last Elegy, as a specimen.

Hail midnight, hail, and thou the solemn scene,
The sadly-serious Melancholy's cell,
Where nought of Folly's savage train is seen,
But where the sons of thought delight to dwell.

Let artful statesmen *seclude* the awful hour,
Let empire wake Ambition's daring train,
To rouse Rebellion's fell-destructive pow'r,
And give dire Discord o'er mankind to reign.

Let Av'rice gone the wretched miser's breast,
To watch with vulture-care his art-rai'd mine;
Let fierce Desire distract the lover's rest,
To sigh sad plaints at cruel Sylvia's shrine.

Or where the Bacchanalians hold their reign,
And Riot rules with wild despotic sway,
Let lavish spendthrifts swell the bestial train,
And thoughtless in life's fatal follies stray.

Far other bliss, far other joys be mine,
O thought-befriending Contemplation sweet!
To where the midnight tapers dimly shine,
Conduct, benign,* a studious votary's feet.

* We mention this circumstance, on the bare presumption that Mr. P. is a native of Wellington, (a town at the foot of that noble hill the *Wrekin*) or of its neighbourhood.

Give me in Learning's ample field to stray,
It's sacred tomes of treasur'd sense unfold,
With steady step to trace the devious way,
Where sleep the latent mines of classic gold.

Or 'midst the solemn stillness of the grove,
Where Philomela warbles wood-notes wild;
With me, O Contemplation, deign to rove,
The sacred scene and hour inviting musings mild.

There 'till gay Phœbus gilds another sky,
With thee I'll waste the sweetly serious hour,
From life's low scenes and fatal follies fly,
And woo sage wisdom in her cavern'd bow'r.

These sounds whilst fancy's plastic pow'r express,
As thro' the solitary wilds I stray'd;
Majestic, like a Roman matron drest,
Imagination saw the heavenly maid.

Around a sudden gleam illum'd the place,
The path with easy elegance she trod,
When thus—soft-smiling with angelic grace,
' Here Contemplation holds her still abode.

' Here oft my Milton in the midnight gloom,
' Has caught the lofty sentiment refin'd,
' Here oft sought Science in her cloyster'd dome,
' Hence fill'd the mighty volume of his mind.

' Here learnt above the daller sons of earth,
' In all the dignity of thought to rise,
' Here plann'd the work that told creation's birth,
' Hence gain'd his native palace in the skies.

' But rais'd to join the aerial choir on high,
' That chaunt harmonious at the Almighty's throne,
' Mov'd at the pensive world's plaintive sigh,
' I to direct them sent this second son.'

When leading in her hand a reverend sage,
Her heavenly accents thus my ears address:
' Receive the instructor of a darken'd age,
' Religion's friend, and piety's high-priest.'

She ceas'd, and to my fancy's longing sight,
No more was given, the glorious form to see,
She fled along the thick'ning shades of night,
And left the world to Darkness, Youth, and Me.

This visionary scene is finely imagined, and does equal honour to its Author, and to the truly reverend and justly admired Bard whom he has introduced into it.

- Art. 16. *An Address to one of the Greatest, Gallantest, most Loyal, and Humane Gentlemen in the World.* By John Stack, A. M. Residentiary at Bristol, and some time Fellow of Broughton College, Oxford Road, 4to. 1s. Hinxman.

Some maggotty son of the Muses has here personated the noted Bruiser, *Slack*, (the Vanquisher of the great *Broughton*) and represented him as lamenting the suppression of the manly recreation of Bruising; and addressing a great man, it does not appear who, to intercede with his Majesty, to restore the British *Gymnasium*. The Poetry is more than equal to the occasion.

- Art. 17. *Buffy and Satan, a Fragment.* 4to. 1s. Scott.

Political humour and satire, in the style of the famous Causidicate, Triumvirate, &c. Pamphlets which made a great noise about sixteen years ago.

Specimen of the present performance, from the close of the Dialogue.

" Dear *Buffy*, your servants,—my good *Satan*, adieu!
Remember our maxim,—*Fe de, and vend*—
Keep discord alive! and pray, stir up contrition;
"Mong the dearest of friends for the seeds of dissension;
Keep the populace blinded with shadows and forms;
Sink the *Stocks*,—raise the *Debt*,—and make daily alarms!
Puff, to rouse them, the trifles which *Ferdinand* does;
Plunge *Minda's* poor *SCAPE-GOAT*, still, deeper in woe—
Let the spirit of *Cain*, universally, spread!
And Darkness turn *Satan* to bury the Dead!"

- Art. 18. *Lycidas, a Masque.* To which is added, *Delia, a pastoral Elegy*; and *Perseus on the Death of the Marquis of Carmarthen.* 4to. 1s. Pate.

Lycidas must be added to the number of unpoetical Poems produced by the Royal Nuptials. The *Elegy* has rather more merit than the *Masque*; but the Verses on the Marquis of Carmarthen's Death, are beneath Contempr. Whoever is the Author, we suppose this may be his first publication; and if we sincerely wish it may also be his last, it proceeds from no unfriendly meaning towards him, as we conceive it impossible for him to misemploy his time in any way, more than in attempting the province of Poetry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Art. 19. *Letters between Emilia and Harriot.* 8vo. 3s. Doddsley.

The method of clothing *Noah*, or *Tales*, in the form of Letters, hath been practised with remarkable success by *Richardson*, and lately by *Rousseau*, in his *Eloisa*. Other Writers of inferior fame have

have also struck into the same path, and have not totally missed their way to the public favour. The little volume now before us, is a new attempt of the same kind; and if it is not equal to the productions of the great masters above mentioned, neither is it to be ranked among the meanest of their imitators. — It is, in short, what may be termed, a decent performance; such as an Author need not be extremely vain of, nor yet altogether ashamed to acknowledge.

Emilia is a young lady of great prudence and regularity of conduct, an enemy to the folleries and dissipating pleasures of the town, and extremely fond of a country life. Harriet, her friend, is of a gayer turn, a more sprightly disposition, and hates the country. Notwithstanding this contrariety of character, these two young ladies have a most cordial esteem for each other, which is manifested by the sincerity and openness with which they mutually express their sentiments, in the course of their correspondence. Emilia has a lover, a modest, sensible young man, Mr. Sidney, whom she esteems for his virtues. Harriet is captivated with the glare, the gallantry, and the title of Sir George Townly, a town-debauchee, whose addresses she prefers to those of Mr. Lovewell, a man of real worth and good character. The different characters and pretensions of their lovers, with the opposite schemes of life formed by these two ladies, furnish the main business of their letters, each striving to make a convert of the other. The country lady at length prevails, the baronet turns out a sad scoundrel, and Mrs. Lovewell and Mrs. Sidney are as happy as matrimony can make them, with youth, beauty, virtue, and fortune in her train. As to the style of these Letters, though neither laboured nor lofty, it is above the vulgar strain, easy and natural; and uniformly consistent with the opposite characters of the Writers.

Art. 20. *A circumstantial Account relating to that unfortunate young Woman, Miss Anne Bell, alias Sharpe, containing the Particulars of a most ridiculous Affair that has happened since the Trial of Mr. Sutton, which never yet transpired. Together with the remarkable Behaviour of Mr. William Bell, the Father of the Deceased.* By Mr. Thomas Holland, 8vo. 1s. Withy.

Mr. Holland, formerly an Adjutant in the Norfolk Militia, complains of the hard treatment he has met with, on account of his endeavours to bring to justice the supposed Murderer of the young Woman above mentioned. It seems this gentleman made himself enemies by his activity in that famous prosecution; in consequence of which he has been traduced in his character, deprived of his commission, and otherwise injured in his circumstances. According to this account also, Mr. B—, the young woman's father, has behaved shamefully, in regard to public justice, in the prosecution of Mr. S—, as well as very ungratefully to Mr. Holland in particular.

Art. 21. *The General Gazetteer: Or, Compendious Geographical Dictionary. Containing, a Description of all the Empires, Kingdoms,*

Kingdoms, States, Cities, Towns, Ports, Castles, Citadels, Seas, Harbours, Bays, Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Capes, and Promontories in the known World; together with the Government, Policy, Customs, Manners, and Religion of the Inhabitants; the Extent, Bounds, and natural Productions of each Country; and the Trade, Manufactures, and Curiosities of the Cities and Towns; their Longitude, Latitude, Bearing, and Distances in English Miles from remarkable Places; as also the Sieges they have undergone, and the Battles that have been fought near them, down to this present Year. Including an authentic Account of all the Counties, Cities, Market Towns, and Villages, in England and Wales; with the Fairs, according to the New Style; as well as the Cattle, Goods, and Merchandize, that are sold thereat. By R. Brookes, M. D. 8vo. 6s. Newbery.

Dr. Brooker, in his Preface, acquaints us, that he had for some years past made Geography his particular study, and that the imperfections of the Gazetteers in being, gave rise to this Compilation. He alleges that their deficiencies, especially regarding many places in our own country, are here more fully supplied; which is probably true, as the book certainly exceeds former Gazetteers in quantity, and is better supplied with maps: a circumstance of no inconsiderable aid to those brief descriptions, to which all Compilations of this kind are necessarily confined.

Art. 22. *Military Instructions, written by the King of Prussia, for the Generals of his Army: Being his Majesty's own Commentaries on his former Campaigns. Together with short Instructions for the Use of his Light Troops*. Illustrated with Copper Plates. Translated by an Officer.* 8vo. 4s. in Boards. Becket and Dehondt.

In our Review for last month we gave an account of the original of this work, as a Foreign Article; it is, therefore, unnecessary for us to enlarge on this publication of it in English. It is sufficient if we inform our Readers, that the Translation appears to be accurate, and that it is accompanied with all the plates, as in the original.

* On this head, the Military Reader may consult M. Jency's *Partisan*, of which a Translation was published some time ago. See Review, Vol. XXII. p. 70.

Art. 23. *Reflections on Coin in general; on the Coins of Gold and Silver of Great-Britain in particular; on those Metals as Merchandize; and also on Paper passing as Money.* 4to. 6d. Waugh.

Much good sense, in very few words.

Art. 24.

Art. 24. *The Mystery Revealed. Containing a Series of Transactions and authentic Testimonials, respecting the supposed Cock-lane Ghost, which have hitherto been concealed from the Public.* 8vo. 1s. Bristow.

Not a Revelation of the Mystery, if by *Mystery* the Author means the art of Knocking and Scratching, as practised at the Schoolmaster's in Cock-lane; but a mere Defence of Mr. K——, who was so strangely accused of Murder, by those wise-acres who took upon them to converse with the supposed Ghost. Mr. K——'s character seems to be here fully cleared from this wicked and scandalous imputation; but by what means can the characters of those ever be restored, who so vilely contributed to cast such an imputation upon him? Among these, we are sorry to hear, were some Gentlemen, Clergy of the Church of England, who, by their attendance upon the supposed apparition, their hesitations, doubts, and interrogations, have kept this wretched impostor in countenance, till the very mob cried out, *Shame on them!*—We are equally sorry that our plan obliges us to mention so ridiculous and shameful a transaction, because the sooner it is consigned to oblivion the better,—for the honour of the religion we profess, and for the credit of the age we live in!—unless it be found expedient to have it duly recorded in a *Court of Justice*.

Art. 25. *Remarks on the History of Fingal, and other Poems of Ossian. Translated by Mr. Macpherson. In a Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord L——.* By Ferdinand, Warner, L. L. D. 8vo. 6d. Payne and Cropley.

Dr. Warner, who is writing a General History of Ireland, from the earliest times, is of opinion, that the celebrated Poem, entitled *Fingal*, is originally an *Irish* production; and the heroes of it also natives of that country, and not Caledonians, or North Britains, as Mr. Macpherson, the Translator of *Fingal*, supposes. He accuses Mr. M. of several mistakes and misrepresentations, with regard to both the *Irish History* and *Nation*; so that we shall probably have a national contest for the honour of having produced the performances of old Ossian, the Homer of the North.

Art. 26. *The School for Lovers, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane.* By William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

We are not to consider this Comedy as an exertion of the whole force of Mr. Whitehead's genius. It is formed on a plan of M. de Fontenelle's; and, like most of the French * productions of this kind,

* It is somewhat remarkable, that the Comedy of the French, though they are the lightest and gayest people in the world, is of a graver and more solemn cast, than that of the English. The levity of our Comic Pieces would not be endured on their Stage. Their Comedies, in general, are certainly the most chaste and regular performances; but those of the English are undoubtedly more *diverting*, though less *delicate*; and, we are afraid, less moral: an imputation, however, from which the present production is entirely free.

is, rather a Conversation-piece than a Comedy. The Conversation is, however, natural, decent, and moral; and if the work does not abound with all that variety of business, plot, scenery, character and humour, which are requisite to gratify the taste of an English audience, it is, nevertheless, not an uninteresting performance; and may certainly rank among those which are distinguished by the appellation of *General Comedy*.

Art. 27. *A Treatise of the Theory and Practice of Perspective. Wherein the Principles of that most useful Art, as laid down by Dr. Brook Taylor, are fully and clearly explained, by means of moveable Schemes adapted for that Purpose. The whole being designed as an easy Introduction to the Art of Drawing in Perspective, and illustrated by a great Variety of curious and instructing Examples.* By Daniel Fournier, Drawing-Master and Teacher of Perspective. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Nourse.

It is a common observation, and founded on undoubted experience, that the greatest difficulty in attaining the knowledge of any art or science, consists in forming an adequate idea of its fundamental principles, and of the technical terms employed in it; for this idea being once obtained, the rest will be very easy, and the student will, with a little practice, become a complete master of the whole. Every Author, therefore, who attempts to explain any of the arts or sciences, and is desirous of rendering his work useful to the Reader, should use his utmost endeavours to render the fundamental principles very plain and intelligible; for the value of his performance will, in a great measure, be proportionable to his success in this particular: and yet we know not how it is, most Authors neglect this important point, and hasten to the more curious parts of the subject, leaving the learner to struggle with almost unsurmountable difficulties. Perhaps they may consider the elements of an art or science as objects beneath their notice, and therefore leave the explanation of them to those who are not such thorough masters of the subject. But this is an error of the first magnitude: for the elements are a collection of the general principles that extend to the different parts of a science; and to understand the most suitable manner of delivering these principles, requires a previous knowledge of their use, and various application. The elements, therefore, of a science, can never be well laid down, but by those who are thorough masters of it.

Convinced of this truth, we perused Mr. Fournier's book with pleasure, as he has laid down the Principles of Perspective in a very plain and intelligent manner; and applied them to Practice in a method equally natural and easy. The moveable Figures he has constructed, give the Reader a true idea of the subject, and consequently remove the greatest difficulty that attends the Theory of Perspective.

B

Art. 28.

- Art. 28. *A Sketch of the Life and Character of the Reverend and Pious Mr. Griffith Jones, late Pastor of Llandaulaw, in Carmarthenshire, the first Projector and Conductor of the Welsh circulating Schools, throughout the Principality of Wales.* 8vo. 6d. Oliver.

From this account, it appears that Mr. Griffith Jones was a person of uncommon endowments, and a most assiduous and successful labourer in the Lord's Vineyard. We sincerely wish that such examples were less extraordinary.

- Art. 29. *Edifying Thoughts on God's paternal Heart, &c. Translated from the German of C. H. Bogatzky.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound. Richardson, &c.

A recommendation of German Divinity will seldom be expected from the Monthly Reviewers.

MUSICAL.

- Art. 30. *Instructions for playing on the Music Glasses, with a Copper-plate, representing the Order and Manner of placing the Glasses, with such Directions for performing on them, that any Person, of a musical Turn, may learn in a few Days, if not in a few Hours.* By Miss Ford. Price 8s. with the Music; without the Music 3s. Fourdrinier.

The Reviewers do not understand *this* use of the Glasses.

ADDENDA to the POLITICAL.

- Art. 31. *Thoughts on the Times. To be continued occasionally.* No. I. containing, 1. *The Crisis, addressed to the Members of Parliament.* No. II. *The first Letter from Count ****.* No. III. *The second Letter to Count ****.* 8vo, 1s. Bristow.

Contains a variety of Observations, which might, perhaps, have proved agreeable to the palate of the public, had the Author put less *opium* into them. The vehicle, too, in which he has conveyed them, would have appeared more elegant, had he condescended to attend a little more to the circumstance of Orthography; for Beau-spelling makes but an indifferent figure in Politics: but this defect, which chiefly occurs in the Proper Names, we would suppose to be the fault of the Printer.

SINGLE SERMONS.

1. **C**H RIST'S Nativity the good Tidings of great Joy to all People. —On Christmas Day, at Collingtree, in Northamptonshire. By John Clarke, Rector of Collingtree. Fuller.

2: Concio

2. *Cōcilio ad Clerum in Synodo Provinciali Cantuariensis Provinciae, habito ad D. Pauli, Die 6to. Novembris.* A Gulielmo Friend, S. T. P. Ecclesiae Christi Metropolitanae Cantuariensis Decano. Jussu Reverendissimi et Commissariorum. Barker.

3. *A plain Sermon on the Gospel Terms of Salvation*,—at St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey in Surry. By Farmery Maltus, Curate of the said Parish. Lewis, in Pater-noster Row.

4. *Before the Mayor and Corporation of Chester, October 25,* being the Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession. By Edward Manwaring, A. M. Prebendary of Chester. Longman.

5. At St. Clement Danes, January 17, 1762, occasioned by the Death of the Right Rev. Father in God Dr. Thomas Hayter, Lord Bishop of London: By the Rev. Richard Stainsby, Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, and Lecturer of St. Mary le Strand. Gardner.

In Answer to Mr. Pilkington's Enquiry into the meaning of our Declaration, in the last APPENDIX, page 515, where speaking of his Controversy with Mr. Pothergill, viz. "that we had subjects of more importance to attend to,"—we conceive it to have been sufficiently intimated, that we were engaged to the public for the dispatch of so much business, as would not allow us to enter into a debate, concerning points of doctrine which have been so often, and so diffusively treated, by abler pens.—The *Salvation of Mankind*, we trust, is out of the question.

•• A Letter has been received, apprizing the Reviewers of a Mistake in their Number for November, 1761, page 334; where, in a Note, it is implied that Dr. Pemberton wrote under the Name of *Philalethes Cantabrigiensis*, in the Controversy there mentioned. But, on the contrary, the Letter-Writer assures us, that this *Philalethes* was the *Antagonist* of Dr. Pemberton, as well as of Mr. Robins; and that it was not certainly known who the person was who wrote under that name, as he never thought fit to disclose himself.

N. B. An account of the Work, entitled *Universal Reformation*, will be inserted next Month; this Article, as well as some others, having been retarded by the indisposition of one of our Assistants.

T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,
For M A R C H, 1762.



The History of John Sobieski, King of Poland. Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé Coyer. 8vo. 6s. in Boards. Millar.

THE first accounts of Poland, like those of most other countries, are involved in obscurity, and over-run with fiction. A people whom the Romans thought not worth the conquering, stood but little chance of having their events recorded in the Annals of History. Indeed the History of the original inhabitants of Poland would, as Voltaire observes of another people, be little more interesting than that of the wild beasts of their country. The ancestors of the Poles were the antient Sarmatians, and they did not lose that name till about the sixth century. Their dominions were very extensive. "It is something surprizing (says our Historian) that a barbarous people, without a leader and without laws, should stretch their empire from the *Tanais* to the *Vistula*, and from the *Euxine* sea to the *Baltic*; boundaries prodigiously distant, and which they enlarged still further by the acquisition of *Bohemia*, *Moravia*, *Silesia*, *Lusatia*, *Misnia*, *Mecklenburg*, *Pomerania*, and the *Marches of Brandenburg*." That they did extend their dominions over the countries above-mentioned, is beyond a doubt; but that they were without a leader, or without laws, are assertions which we believe our Author would find it difficult to maintain. Most of the Northern Emigrants moved in Clans or Companies, which evidently implies their confociation. The customs of these societies answered the end of laws, and those customs therefore might properly be called their laws. That they were without a leader is still more improbable than that they were without laws. All the excursions of Barbarians, that History could give any particular account of, appear to have been

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conducted by some distinguished Hero, to whom the Savages, ~~for a time, deputed that power~~; though after they became masters of the countries they attacked, they withdrew it. The *Sarmatians*, till the middle of the sixth century, are not known to have had any King. "About the year 550, *Leck* formed a design of civilizing them, though he was but a *Sarmatian* himself. He begun with cutting down trees, and erecting himself a dwelling. Other huts were soon raised round this model; the nation, hitherto erratic, became fixed; and *Gnesna*, the first city of *Poland*, took the place of a forest. *Leck* soon drew the eyes of his equals upon him, and by displaying talents fit for government as well as action, he became their master, with the title of *Duko*, when he might as easily have assumed that of King." In this instance again the Historian overshoots himself, for certainly *Leck* would have found it more difficult to have gained the title of Ruler than that of Leader, from a people who had never been under subjection.

"From the time of this Leader down to the present age, Poland has been successively governed by other Dukes, by *Vaivods*, now called *Palatines*; by Kings, Queens, and Queen-Regents, with the intervention of frequent *Inter-regna*." Sure never was any Crown disposed of in so many different ways as that of Poland! sometimes it has been sold, sometimes balloted for, and sometimes run for. "In 804, the Poles being embarrassed about the choice of a Governor, offered their Crown as a prize to the best runner; a practice antiently known in Greece; and which did not appear to them more singular than to annex the Crown to Birth. It was won by an obscure youth, who took the name of *Lesko II*. The annals of that age say that he retained, under the Royal Purple, the modesty and gentleness of his former fortune, and was fierce and audacious only when he took the field against the enemies of the state."

The following instance of chusing a King is not less extraordinary than the last mentioned. After the death of *Pozniel II*, who left no issue, violent contests arose about the right of dominion, "till the nation, grown weary of tearing itself in pieces, (a thing which it had not done in a more uncivilized state) saw the necessity of taking speedy refuge under the government of a single person. The candidates met at *Cruswick*, a village in *Cujavia*, where an inhabitant of that country received them in his rustic cot, entertained them with a frugal repast, and displayed a sound judgment, an honest and humane

humane heart, abilities superior to his condition, a resolute mind, and a love for his country, which these madmen did not feel in their own breasts. Ambitious men, who themselves despair of governing, chuse rather to submit to a third person, who has not entered into the competition, than to obey a rival. In the present case, they determined in favour of virtue; and by this means repaired, in some measure, the mischiefs they had occasioned by their contests for the throne. *Piast*, therefore, the virtuous peasant, was chosen King."

The origin of the Republican Power in Poland, according to our Author, was as follows:

"In the fourteenth century *Casimir* the Great, being impatient to put an end to a long war, made a treaty of peace which the enemy required to be ratified by all the estates of the realm. Being assembled for this purpose, they refused their concurrence, and from this time were convinced that it was not impossible to establish a Republic, and at the same time keep a King.

"The foundations of this constitution were laid even before the death of *Casimir*, who having no son, proposed his nephew *Lewis*, King of *Hungary*, for his successor. The *Poles* gave their consent, but it was upon such conditions as laid heavy fetters on absolute power. They had attempted more than once to lessen it by rebellion, but they now attacked it by treaty. Their new ruler exempted them from all contributions, and gave up an established custom, by which the nation defrayed the charges of the court in all journeys. He engaged also to repay his subjects, all the expences *he was forced to be at*, and even all the damages they should sustain, in any war which he undertook against the neighbouring powers. No conditions are thought burdensome when a crown is to be obtained."

Thus did the *Poles*, in a great measure, drain the source of Royal Prerogative; but it was not till *Jagellon*, King of *Lithuania*, obtained the crown, that the republican form of government was established. This prince, who married *Hedwigia*, youngest daughter of *Lewis*, by offering to incorporate the crown of *Lithuania* with that of *Poland*, and subscribing to the republican form of government, prevailed upon the *Poles* to set aside the right of succession, and to reject *Sigismund*, who had married the eldest daughter of *Lewis*.

"A Republic was now established, composed of three estates; the King, the Senate, and the Equestrian Order."

The King's portion was Majesty; Power fell to the Senate; and Liberty was the share of the Equestrian Order; an order including all the rest of the nobility, and which soon set up tribunes by the name of Deputies. These Deputies represent the whole Equestrian Order in the General Assemblies of the nation, called *Diets*, and put a stop to all proceedings there, whenever they please, by their right of *Veto*.

“The Plebeians, or common people, who had in the *Roman* republic a share of the sovereign power in common with the Senate and the Knights, the *Poles*, actuated by different principles, have placed upon a level with the cattle that till the ground.

“The Legislative Power belongs essentially to the Diet, which the King is obliged to call together every two years; and in case of his failure, the Republic has a right to assemble by its own authority.

“When the Diet is assembled, all the doors are left open to every one, because it meets to deliberate upon the public good. Persons who go there out of meer curiosity are struck with the grandeur of the spectacle. The King, seated on an elevated throne, the steps of which are decorated with the great officers of the crown; the Primate, almost vying in magnificence with the King; the Senators, forming two venerable rows; the Ministers of State, over against the King; the Deputies, more numerous than the Senators, disposed round about them, and all standing. The foreign ambassadors and the Pope's Nuncio have also a place allotted them, but the Diet may make them retire whenever it thinks proper.”

We cannot but observe, that in the constitution of this *Polish* Diet, there is one most absurd and most mischievous law, viz. that the opposition of one single member may annul the decrees of the whole assembly. Thus if any member should happen to be of a petulant or contradictory disposition, or should suppose that any particular decree might interfere with his private interest, nothing could be done.

The Crown of *Poland* did not become absolutely elective till towards the latter end of the sixteenth century.

“*Sigismund Augustus*, dying without children, the *Poles* took this opportunity of guarding their liberty with new bulwarks. They examined into their old laws, limited many, extended some, and abolished others; and after many debates,
it

it was agreed that the Kings, elected by the nation, should make no attempts to get their successors appointed : that they should not so much as propose any one to the state for this purpose, and consequently should never assume the title of *Heirs of the Kingdom.*"

Now with respect to the question, Whether an elective succession of Kings is preferable to an hereditary one, we should indeed give our opinion in the negative. It is true, *pars habet utraque causas*. When a nation has the power of electing its King, it may always have good Kings, because it is not necessary that it should have any other motive to its choice than merit. But when the general depravity of mankind is considered ; when it is observed how many very different motives, faction, or interest, or prejudice may produce ; and what heart-burnings and divisions may be created by competition, particularly in a state whose nobles may become candidates for the crown, it were certainly better to avoid the miseries of civil debate, by an hereditary succession of Kings. It may indeed be objected that, in this case, you are obliged to take the bad with the good ; but in a mixed government, like that of *Poland*, where the prince is nothing more than a meer shadow of power, it is matter of very little moment who sits upon the throne. The *Poles* have of late, however, made some advantages of the elective succession which have not yet been mentioned. By offering the Crown to the best bidder, the nobility, who are the sole electors, have found a means of improving their private fortunes ; and this indeed is no trifling consideration with the *Polish* nobility, many of whom are very poor and very proud.

Having thus given our observations on the *French* Historian's prefatory sketches of *Poland*, we shall now proceed with him to his History of the celebrated *John Sobieski*.

Our Hero was born in the year 1629, when *Sigismund III.* was King of *Poland*, in the castle of *Olenko*, a small town in the palatinate of *Russia*. He was grandson, by the female line, to the famous *Zolkiewski*, who, together with one of his sons, bravely fell at the head of the *Polish* infantry, rather chusing, with the few forces he had left, to be cut to pieces by the *Turks* and *Tartars*, than by deserting them to avail himself of the means of escape. The head of *Zolkiewski* was carried to *Constantinople*, but it was redeemed by the *Poles*, and both he and his son were buried in the same grave in *Poland*. On their monument was inscribed this Latin verse :

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor !

Sobieski never read this inscription without emotions, which excited him to vengeance. In 1649 *Casimir V.* King of *Poland*, marched at the head of his army against *Cbmilienski*, a malcontent, who with a formidable army of Cossacks and Tartars, had made dreadful destruction in *Poland*. It was now that young *Sobieski* first appeared to any great advantage in military exploits. "All that had been yet observed in him, was an impetuous ardor that made him insensible of danger, and a greediness after military knowledge, which carried him where duty did not require his presence. He succeeded his father in the starosty of *Javorow*, in the palatinate of *Russia*, and appeared in the army at the head of a select troop. In the many skirmishes which must needs happen with an enemy who fled only to return to the charge, he shewed that nature had given him all the courage of a soldier, and what is much more uncommon, that happy quickness of discernment, which indicates a general. A singular event displayed the credit he had acquired in so short a time. The *Polish* army mutinied in the camp of *Zborow*, a city of little *Poland*, upon the borders of *Podolia*; and every method of quieting the sedition, persuasion, menaces, and even the cannon of the *Lithuanian* troops, was made use of in vain by the General *Czarnefski*. The attempt was given up as hopeless, when *Sobieski* desired to be employed. The temerity of extraordinary men is justified by the success that attends it. It is easy to conceive what address and eloquence he needed to persuade men who had arms in their hands. The young orator carried his point, and that empire over the minds of men, which would have done honour to a consummate General, advanced to the height of glory a youth who had yet borne no public office. The King rewarded him by making him Great Standard Bearer to the Crown."

Sobieski distinguished himself also in a singular manner against *Charles Gustavus* of *Sweden*, who had successfully invaded *Poland*. "He blocked him up between the *Vistula* and the *Sarus*, hindered his being supplied with provisions, harassed him with continual skirmishes, and receiving intelligence that *Douglas*, one of the *Swedish* Generals, was advancing with a body of six thousand men to disengage the King, he left his infantry to continue the blockade, marched with his cavalry to meet *Douglas*, swam across the *Pilza*, a river much swelled by the melting of the snow, and with that celerity which *Cæsar* considered as the first qualification of a General, surprized *Douglas*, defeated him, and pursued his army eight miles towards *Warsaw*."

About

About the thirty-sixth year of his age, *Sobieſki* married *Mary Caſimira*, a French lady, one of the maids of honour to the Queen of *Poland*. He had before this been appointed Grand-Maſhal of the Crown, and in 1667 he was made Grand-General. Thus he had, what no ſubject ever had before, both the civil and military power in his hands.

Happily for him, the envy which this accumulated power might have drawn upon him, was entirely obviated by an event, which placed him on the higheſt pinnacle of popular glory.

About this time the *Coffacks*, in conjunction with the *Tartars*, to the amount of an hundred thouſand, had invaded *Poland*. Havock and deſtruction went before them, and deſolation followed. The King of *Poland* ſhook on his throne. The finances were in a wretched condition, and the ſtanding army, ſcarce amounting to ten thouſand men, being ill paid, was both diſheartened and diſaffected. It was now that *Sobieſki* appeared to be that great man our Hiſtorian repreſents him. Far from being affected by the general panic which had made others inactive, his faculties ſeem to have been newly animated by danger. He took the labouring oar, uſed every poſſible means to recover the finances, and ſtrengthened them by his private fortune. In his own large demefnes he raiſed a conſiderable body of recruits, which, joined to others, made up the army to 20,000. About 8000 of theſe he ſent off in different detachments, ſome as light troops to harraſs the enemy in their march, and others to defend the paſſes. With the remaining 12,000 he encamped. The enemy approached his camp, and about ſeventeen days paſſed in little more than ſkirmiſhing. At length, with a reſolution which ſurprized every body, he led out his little force to give open battle to the whole *Tartarian* army. The *Tartars*, who could ſcarce believe it poſſible to draw him out of the camp, with a horrid ſhout of joy, teſtified their ſurprize. *Sobieſki*, well acquainted with the *Tartarian* manner of fighting, knew that if once they were thrown into confuſion, they could never recover their ranks. He therefore determined to break in upon them at the firſt onſet. This ſucceeded. The *Poles* made one vigorous puſh. The *Tartars* were confuſed, defeated, and ſlaughtered.

This victory aſtoniſhed all Europe, and the name of *Sobieſki* ſtood in the firſt rank of heroes.

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In the year following, 1668, *Casimir*, weary of the fatigues of government, or more probably disgusted with the remonstrances of *Polish* freedom, and that general dissatisfaction which his government gave, determined to abdicate the crown, and retire to an abbey in *France*. As his Speech to the Diet, before his abdication, and relative to it, is somewhat extraordinary, we shall give it our Readers: though possibly it is no more the Speech of *Casimir*, than *Livy's* Speeches were those of the heroes to whom he ascribes them.

‘ *People of Poland!*

‘ It is now two hundred and eighty years that you have
 ‘ been governed by my family. The reign of my ancestors
 ‘ is past, and mine is just going to expire. Fatigued by the
 ‘ labours of war, the cares of the cabinet, and the weight of
 ‘ age; oppressed with the burdens and sollicitudes of a reign
 ‘ of twenty-one years, I, your King and Father, return in-
 ‘ to your hands, what the world esteems above all things, a
 ‘ Crown; and chuse for my throne six feet of earth, where I
 ‘ shall sleep in peace with my fathers. When you shew my
 ‘ tomb to your children, tell them that I was the foremost in
 ‘ battle, and the last in retreat; that I renounced regal gran-
 ‘ deur for the good of my country, and restored my sceptre
 ‘ to those who gave it me. It was your affection for me that
 ‘ exalted me to the highest rank, and it is my affection for
 ‘ you that makes me quit it. Many of my predecessors have
 ‘ transmitted the sceptre to their children or brothers; and I
 ‘ deliver it to my country, whose child and father I have
 ‘ been: and from this moment I descend from the pinnacle
 ‘ of greatness to mix with the inferior throng; from a ruler,
 ‘ I become a subject; from your King, your fellow citizen,
 ‘ and leave my throne to *whosoever* you shall think worthy to
 ‘ fill it. The Republic will make a good choice, and be
 ‘ blessed with prosperity, if Heaven listens to the prayers I
 ‘ shall put up in the solitude to which I am retiring. No-
 ‘ thing remains but that I thank the Republic for all the fa-
 ‘ vours it has done me, for all the advice it has given me,
 ‘ for all the loyalty it has shewn me; and if, contrary to my
 ‘ intention, I have had the unhappiness of displeasing any, I
 ‘ desire them to impute it to the misfortune of the times, or
 ‘ to fate, and to forgive me, as I forgive all who may have
 ‘ offended me. I bid you all adieu, and bear you all in my
 ‘ affections. Distance of place may separate me from the
 ‘ Republic, but my heart shall always be with that affectionate
 ‘ parent; and I ordain that my ashes be deposited in her
 ‘ bosom.

Such was the abdicating speech of *Casimir*; but when he said his heart should always be with the Republic of *Poland*, he did not consider what future attachments it might have. For afterwards, when he retired into *France*, became prior of two abbeys, and was privately married to a washer-woman, at his death he bequeathed his heart to *France*, and his body only to *Poland*.

Casimir was succeeded in the Kingdom of *Poland* by the still weaker and more unfortunate *Michael*. The *Poles* finding this prince unfit to govern, formed a confederacy to depose him. In this confederacy were the principal nobility, and among the rest *Sobieski*. The King, however, preserved a party in his favour among the equestrian, or lower order of nobility, upon the strength of which he ventured to proscribe all those who were of the confederacy; and a price was set on the head of *Sobieski*. But our Hero being at the head of the veteran army, who regarded him much more than they did the King, was the less exposed to danger.

During these unhappy divisions in *Poland*, the *Turks* and *Tartars* invaded that country with two formidable armies. Upon this appearance of public danger, *Sobieski*, like a truly great man, forgot all civil animosity, and turned his attention solely to the defence of his country, and of that King who had offered a price for his life. The *Tartarian* army, which consisted of 130,000 men, and was divided into three columns, he totally routed in three several battles. After this he would probably have served the *Turks* in the same manner, had not the mean-spirited *Michael*, who all this while had not once moved against the enemy, basely purchased a peace by making himself and his country the slaves of the *Porte*. But notwithstanding the pusillanimity of their King, the hearts of the *Poles* were indignant of the disgrace, and particularly the soul of *Sobieski* could not bear it. Before the first payment of tribute was made, he marched at the head of the *Poles* against the *Turkish* army, which were encamped on the frontiers of *Poland*, at *Choczin*. The *Turkish* army consisted of 80,000, and that of *Sobieski* of little more than half that number. He nevertheless gave them a total overthrow, and signalized himself as much by the personal courage of a private soldier, as by the skill and conduct of a commander.

Upon the death of *Michael*, which happened the day before the battle of *Choczin*, the Republic of *Poland* turned its eyes on *Sobieski*, and rewarded his extraordinary merit with the Kingdom. Our Historian gives us an Extract from a Discourse,

course, which, on this occasion, was delivered by way of Coronation Sermon, by the Palatine of *Culm*. As a curiosity it may possibly entertain our Readers, though it should give them no very favourable idea of *Polish* Oratory. *

‘ As St. *John* antiently prepared the way before the *Messias*,
 ‘ so the Republic, by delivering the diploma of Royalty to
 ‘ *John Sobieski*, prepares the way before her Lord, whose
 ‘ name is *John*. The Virgin *Mary* blessed *John* in his mo-
 ‘ ther’s womb, and Queen *Louisa Maria*, wife of *Casimir*,
 ‘ heaped blessings upon King *John*, by marrying him to *Mary*
 ‘ *D’Arguien*, that ocean of angelical qualities. The Re-
 ‘ public was deceived in the former election, by chusing *Michael*;
 ‘ but it now corrects that error by taking *John*. *John*
 ‘ is a name of grace which will re-establish military disci-
 ‘ pline, and the fortune of *Poland*. The *Moldavians* and
 ‘ *Wallachians* have paid homage to *John*, and taught us to
 ‘ worship him ourselves as the saviour of all Christendom.
 ‘ The sun generally appears when the clouds are gone, but
 ‘ frequently produces others. The new sun which rises in
 ‘ our horizon, promises us bread, and not thunder. We have
 ‘ waited for the holy spirit on the feast of Pentecost, and have
 ‘ received him in the person of *John*. On the same day that
 ‘ the church celebrates the festival of God our Saviour, con-
 ‘ cealed under the form of bread, behold we chuse ourselves
 ‘ another Saviour under the figure of a man. It was on a
 ‘ Saturday, the eve of the feast of the Trinity, that we all
 ‘ concurred in electing *John*, who is also Trinity himself,
 ‘ being our Son, our Father, and our King. It is not merely
 ‘ by chance that the election was delayed to the time of these
 ‘ great festivals. That of the Trinity indicates that the
 ‘ family of *John* will reign at least three hundred years: God
 ‘ grant it may be three thousand! It is the seed of *Jacob*
 ‘ which shall never be extinct, but be for ever a blessing to
 ‘ the Republic, &c.’ This Preacher, however, was not a true
 Prophet.

When *John* was elected to the throne of *Poland*, he did not fit down to enjoy the delights of regal luxury and magnificence; his thoughts seemed wholly bent on redeeming the honour and antient dominions of his country. Instead, therefore, of waiting for the pomp of a coronation, he marched

* It appears, however, that when Religion is not concerned, the *Poles* make no contemptible figure in Oratory; particularly in their speeches in defence of their Liberties, which are animated with a noble spirit.

his army into the *Ukraine*, with a design to recover it; which he would probably have effected, had he not been deserted by the *Lithuanian* troops.

The desperate situation he was in at *Zurawno*, where he was blocked up by an army of 200,000 *Turks* and *Tartars*, proved him in the event no less a politician than a hero. Our Historian has mentioned several reasons that might incline the *Turkish* General to peace; but as none of them seem to be sufficiently weighty, there might probably be some particular reasons, the effect of *John's* policy, that are not known.

In the behaviour of the Palatine of *Culm*, who went as Ambassador to the *Porte* to ratify this peace, we have a curious instance of the vanity and ostentation of the *Polish* nobility. He ordered his horses to be shod with silver, and the shoes to be slightly fastened with two nails, that in going to the Vizir's palace they might be lost and picked up by the gaping mob. One of these shoes being brought to the Vizir, *This infidel* (said he) *has shoes of silver, but a head of lead; since being sent hither by an indigent Republic, he does not make a better use of his money.* The peace that was now confirmed continued for some years, and *John* enjoyed the fruits of his military toils in quiet on the throne.

Book V. page 276, the Abbé regales us with the story of a Ghost. In 1681, "while the Diet was sitting, there happened an event which would be unworthy of the gravity of history, if it were not connected with public affairs. In the province of *Volhinia*, a Ghost that was said to appear in the house of a *Polish* nobleman, made such a noise as echoed over all the neighbouring provinces. The dead man said many things that affected the reputation of the living and the credit of the government. He even went so far as to order, in the name of God, some things to be done which displeased the King. The Jesuit *Gniwosz*, chaplain to the Grand General, attested the reality of the Apparition; but the King dispatched to the place an intelligent officer of the army, who had some difficulty to persuade himself, that the irrevocable laws of the other world were suspended merely to frighten the inhabitants of this. The affair turned out, as it always does, to be a meer comedy, which however ended tragically when the commissioner came to make his report. The King was at that instant surrounded with courtiers, and his confessor, *Pikarski*, another Jesuit, who had already had the direction of the consciences of two Kings, standing next him, Every one listened attentively to the history and contrivance

of

of the trick. At the unravelling of the plot, the King casting an angry look at the manager of his conscience, addressed him in these words: *Well, what does your rascal, Gnievosz, say to that?* The director, who preached up patience and Christian resolution to every one else, was himself so struck with this blow, that he survived it only eight days."

In 1683 *Mahomet IV.* meditated the conquest of the western empire. *Leopold*, then Emperor, an unwarlike prince, thought it necessary to strengthen his hands, by a treaty, offensive and defensive, with *John*. The *Poles* having enjoyed peace upwards of six years, the wounds they had received from the *Turks* and *Tartars* were pretty well healed; but it was certainly imprudent for them to break that peace, and expose themselves again to the ravages of these barbarians. *Leopold*, however, prevailed with *John*, by a motive which it was difficult for human nature to withstand. He promised him an Archduchess for his son Prince *James*, and through his influence, to continue his family on the throne of *Poland*, by hereditary succession. If *John*, as his Historian seems to think, was actually induced by these motives to break with the *Poles*, he acted a faithless part with respect to his Kingdom, and infringed his elective oath, which was, that he should not take even the most distant step towards the appointment of his successor. This charge his Historian takes no notice of, being, like other Encomiasts, industrious only to display the fair side of his hero's character. But however this might be, *John* certainly deserved the highest acknowledgements both from the Emperor and the whole Christian world, when, before the gates of *Vienna*, he routed the whole *Ottoman* army, consisting of more than 200,000 men. Before this victory, *Vienna* had been reduced to the utmost distress; and *Leopold*, who, with his whole family, had fled out of it, was every hour in uncertainty whether his reign were not at an end. The Reader will naturally anticipate the Emperor's gratitude to his preserver, and will read with indignation the following account of it:

"The question was, Whether an elective King had ever been present with an Emperor, and in what manner he had been received? The Duke of *Lorrain*, who listened only to the voice of gratitude, answered, *With open arms, if he had preserved the empire.* The Emperor was attentive only to his imperial dignity, and gave *John* to understand that he would not give him his hand, which was the reception the King of *Poland* expected in quality of a sovereign prince. After much cavilling,

cavilling, it was settled that they should meet in the open plain.

“ When the moment of the interview arrived, the King of Poland, in a Polish bonnet, and a plume of feathers, terminated by a large pearl hanging loose, clad in the same armour that he wore on the day of battle, with a Roman buckler, on which were engraved not the actions of his ancestors, but his own; and mounted upon a stately horse, with magnificent furniture, approached the Emperor with that heroic presence which nature had given him, and that air which his victory gave him a right to put on. The Emperor, dressed in a plain manner, as he usually was in his own court, and mounted accordingly, talked of nothing but the services done the Poles in all ages, by the friendship and protection of the Emperors. At last, however he let drop the word gratitude, for the preservation of Vienna. At this word the King, turning his horse, said to him, *Brother, I am glad that I have done you that small service.* He was going to put an end to the discourse, which grew disagreeable; but he observed his son, prince James alight from his horse, to pay his respects to the Emperor. *This is a prince (said he) whom I am educating for the service of Christendom.* The Emperor, without saying a word, only nodded his head: and yet this was the young prince whom he had promised to make his son-in-law. After this, what a reception could the Palatines, who attended the King, expect? One of them stepped forward to kiss his Imperial Majesty's boot; but he drew upon himself this reprimand from his master: *Palatine, no more!* And then they separated.”

Upon the occasion of this victory, John was complimented with a letter from *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, then at Rome; in which she told him, that “ He had made her feel for the first time the passion of envy, for that she really grudged him the glorious title of Deliverer of Europe.” We could wish that our Historian had favoured us with a copy of this letter. The Author of *Pensées ingénieuses* mentions it as an ingenious piece, and has quoted the following sentence from it: *Io che Regni più non hò, le devo la Conservazione della mia indipendenza e della quiete che io più stimo che tutti li Regni del mondo.* That is, I, who am no longer a Queen, am indebted to you for the preservation of my quiet and independence, which I esteem above all the Kingdoms in the world.

Hitherto we have beheld our hero only victorious, but he was not invincible. John was a man, and, as such, liable to human

human frailties. He was chagrined at the large claims which the Imperial army laid to the victory of *Vienna*, and was determined to convince them that he and his *Poles* could conquer without their aid. Accordingly, without making known his intentions, he marched with a body of his own troops to attack a part of the *Turkish* army at the fort of *Barcan*. Unhappily for *John* the *Turks* were many more in number than he expected, and being covered by a *tideau*, they fell upon the *Poles*, unaware that they were so near, and without giving them time to form, pushed their attack with such violence, that not a man stood before them. The King in vain endeavoured to rally his flying troops;—the moment they attempted to form, the *Turks* poured upon them like a torrent. *John* was involuntarily borne along with the tide of his flying soldiers, multitudes of whom were cut down by the sabres of the pursuers. He defended himself as long as he was able, and when through fatigue and corpulence he was almost breathless, he let the reins fall on the neck of his flying horse, and, being supported by two of his attendants, escaped with much difficulty from the *Turkish* sabres.

When he came within sight of the army which he had too rashly left, and the *Turks* desisted from their pursuit, he reposed himself in a field upon a bed of hay, and with a greatness of mind which did him more honour than any victory he ever gained, he ingenuously made the following acknowledgement :

Gentlemen, (said he to the German Generals who were about him) *I confess I wanted to conquer without you for the honour of my own nation : I have suffered severely for it, being soundly beat ; but I will take my revenge with you, and for you. To effect this must be the chief employment of our thoughts.*

This revenge it was not long before he obtained : with the indignant spirit of a wounded lion, at the head of the Imperial and *Polish* armies, he immediately attacked his conquerors, who, after a violent contest, were routed in their turn ; and to the dishonour of the Christian annals, 18,000 poor *Turks*, who vainly sued for mercy, were all massacred.

This was the last battle in which *John* reaped the laurels of victory. All the campaigns he made afterward, in attempting to obtain *Moldavia* and *Walachia*, and to recover *Kamienieck*, were alike ineffectual. Nor was he more happy at home than successful abroad ; the last years of his reign were embittered both by public and private disappointments, by the ingratitude of favourites, and the cabals of the disaffected. And the hero

hero who had deservedly acquired the glorious title of the Deliverer of Christendom, who had humbled the *Ottoman* power, and rescued his country from its yoke; in the decline of spirits and life, had the mortification to hear continual murmurings against his government, and to suffer the licentious insults of *Polish* freedom, which he was not able to repress. He died in the year 1696, in the 66th year of his age, and the 23d of his reign. *

It were to be wished that our Historian had made us better acquainted with his private life, and had shewn the Man as well as he has done the Hero and the King. Perhaps he thought it below the dignity of History to record the minute circumstances of domestic conduct; but it is by those we are best able to judge of characters. We are told, however, that *John* devoted the hours of peace to the elegant studies, and that he even once sacrificed to the muses, in a Poem on his daughter's marriage. His foibles seem to have been, too great a love of money, and too partial a regard to the interest of his own family, which he often preferred to that of his country.

Our Historian has not done his Hero all the justice he might have done him; and his work, though spirited and sensible, is in some points too diffuse, and in others too brief. The Translation, though not heavy or perplexed, is very inaccurate,

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Sermons on various Subjects and Occasions. By George Fothergill, D. D. late Principal of St. Edmund-Hall, Oxford. Published from the Author's original Manuscripts, by Thomas Fothergill, B. D. Fellow of Queen's College. 8vo. 5s. 6d. bound. Rivington.

THE Importance of a religious Principle to personal Virtue and Happiness—the Scripture Motives to Goodness vindicated—the moral Influence of temporal and eternal Motives considered and compared — the Profitableness of Godliness illustrated — the Pleasantness of a good Life — the Honourableness of a good Life — the Excellency of Christian Knowledge a Motive to Steadfastness — the Purpose for which the Son of God was manifested—how the Manifestation of the Son of God is fitted to answer this gracious Purpose—the Prudence of regulating the Desire of GREAT THINGS — the Case of uncharitable Censure considered—

* The Chevalier de St. George married a daughter of this prince.
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the Nature of Heavenly-mindedness, and the Danger of some Habits repugnant to it—God the Giver of Rain and fruitful Seasons, and the Uses we ought to make of that Consideration—the Influence of Piety on the Conduct of human Life—the Nature of Christian Watchfulness, and its Necessity from the Uncertainty of Life——Man's Ignorance of the Time of his own Death considered and vindicated,—are the subjects contained in the Volume here before us. These subjects the Author treats in a clear, rational, and instructive manner, without any metaphysical subtleties or refinements. His turn of thought and expression is ingenious and sprightly; and though there is nothing pathetic in his discourses, yet they display a large share of manly sense, which cannot fail of rendering the perusal of them agreeable to every judicious and candid Reader.

The following specimen, taken from his second sermon, wherein he vindicates the Scripture Motives to Goodness, will enable our Readers to form a just idea of his style and manner.—The words, from which he discourses, are, *Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come, &c.*

He sets out with observing, that no argument has more frequently, or hitherto more successfully, been made use of by the advocates for Christianity, in proof of its great excellence and usefulness to mankind, than the *powerfulness and efficacy of its motives to goodness*. The argument is indeed such as the enemies of Revealed Religion have generally thought it prudent to touch upon with caution and reserve. They have argued with much seeming subtilty against some of its *doctrines*, and declaimed plausibly against some of its *precepts*; but as to its *promises*, they have no more been able to find any thing to object against them, than they have been able to produce any thing *worthy to be compared* with them.

We must not, however, boast the *undisturbed* possession even of this argument. If we will believe some late Writers, *rewards* are, in their nature, so far from being calculated to promote the real interests of moral virtue, that they do, in proportion to their influence, destroy every thing that is valuable in it; the obvious consequence of which is, that the greatness of such their influence should rather be considered as an argument against, than a proof of, the excellence of any scheme of morality which lays much stress upon them. Lord Shaftesbury is well known to be every where full of refinements

finements of this kind; and the Author of *Christianity as old, as new*, does more than insinuate, *that to do a thing in hopes of being rewarded for it hereafter, is to act upon a servile principle, and such an one as comes far short of his favourite one of regard to (what he calls) the original obligation of the moral fitness of things.*

The question, therefore, concerning the propriety of recommending virtue from the advantages annexed to it, becomes a question of some importance, and such as the honour of revealed religion is very nearly concerned in. Accordingly our Author endeavours, by considerations drawn from experience and the nature of things; first, to shew that virtue is capable of being promoted by rewards; secondly, to prove, that virtue actually needs to be thus promoted, and that rewards are not only proper, but necessary incitements to the practice of it; thirdly, to examine and obviate some of the most usual exceptions against the forementioned inducements to virtue; and lastly, to draw some useful inferences from the foregoing considerations.

We shall lay before our Readers what he advances upon his second head of discourse. "We are apt sometimes to talk of virtue, says he, as of some *exalted personage*, and, in our language, to bestow a kind of *divinity* upon it; and, when we have done this, 'tis no wonder we are led to ascribe to our imaginary deity such degrees of perfection and self-sufficiency, as experience will by no means justify us in. But if we would, to any good purpose, enquire what is really necessary for the maintenance and promotion of virtue, we must consider virtue not abstractedly and in idea, but as it subsists in such creatures as men. When therefore it is asserted, that virtue actually needs to be promoted by rewards, the meaning is plainly this, that men, before they will engage heartily in, and adhere steadily to, the cause of virtue, do really need to be satisfied they shall be rewarded for so doing. The question thus stated may be brought to a short issue, by considering the nature of man, and his circumstances with regard to things about him.

"As to man's nature, without attempting any minute and particular enumeration of the faculties of the soul, it may be sufficient to observe, (what, I suppose, will hardly be denied) that passion or affection enters into our constitution, as well as intelligence or reason. And whatever pre-eminence may be allowed to reason, (as, no doubt, much ought to be allowed) yet we find in particular cases, without something of passion

the determinations of reason would but very rarely produce any considerable effects. *Desire, hope, fear, &c.* are the great *springs* of human action, without which our other powers would move but *heavily*. That this is the case, daily experience sufficiently testifies; and arguments *against* experience are only to be answered by fresh appeals to it.

“ If it should be asked, ‘ Whether man would not be more perfect, had he no occasion for his passions; and were reason sufficient at all times not only to direct and determine his choice, but to secure a proper execution?’—The question is idle and impertinent at least, if not impious. God has made us with affections as well as with understanding; and ’tis *our* business to make a *right use* of his gifts, not to quarrel with them, i. e. with him for giving them, But more directly I answer, We might perhaps be more *perfect beings* were we *actuated* as well as *informed* by *pure reason*; but we should not be more *perfect men*. Reason without affection is the perfection of *angels*, or rather indeed of God only. The perfection of man (as of every other being) consists in the *due disposition* and *regular exercise* of all those faculties which are properly natural to him; not in the *inactivity*, and much less in the *extirpation* of any.

“ The result then is this: man is a being of a *mixt* nature; and in order to gain his attention to, and secure his concurrence with, any proposal of importance, application must be made to *each part* of him. Now, whatever be determined concerning the precise and proper object of reason, it must be allowed that *happiness* is the object of the affections. Though therefore we may convince the *understanding* by illustrating the *recltitude* of any undertaking; yet, by a prospect of some *advantage*, we must *excite* the affections. And *both* must be done at least, generally speaking, if we would succeed in our exhortations, and engage the *man*.

“ What is here observed holds true upon the most *abstracted* consideration of the nature of man; even supposing each of his powers to maintain its proper province, and the just balance to be preserved between them. Happiness (we see) is as necessary to *engage* the affections as reason is to *conduct* them. And accordingly (I may observe before a Christian audience) this was the method in which God *himself* thought fit to apply to our common parent for obedience even in paradise. *Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat*

of it. Here is man's duty declared to him. But did his Maker leave it thus to his understanding and reason without any enforcement? Quite otherwise. How then did Infinite Wisdom think fit to enforce it? Why, not by insisting *only*, or (as far as appears) *at all*, upon the fitness of the injunction itself, or even upon the reasonableness of *Adam's* acting agreeably to the relation he stood in to his great Creator and Benefactor. These considerations, how proper soever, were not such as his obedience even then was to be wholly entrusted with; his affections were to be applied to, and particularly his fears to be awakened: and accordingly we find the forementioned declaration of his duty seconded with this solemn denunciation, — *In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.*

“ However, if we take a view of man's nature as we now find it, (a view against which no exception can be taken, either by the *avowed unbeliever* on one hand, or the *allegorical interpreter* on the other) our argument will receive still farther enforcement. The necessity of rewards will rise in proportion to the visible degeneracy of our nature. Be *virtue* never so *reasonable*, never so *amiable*, yet if *our* understandings are obscured and *our* wills perverted; if our reasoning faculties are weak and inattentive, and our passions at once irregular and strong; all *its* charms will be lost upon us. Some additional motives are in this state of things manifestly necessary, not only to give a proper *activity* and *direction* to our *disengaged* affections, but to *counteract* the perverse tendency of our *depraved* ones; to *awaken* our *attention*, to *assist* our *reason*, and (as it were) to *bribe* our wills into a right, but otherwise *unpleasing*, choice.

“ How exalted soever our notions of human nature may be, yet if we will be content to take this nature *as it subsists in individuals*, we shall find that virtue, notwithstanding its congruity to *reason*, is by no means generally agreeable to *inclination*. Indisposition at least, if not aversion to goodness, is what the sober part of mankind have in all ages complained of; and what the best of men have ever experienced, at least, at their first entrance on the paths of virtue. And whatever may be thought of that *moral-sense*, which has of late been contended for; 'tis certain, men have *other senses* besides *that*, and those generally far more importunate for their respective gratifications. Whoever seriously reflects on what passes within him, will not want the authority of revelation to convince him, that there is *a law in our members, warring against*

the law of our mind. And 'tis well if by all the promises, or even all the threats of the Gospel, we can prevent its *bringing men into captivity to the law of sin.*——But farther :

“ 'Tis not to be dissembled, that one great part of mankind will generally be found *engaged* in an interest opposite to that of virtue. And how shall we go about to recommend it to persons of *this* character ? From its native charms ? From its *fitness* or its *reasonableness* ? Alas ! *such* recommendations will naturally be looked upon as *idle tales* by these persons. They will turn a deaf ear to all we can say on this argument ; or, if out of *curiosity* they vouchsafe us the hearing, they will probably entertain us with scorn and mockery, as *babblers* or enthusiasts. The most serious of them will tell us, ‘ We all ‘ along *beg the question* : they *like* the way are in, and are far ‘ from envying us those refined gratifications we so much ‘ boast of.’ In truth, *self-love* is the most prevailing, if not the only universal, principle of human action. Where *this* can be wrought upon in our recommendations of virtue, some good may be done. But our exhortations will have no hold on the generality of persons, unless we can outbid their present schemes, and convince them that Godliness either *is*, with regard to the success of *these*, or with regard to some more important interest hereafter *will be*, great gain.

“ Add to all this, that cases may well be supposed, because such have frequently in fact happened, wherein a steady adherence to the cause of virtue shall not only oblige us to quit some present advantage, but to submit to some present inconvenience, and perhaps misery. Now some *counterbalance* should be provided against evils of this kind. The abstract *beauty* and *fitness* of virtue will be very insufficient for this purpose. Men are not generally *Stoicks* either in practice or opinion : nor is it fit they should be so. Pain and loss will still be counted *real* evils by the *sensible* part of mankind ; and to tell a man, in deep distress for his attachment to the interests of virtue, that *she is her own reward*, would justly be thought a very *unfriendly* method of *consolation*.—In fact, the fitness and amiableness of virtue will never, while men are men, be proof against those difficulties, to which a constant adherence to it will sometimes expose them. Nor can any provision be made against exigencies of this kind, which can *rationally* be deemed sufficient, unless some advantages be either given in hand, or ensured in reversion, to the adherents to virtue, which may be at least an equivalent for the advantages they are obliged to *forego*, or a recompence for the evils

evils they are obliged to *suffer*, in and for their adherence to it."

The whole of the Sermon is of a piece with the above extract, equally clear and sensible. *Rational arguments*, as our judicious Author observes, when seconded by *Gospel-motives*, will pierce deep into the soul, and be as nails fastened in a sure place; but without such enforcement, they rather gratify the ear than warm the heart, and are seldom found to leave behind any lasting impression. While the generality are entertained with harangues of this kind, the man of curiosity and refinement will probably *hear the word with attention*, and anon with joy receive it. Pleased to have his duty so elegantly described, and his own nature as well as that of virtue, set in so agreeable a light. But if we look into his life, we shall find the progress by no means answerable to such promising beginnings. The reason is, *he has no root in himself*; his resolutions were not grounded in the only lasting principle of his nature: his vanity was *soothed* indeed, and his curiosity *gratified*; but his desire of happiness was not wrought upon. No wonder therefore if *he dureth only for a while, and in time of temptation falleth away*.

R.

Universal Restitution, a Scripture Doctrine. This proved in several Letters wrote on the Nature and Extent of Christ's Kingdom. Wherein the Scripture Passages, falsely alledged in Proof of the Eternity of Hell Torments, are truly translated and explained. 8vo. 5s. sewed. Doddsley.

THE doctrine of Universal Restitution is so very agreeable to the natural sentiments of mankind, especially when we look upon ourselves as fallen creatures, that every human heart must necessarily, at least, *wish* it to be true. And in order to *prove* it so, the Author before us has taken a great deal of pains, and shewn himself master of no small share of sagacity and learning. We cannot, however, entirely approve of his *method*; for he first endeavours to establish his doctrine upon the principles of *natural reason*; and then tells us, that whatever this or that text of Scripture may possibly mean, it certainly cannot mean any thing contrary to the maxims he has laid down.—In our opinion, a more satisfactory method would have been, to have shewn (if he could) the doctrine of Universal Restitution to have been, in fact, the doctrine of Scripture, in *general*; and that, where

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* Written by one Mr. Stonehouse (not Dr. Stonehouse) of Bristol: a man of an odd character

particular texts (of which sort there are many) *seem* to contradict it, they do not do so *in reality*. Indeed he does, *sometimes*, attempt this; and when nothing else will do, a *new translation*, with the additional help of a *convenient paraphrase*, are found to be of great use, towards rendering the argument in hand somewhat more probable. In points of Revelation, however, the safest method seems to be, to stick, as near as possible, to the *literal* interpretation; and not profess ourselves wise above what is plainly written.

As the work before us consists of a long chain of argumentation, drawn out into the form of Letters, a general analysis of the whole would carry us beyond the limits of a Review. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving the subject of each Letter; which will shew the points intended to be proved; together with such extracts as may exhibit a just specimen of the Author's style, and method of argumentation.

In Letter I. he endeavours to prove, "*That the English words eternal, everlasting, far ever and ever, &c. are unscriptural, and express not the true import of the original words.*"

"The word [*αιων*] means not eternity," he says, (among other reasons)—"because such meaning of it is, in many instances, repugnant to other parts of Scripture; so 2 Cor. iv. 4. *In whom the God τε αιωνος τετα of this æon has blinded the minds of them that believe not, &c.* Now supposing the word æon to mean age and not eternity, Satan may here be aptly exhibited to us in this gross and horrible description of him, the God of this age or æon; but it were blasphemy to call him the God of eternity, besides the absurdity of styling him the God of *this* eternity; for the word *this*, so used, must imply some other eternity besides the present: and two eternities are an inconsistency in terms.

Letter II. "*That the Kingdom of CHRIST, which is called æonian, [*αιωνιος*] is not eternal.*"

As a certain evidence of this, he says, "We have the words of St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 24—27. *Then cometh the end when he shall deliver up the Kingdom to God even the Father; when he shall have invalidated all principality, and authority, and power, for he must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be invalidated is death, (or Heb. ii. 14. he who has the power of death, that is the devil) for he has subordinated all things under his feet.* But when he says that all
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is subordinated to him, it is manifest that he is excepted who did subordinate all things unto him; and when *the all* shall be subordinated unto him, then shall also the Son himself be subordinated unto him who subordinated all things unto him, *that GOD may be all in all*. In which words we find comprized the following points, viz.

“ 1st, That our Saviour’s kingdom shall have an end.

“ 2dly, That its end shall be after a previous subordination of all things to himself.

“ 3dly, That its end shall be by a surrender of the kingdom unto God the Father.

“ 4thly, And shall be attended with a subordination of the Son to the Father : And

“ 5thly, That this final subordination of *Christ*, being the ultimate end and point in view of all his wishes, must be the uttermost completion of the joy that was set before him.

“ The kingdom of *Christ* is that which he rules and conducts as Mediator. But when all things shall be subordinated unto him,—then will *Christ*’s mediatorial office cease, as having attained its purpose; and so ceasing, that great comprehensive æon of his mediatorial kingdom will be accomplished, and will be succeeded by a purely divine æconomy, wherein *Christ* will no longer reign as Mediator, but as God, and one with his Father.”

Letter III. “ *Christ*’s Kingdom what, and where it is, and when it began.

Letter IV. “ *Christ*’s Kingdom will consist of many successive parts or periods,”

One of these periods he supposes to be the *Millenium*.—In this Letter he also declares his opinion of the pre-existence of souls.

Letter V. “ The term *æonian*, applied to the word *spirit*, imports not that he is eternal.

Letter VI. “ *Logos*, the only begotten Son of God, is the true *æonian spirit*, and distinct as such from his Father.

Letter VII. “ *Farther Remarks on Christ*’s *æonian character*, implying his personal distinction.”

In this Letter he asserts the personal distinction of the *Logos* from the Father, as a doctrine supported by various texts

of Scripture; as the voice of the grand principles of our redemption: and then very properly adds, — “It is true, the *manner* of this distinction must be to us *inconceivable*; but if it might therefore be *denied*, we may also deny, for the same reason, that Christ is at once both God and Man; which yet is an unquestionable article of our faith.”

Letter VIII. “God wills EFFECTUALLY that all men shall be restored.”

In support of this doctrine he refers to 1 Tim. ii. 4. *God will have all men to be saved*; but he would have it translated, — *to be recovered or restored*, as more agreeable (in his opinion) to the Greek original [*σωθῆναι*] as well as the Syriac version.

Speaking of *Damnation and Restoration*, he says, — “All men as sons of *Adam*, are under doom of æonian death; all men as heirs in *Christ* are destined to an æonian life: but then this life, being in Christ only as the root, must first be by him quickened in a man, before that man can live; and this quickening is his *Restoration*. But then where this regenerating does not happen before the day of the divine wrath is disclosed, there is *Damnation*.”

“Neither life nor salvation belong to us as men; as men we are all obnoxious to divine wrath, and doomed to the terrors of the æonian death. Yet God expressly willeth that all men shall be *delivered* from their misery: this their *deliverance* must therefore certainly be in its due time; but God willeth not expressly that all men shall be *kept, preserved, or saved* from falling into misery; misery, therefore, may happen to many.”

Here (as we hinted before) our Author introduces his own method of argumentation, and translates his Scripture-proof (1 Tim. ii. 4.) as may best coincide with it. — A hazardous method in points where *Revelation*, and not *Argument*, should be our principal guide.

Letter IX. “Of the explicit and implicit will of God.”

By the *implicit* will of God he means, “that simple velleity in the Divine Mind, which lives there eternally, even while as yet undecreed, unproduced, unexhibited.” — By the *explicit* will of God he means, “what exists, as produced or exhibited out of the Father, in his Word or Logos, his æonianly or temporally formed will.”

Letter X. "CHRIST in his character of a Restorer considered at large." 1 Tim. iv. 10. We trust in the living God, who is [σωτηρ] the Restorer or Deliverer of all men, especially of the believers."

Sect. 1. "The sons of Adam were sinners before they became the sons of Adam."

Here our Author expressly mentions his "belief that the human soul was a fallen creature before the creation of this world, and that Adam was appointed to be our father with a view to our recovery." See Jer. i. 4, 5. John. ix. 2.

Sect. 2. "Christ the second Adam."

Sect. 3. "Christ the [σωτηρ] Restorer or Deliverer of all men." See Luke iii. 6. 1 John ii. 2. John iv. 42. 1 Tim. ii. 4. Tit. ii. 11. 1 John iv. 14. 2 Pet. iii. 9. — In all these texts, where the words *Salvation*, *Saviour*, or *saved*, occur, he reads *Restoration*, *Restorer*, and *restored*, in his quotation of them at large. — To shew the universality of this Restoration through Christ, he adds, — "His work will be a perfect and accomplished work, extending universally to every individual, seeing he will have all men to be restored, and come to the acknowledgement of the truth." 1 Tim. ii. 4.

Sect. 4. "Wickedness shall have its due punishment, yet not defeat our LORD's purposed Restoration."

The whole (he thinks) that we can conclude from the threatnings against the wicked is, not that the blood of Jesus shall never be applied to them, but that (Rev. xiv. 10, 11.) they shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God poured without mixture (i. e. without gust of hope or mercy) into the cup of his indignation; and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the lamb; (i. e. with their fullest approbation of that dreadful scene) and the smoke of their torments ascendeth up [ως αιωνων αιωνων] to an age of ages, or the æonian age; whilst ~~they~~ who are restored shall rejoice, because (Luke i. 77.) he giveth them the knowledge of their Restoration in the remission of their sins. Hence also we may presume it happens, that even the holy angels, and most benevolent and reasonable of all creatures, will behold the miseries of the damned with all approbation and praise; (Rev. xiv. 10. xix. 1—7.) even as God beheld the sufferings of his Only Begotten, in view of the glorious energies and issues which he had decreed to produce out of them."

Sect. 5.

Sect. 5. Christ the Restorer, *especially of those that believe.*"

"The *especial* Restoration of believers (he says) consists in that they are now, even in this life, without any accessory sufferings, without any damnation to be inflicted upon them, *restored to life*; having their sins obliterated, and their persons accepted, *merely for their believing.*" See *John* v. 24. *1 John* iii. 2, 14. *Heb.* x. 4. *Eph.* ii. 5. *1 John* v. 12. These texts are translated, as usual, by our Author; who afterwards adds,—"When one considers the vast difference between being thus received *in* the favour of God for believing only, and the passing through the horrors of hell-fire; one has abundant reason to apply the word *especial* to the salvation of those that believe.—So then the difference between the *especial* Restoration, and the *universal* Restoration, is still the difference, which, for the present æon, subsists between heaven and hell, between *Adam* in his state of innocence, and a lost soul in the realms of darkness."

Letter XI. "*The property of CHRIST, as Redeemer, may be doomed to æonian sufferings.*"

Sect. 1. "The beloved property of Christ may, for good reasons, be damned or accursed to certain pains and penalties due to a damned and accursed creature."—Thus the Jews, for whom our Lord declares his love to be indefeible, (*Rom.* xi. 28.) are, when not believing in Christ, in the damnation of Gehenna or Hell. (*Matth.* xxiii. 15, 32, 33.)

Sect. 2. "Those very Jews who are delivered up to the damnation of Gehenna, will be likewise delivered *out* of it, or in the vulgar phrase, be saved, i. e. *restored.*" See *Rom.* xi. 25, 26. *Micah* ii. 12, 13. *Isa.* xiv. 25.

Sect. 3. "Christ a ransom for all." *1 Tim.* ii. 6.

Letter XII. "*The doctrine of an universal Reconcilement to GOD in CHRIST, excludes not that of the damnation of the wicked [εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα] æonianly.*"

Letter XIII. "*The efficacy of CHRIST's sacrifice must extend to all his creatures.*" *Col.* i. 16, 20.—Upon this passage in the Epistle to the *Colossians*, our Author argues, that as the former verse is "an acknowledged proof that Christ *made all things universally*, bad as well as good,"—so the latter "is as powerful a proof, that he will *reconcile all things to himself*, bad as well as good: and to presume otherwise, to presume that *all things* in a former clause of a text, is not the *all things* in the latter clause of it, is to render the Scripture language

language doubtful, precarious, deceiving, which is by no means warrantable or serviceable to the truth."

Letter XIV. "*The extent of the promise, that death shall be no more.*" Rev. xxi. 4.

Letter XV. "*In CHRIST the first fruits, the whole Creation is deemed holy before God.*" Rom. xi. 16.

Letter XVI. "*A passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews (viz. chap. ii. 8, 9.) considered; and the fallen angels compared with fallen men.*"

The above passage he thinks so very decisive, that no other proof of the point in hand (he says) would be wanted; if the terms of it were not disputed. He reads it, however, very differently from the present translation, thus—

"*Now we see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus, crowned (i. e. rewarded) for the suffering of death, with glory and honour, lowered for a little while lower than the angels, that so he might taste death for all, excepting God.*"—His reasons for this great variation from the common reading, are too long for our insertion, as well as many other of his deductions from texts of Scripture, for which we must therefore refer to the work itself.

In the Letters XVII.—XXIII. inclusive, he considers various objections that have been raised against the doctrine of *Universal Restitution*, from the following texts of Scripture, viz. 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18. 1 Tim. i. 17. Matt. xxv. 46. Eph. iii. 10, 11. Heb. xiii. 20. Matt. xxvi. 24. Heb. ii. 16. —These texts he translates and comments upon, in a manner the most agreeable to his professed design. As to the propriety of such a method, we have hinted our own opinion already.—Those who chuse to consult the work itself, will find it fraught with a large share of bold reasoning, and by no means destitute of a considerable portion of learning, and skill in criticism. The language, however, is not the most accurate, in point of composition; owing, perhaps, to the Author's being more conversant in some other tongue, than the *English*.—But this is conjecture only.

In Letter XVIII. he mentions his intention of publishing a *second part*, in which he purposes to give his sentiments concerning the *human soul*: and at the end of the book, we are informed, by an *Advertisement*, that he will publish a SYRIAC GRAMMAR, with a defence of the Syriac Testaments; but as the work will be expensive, he says he "will require 600 subscribers

subscribers (a modest requisition truly !) before he begins to print it."—The terms of the subscription are not mentioned ; but if the 600 subscribers required, will apply to Mr. Doddsley or Mr. Cadell, they may know the terms on which it will be executed. But as the doing this must necessarily take up a considerable time, we despair of being able to give our Readers any account of the *Syriac Grammar*, for some years yet to come.

P

The Ever-Green, being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh printed. 12mo. 2 vols. 5 s. Donaldson. Sold by Richardson in London.

THESE Remains of the antient Scottish Muse, though involved in the obscurity of a Provincial Dialect, rendered still more difficult by time, have nevertheless afforded us much entertainment in the perusal. As in some antique pictures that have been defaced by years, if we can discern a few masterly strokes remaining, we regard them with greater veneration than if the whole were intire, so in these poetic monuments we have observed, with particular pleasure, that energy and simplicity by which many of them are distinguished.

The first Poem in this collection is the famous old song of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, written by James I. King of Scots ; and, old as it is, there is a good deal of true humour in it.

This is followed by the *Thistle and the Rose*, a Poem written in honour of *Margaret*, daughter of *Henry VII.* and wife to *James IV.* King of Scots. It is more intelligible than the former, being not near so old, and abounds with poetical description. The Author of this Poem was Mr. *William Dunbar*, whose works make a considerable figure in this collection.

The allegorical Poem, entitled *Virtue and Vice*, addressed to *James V.* and written by Mr. *John Bellentyne*, Arch-Dean of *Murray*, relates to the same subject, and is treated in the same manner, as the *Judgment of Hercules*, published in *Spence's Polymetis* : and perhaps our Northern production will not be found inferior to that performance.

But the Poem which, in our opinion, deserves the preference in this collection, is the *Vision*, an ode, said to be originally written in Latin by a learned Clerk in the year 1300, and

and translated by Mr. *Archibald Scot* in the year 1524.—If that was really the time of its translation, it is a most extraordinary performance, and a proof that Poetry was at that time in much greater perfection in *Scotland*, than it is generally supposed to have been.

To gratify, or rather to excite the curiosity of our Readers, we shall quote the following lines from the last stanza of this Ode, in which we make no other alteration than spelling the words according to modern orthography.

For FLORA in her clean array,
New washen with a shower of May,
Looked full sweet and fair;
While her clear Husband from above
Shed down his rays of genial Love,
Her sweets perfum'd the air.
The winds were hush'd, the welkin clear'd,
The glooming clouds were fled,
And all as soft and gay appear'd
As an Elysian shade.

By the second Volume of this collection we find that Poetical Wars existed, even in those simple times when these Poems were written, and that they were carried on in a manner quite as illiberal as the dirty squabbles of our modern bards. In this Volume is a long allegorical Poem, entitled, *The Cherry and the Slae*, which has some moral and poetical merit. *Hardyknute*, a Fragment, printed at the end of these Poems, has many beauties; but we have some suspicion that it is a modern performance.

Among these antient Scottish bards, Mr. *Robert Henryson* appears with great reputation as a Pastoral Poet; and he was undoubtedly the *Theocritus* of his time. His *Robin and Makyne* is written with all the simplicity and native beauty of the last mentioned Author; and the *Scottish* Dialect, having something of the broadness of the *Doric*, contributes not a little to the resemblance. We shall quote it as a farther specimen of this collection; and, for the amusement of our female Readers, who may probably understand little of the Dialect, we shall add a version of it in the modern taste, with which we have been favoured by an ingenious friend.

ROBIN and MAKYNE, a Pastoral.

I.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill
Keipand a flock of sic,
Quhen mirry MAKYNE said him till,
O ROBIN rew on me.

RAMSAY'S *Collection of Scots Poems.*

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
 Thir towmonds twa or thre :
 My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
 Doubtless bot dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,
 Naithing of Luve I knaw,
 But keip my Sheip undir yon wod,
 Lo quhair they raik on raw.
 Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
 Thou MAKYNE to me schaw ;
 Or quhat is Luve or to be lude ?
 Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

The Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,
 Tak thair an A, B, C ;
 Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyfe, hardy, kind and frie.
 Sae that nae danger do the deir,
 What dule in dern thou drie ;
 Prefs ay to pleis, and blythe appeir,
 Be patient and privie.

IV.

ROBIN, he answert her again,
 I wat not quhat is Luve,
 But I haif marvel uncertain
 Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.
 The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;
 My sheep gais hail abuve,
 Gif we sould pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

V.

ROBIN, tak tent unto my tale,
 And do all as I reid ;
 And thou fall haif my heart all hale,
 Eik and my maiden-heid :
 Sen God, he sends bute for bale,
 And for murning remeid,
 I dern with thee but give I dale,
 Doubtless I am but deid.

VI.

MAKYNE, the morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have ligg'd full neir.
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
 Frae they begin to steir,

Quhat

RAMSAY's Collection of Scots Poems.

Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then MAKYNE mak gude cheir.

VII.

ROBIN, thou reivs me of my rest ;
I luvè but thee alane.
MAKYNE, adieu ! the sun goes west,
The day is neir-hand gane.
ROBIN, in dule I am so drest,
That Luvè will be my bane ;
MAKYNE, gae luvè quhair eir ye list,
For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

ROBIN, I stand in sic a style,
I sich and that full fair.
MAKYNE, I have bene here this quyle,
At hame I wish I were.
ROBIN, my hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.
MAKYNE, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

IX.

Syne ROBIN on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree ;
But MAKYNE murt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.
ROBIN he bray'd attowre the bent,
Then MAKYNE cried on hie,
Now may thou sing, for I am shent,
Quhat can ail Luvè at me ?

X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,
And weirylic could weip ;
Then ROBIN in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheip.
Be that some part of MAKYNE's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir fast he followt to affail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

XI.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair MAKYNE,
A word for ony thing ;
For all my Luvè, it fall be thyne,
Withoutten departing.
All hale thy heart, for till have myne
Is all my coveting ;
My sheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
Will mistèr nae keeping.

ROBIN,

XII.

ROBIN, thou hast heard sung and fay,
 In jests and storys auld,
 The man that will not when he may,
 Sall have nocht when he wald.
 I pray to Heaven baith nicht and day,
 Be eik'd their cares sœ cauld,
 That presses first with thee to play,
 Be forrest, firth, or fauld.

XIII.

MAKYNE, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wether warm and fair,
 And the grene wod richt neir hand by,
 To walk attowre all where:
 There may nae janglers us espy,
 That is to Luvè contrair,
 Therein, MAKYNE, baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repair.

XIV.

ROBIN, that warld is now away,
 And quyt brocht till an end,
 And neir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend;
 For of my pain thou made but play,
 I words in vain did spend;
 As thou hast done sœ fall I say,
 Murn on I think to mend.

XV.

MAKYNE, the hope of all my heal,
 My heart on thee is fet;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Quhyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feil,
 Quhat grace so eir I get,
 ROBIN, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu, for this we met.

XVI.

MAKYNE went hameward blyth enough,
 Outowre the Holtis hair,
 Pure ROBIN murn'd and MAKYNE leugh;
 Scho sang and he sicht fair:
 Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
 In dolor and in care,
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,
 Among the rassy gair.

FINIS, quod Mr. Rob. Henryson.

The

The same modernized.

I.

Blithe COLIN sat on the green hill,
His flocks feeding carelessly round,
His pipe did the wide forest fill,
And echo reply'd to the sound.
Young LUCY, with Love in her eye,
That evening trip'd over the glads;
She look'd at the Swain, with a sigh,
That spoke the fond wish of a maid.

II.

Ah, COLIN, she cried, can you love;
Or must your poor Lucy despair?
No passion my bosom can move,
Said COLIN, my Flocks are my care.
My pleasure to feed a few sheep,
That wander along this gay grove;
But, Shepherdess, why do you weep?
O, tell me what is it to love?

III.

Let Love thy soft bosom beguile;
Then, COLIN, take counsel of me;
Still wear the sweet look of a smile,
Be resolute, tender, and free.
Tho' silently fall the fond tear
And pensive in private thy mind,
Still blithe in her presence appear,
Be patient, and prudent, and kind.

IV.

No passion my bosom shall move,
The Shepherd reply'd, with an air;
My heart is a stranger to Love,
And I cannot but smile at your care.
The evening is chearful and bright,
And my sheep are all ranging along,
Should they wander quite out of my sight,
I may rue that I prated so long.

V.

O COLIN, attend to my tale,
And do not my fondness upbraid,
But let my soft wishes prevail,
And taste the first Love of a Maid.
Since sorrow is follow'd by pleasure,
And laughter succeeds to a sigh,
Ah, let me not moan beyond measure,
Nor languish for COLIN, and die.

VI.

If, LUCY, you'll meet me to-morrow,
 Then haply ~~my~~ sheep may not rove;
 No time shall be yielded to sorrow:
 We'll lie in this grotto, and love.
 But, Shepherdess, this is my reason,
 You see my flocks wander astray,
 To trifle were now out of season,
 We cannot be happy to-day.

VII.

Ah, COLIN, you rob me of rest,
 You only possess my fond heart.—
 See, LUCY, the sun's going west,
 And the day just about to depart.—
 Dear COLIN, my sorrows increase.
 Indeed my poor heart will be broke:—
 Dear LUCY, e'en love whom you please,
 For in troth 'tis to me but a joke.

VIII.

How oft have I stood by yon stile,
 O COLIN, and languish'd along!
 We've stood here a wonderful while,
 Said COLIN, 'tis time to be gone.—
 Yet look on thy Love with a smile,
 E'en tho' I no more can obtain:—
 Seek some other Swain to beguile,
 To me thy caresses are vain.

IX.

Then COLIN walk'd over the plain,
 As light as the leaf on the tree,
 And left the poor Nymph to complain,
 That a Shepherd so cruel could be.
 And blithe as he whistled away,
 She sent her last words with a sigh;
 'Tis COLIN's to sing and be gay,
 'Tis LUCY's to love and to die.

X.

She spoke and continued to weep,
 As she wearily wander'd the vale;
 While COLIN assembled his sheep,
 To feed in a beautiful dale.
 But wounded that moment by Love,
 He felt a new pulse in his heart;
 Then hastily flew to the grove
 From whence he saw LUCY depart.

XI.

O stay, pretty Maiden, he cried,
 'Tis COLIN intreats you to stay.

Your

Your Love shall no more be denied,
 So prithee don't wander away.
 Believe me, to have thy fond heart
 Is all that thy COLIN desires;
 And my flock, if it will, may depart,
 But it now no more tending requires.

XII.

NB, COLIN, you've often heard say,
 And you'll find that the proverb holds good,
*That he who WILL NOT when he may,
 Shall sure be denied when he wou^do.*
 And I wish from my heart that each Maid,
 Who offers to COLIN her Love,
 And like me should by him be repaid,
 As cold and as careless may prove.

XIII.

How mild and how clear is the sky!
 The evening how chearful and gay!
 And, behold, the green-wood is hard by,
 Where Lovers at leisure may stray.
 No spy shall our pleasures invade,
 No jealousy enter the grove,
 We may safely repose in the shade,
 And give the dear moments to Love.

XIV.

No, COLIN, those hopes are no more,
 Thy vows and thy wishes are vain;
 The Love that you slighted before
 Shall never be offer'd again.
 When I unavailingly mourn'd,
 With my pain and my passion you play'd,
 So your grief shall like LUCY's be scorn'd,
 And your Love shall like her's be repaid.

XV.

O LUCY, the Hope of my Heart,
 My Pleasure, my Love, and my Joy!
 Be mine, and we never shall part,
 No time shall my passion destroy.
 Like others, unwilling to range,
 Or quit my old Love for a new.—
 As soon as you please you may change,
 Said LUCY, so, COLIN, adieu!

XVI.

Then carelessly over the vale
 She trip'd it away with a song,
 And COLIN was left to bewail
 The Love that he slighted so long.

196 *The Banquet. A Dialogue of Plato concerning Love.*

All under the rock as he lay,
And his sheep in the green forest kept,
In sorrow he pass'd the sad day,
And over the wild rushes wept.

La.

The Banquet. A Dialogue of Plato concerning Love. The first Part. 4to. 4s. Sandby.

IT is always with concern that we behold a Writer of distinguished learning and abilities, mispend his talents on subjects not likely to engage that general attention which is due to his merit. It is in this light that we view the labours of Mr. Sydenham, who has undertaken a work which demands great skill and application, and for which he has shewn himself eminently qualified; yet nevertheless we fear that it will not be attended with those advantages which we could wish, and which the Translator deserves. He has, beyond doubt, a thorough knowledge of his original; his notes are replete with erudition, and prove him intimately acquainted with the language, and minutest history of Greece.—But, to say the whole in one word, *Plato is unfashionable*. There have been few, it is thought, if any, Platonic Lovers; and we may venture to say, that the number of Platonic Readers is now very inconsiderable. The piece before us, however, promises more general entertainment than any of the preceding ones; for it treats of that inexhaustible and ever pleasing subject—Love. Nevertheless the Dialogue is not altogether conducted in a manner suitable to the modern taste. For though it affords abundant matter on which to exercise serious thought and philosophical speculation, yet it is not interspersed with those warm images, which quicken the pulse. As our limits will not permit us to enter upon minute animadversions in any article of this nature, it will suffice to give our Readers a short abstract of the *Argument*, which will enable them to form a general idea of the design and conduct of the piece.

The Speakers in this Dialogue are six;—*Phædrus, Pausanias, Eryximachus, Aristophanes, Agatho, and Socrates*. The first of them, *Phædrus*, was a young gentleman of the most ingenuous disposition, modest, candid, and a lover of truth; refined, elevated, and heroic in his sentiments. His diction pure and elegant; the periods round and well turned; but exemplifying the same sentiments, over and over again, in variety

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riety of language : and where the sentiments are various, void of all method or order in ranging them. The next speech is that of *Pausanias*, who appears to have been a statesman or politician, a great admirer of both the Spartan and Athenian laws, and an enemy to all other systems of government and manners. His style is clear and distinct, and he divides his subject properly ; is profuse in ornaments, and rather too nice and accurate ; diffuse and ample in his sentiments, though not in his expressions ; and taking a large compass of argument in the coming to his point. The next speaker to *Pausanias* is *Eryximachus*, whose profession was that of physic or medicine ; and his speech is suitable to his profession : for he considers the subject in a more extensive view. Beginning from the human body, both in its sound and morbid state, he goes on like a thorough naturalist, and pursues his instances through every part of nature, earth, air, and sky, up to that which vulgarly was deemed divine. Next after him speaks *Aristophanes*, that celebrated comic poet, through whose comedies, such at least as are still remaining, runs the same rich vein of humour, the same lively and redundant wit, the same licentiousness of sentiment and language, the same buffoon-like ridicule and drollery on the Gods, and the same loud pretension to piety and religion, which characterize his speech in the Banquet. The next speech is made by *Agatho*, the donor of the feast. *Agatho* was at this time a young man of a large fortune, generous, magnificent, and polished in his manners. His language is extremely poetical, florid, and abounding with metaphors. The last speaker on the subject is *Socrates*. He delivers nothing as from himself, but introduces another person assuming the majestic airs of a teacher, yet condescending, gentle, and affable.

Such is the *style* and *character* of the composition. The subject proposed to be spoken of is “ The Praise of Love,” simply and generally ; and the speech of *Phædrus*, who proposed it, takes the word *Love* in a general sense, so as to comprehend Love towards persons of the same sex, commonly called *Friendship*, as well as that towards persons of a different sex, peculiarly and eminently styled *Love*. *Pausanias* distinguishes between Love of the *Mind* and Love merely of the *Body*, proving them to be affections of very different kinds, because productive of very different effects.—*Eryximachus* considers Love as that universal principle in nature, which attracts, unites, or associates one thing to another in a regular

way; the effect of whose operation is harmony or *concord*: that which heals also the breaches made by the opposite, the disuniting and dividing principle, the cause of irregular motions and of discord.——*Aristophanes* treats of Love as other writers of Comedy do, taking it only in the grossest sense of the word, as it means the passion common to man with all brute animals.——And *Agatho* talks about it, like other enthusiastic Poets, in a vague manner, taking it in various senses; commonly, indeed, for the refinement of that passion between the sexes, but sometimes for great liking or attachment of the mind to any object: and then all at once, using the word to signify concord or harmony, *Socrates* goes much deeper into the subject, and premises certain universal truths relating to Love;—that the object of it is, *Beauty*; the *Essence* of it, *Desire*; its aim or end, the *Possession* of Beauty, or, if already possessed of it, the *Perpetuity* of that possession. Next, he considers Love as the *Desire* of *Good*; whatever is *beautiful*, being also *good*, so far as it is beautiful: and Love, peculiarly so called, being part of that universal Love, or desire of Good, common to all beings intelligent and sentient. The desire of immortality, he says, is of necessity annexed to the desire of good, or love of beauty. But personal immortality being impossible to be obtained by any being whose nature is mortal, every such being, prompted by nature, seeks to continue itself, and its enjoyment of good, in the only way possible, the propagation of its species, and the production of some being resembling itself. Hence the Love of that beauty, with which every animal is most smitten in the beautiful of its own kind, is accompanied with an instinct, of natural desire, to mix and unite with it, and thus to generate another animal of the same kind. From corporeal beauty, and that lower species of Love regarding it, man, as his mind opens more and is improved, naturally proceeds farther; attaining the sight of that beauty which is seen only by the eye of the mind, in the temper and disposition of some fellow mind; and fired with that Love which attends the sight of mental beauty. To that Love also is annexed, says *Socrates*, the desire of generating, of stamping upon that other mind its own thoughts, and of raising and nurturing between them an intellectual progeny, of generous sentiments and fair ideas. But if the soul be endowed with a genius of the highest kind, she rests not here, nor fixes her attachment on any one of these mental excellencies or beauties in *particular*. The genuine Lover of truth and nature rises from hence to the science of *mind* itself, in which all those excellencies and beauties are

comprehended; and contemplates that *universal original and exemplary beauty*, of which she herself partakes. In this science only, that of *mind*, does Plato allow the name of true *wisdom*; the Love and pursuit of this supreme beauty, he calls *philosophy*: and to the embraces or enjoyment of it, and to no other cause, does he ascribe the generation and growth of true *virtue*.

From this abstract of the Dialogue before us, the Reader may perceive that it is conducted with great judgment and analytical skill; and though the sentiments are many of them antiquated, and exploded, and the wit and humour of the piece has, from the distance of time and the change of manners, lost much of its poignance, yet it may still afford entertainment to the attentive and philosophical Reader.

R. d.

The Art of Speaking. Containing, 1. An Essay, in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking. And 2. Lessons taken from the Ancients and Moderns, (with Additions and Alterations, where thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italicks: with Notes of Direction referring to the Essay. To which are added, a Table of the Lessons, and an Index of the various Passions and Humours in the Essay and Lessons. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bound. Longman, &c.

THE Public is indebted for this performance to the ingenious and worthy Author of the DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE*. His present work is a laudable attempt to excite greater attention to an important part of education than is generally paid to it. How far the Author has succeeded in his attempt, our Readers will be better able to judge from a few extracts, than from any general account that can be given.

The whole work consists of *Lessons*, taken from some of the best antient and modern Writers, excepting an essay of forty-six pages, and a sermon. In the essay we meet with many pertinent but obvious reflections on the importance of *Oratory*, and the great neglect of *just elocution* in the generality of public Speakers. But the Author confines himself principally to that part of oratory which relates to *gesture, looks, and command of voice*; pointing out the manner wherein

* For an account of this work see Review, Vol. XI. p. 81.

nature expresses the principal *passions, humours, sentiments, and intentions*, which are to be expressed by *speech and action*.

“ *Raillery*, (says he) in sport, without real *animosity*, puts on the aspect of *cheerfulness*. The tone of voice is *sprightly*. With *contempt*, or *disgust*, it casts a look *asquint*, from time to time, at the object; and quits the *cheerful* aspect for one *mixed* between an affected *grin*, and *sourness*. The upper lip is *drawn up* with an air of *disdain*. The arms are set *a-kimbo* on the hips; and the *right hand* now and then *thrown out* toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather *loud*, the tone *arch* and *snoring*; the sentences short; the expressions *satyrical*, with mock-praise intermixed. There are instances of *Raillery* in Scripture itself, as 1 Kings xviii. and Isa. xlv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, Popery. Nor should I think *Raillery* unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment.

“ *Buffoonery* assumes an arch, fly, leering *gravity*. Must not quit its *serious* aspect, though all should *laugh* to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

“ *Joy*, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by *clapping of hands*, and *exultation*, or leaping. The eyes are opened wide; perhaps filled with *tears*; often raised to *heaven*, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features *aggravated*. The voice rises, from time to time, to very *high* notes.

“ *Delight*, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegance, shews itself by the *looks, gestures, and utterance of joy*; but moderated. (See *Joy*.)

“ *Gravity*, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, *draws down* the *eye-brows* a little; *casts down*, or *shuts*, or *raises* the eyes to heaven; *shuts* the mouth, and *pinches* the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is *composed*, and without much *motion*. The speech, if any, *slow* and *solemn*; the tone *unvarying*.

“ *Enquiry*,

“ *Enquiry*, into an obscure subject, *fixes* the body in one posture, the *head stooping*, and the *eye peering*, the *eye-brows drawn down*.

“ *Attention* to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect, and requires *silence*; the eyes often *cast down* upon the ground; sometimes fixed on the *face of the speaker*; but not too *pertly*.

“ *Modesty*, or submission, bends the body forward; *levels* the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The *voice low*; the *tone submissive*; and *words few*.

“ *Perplexity*, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, draws all the parts of the body together; gathers up the arms upon the breast, unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead; *draws down the eye-brows*; hangs the head upon the breast; *casts down the eyes*, shuts and pinches the eye-lids close; *shuts the mouth*, and pinches the lips close, or bites them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person walks about busily; stops abruptly. He talks to himself, or makes grimaces. If he speaks to another, his pauses are very long; the tone of his voice unvarying, and his sentences broken, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

“ *Vexation*, occasioned by some real, or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

“ *Pity*, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with lifted hands; eye-brows drawn down; mouth open; and features drawn together. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of suffering, (see *Suffering*) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one remove, as it were, more distant from the soul, than what one feels in his own person.

“ *Grief*, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by beating the head; groveling on the ground; tearing of garments, hair, and flesh; screaming aloud, weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes, from time to time, to heaven; hurrying to and fro, running distracted, or fainting away, sometimes without recovery. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.

“ *Melancholy*, or fixed grief, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls; the lips pale, the eyes are cast down, half shut,

shut, eye-lids swelled and red, or livid, *tears* trickling *silent*, and unwiped; with a total *inattention* to every thing that passes. *Words*, if any, *few*, and those *dragged* out, rather than *spoken*; the *accents* *weak*, and *interrupted*, *sighs* breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

“ *Despair*, as in a condemned criminal, or one, who has lost all hope of salvation, *bends* the *eye-brows* downward; *clouds* the *forehead*; *rolls* the *eyes* around frightfully; *opens* the *mouth* toward the ears; *bites* the *lips*, *widens* the *nostrils*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*, like a fierce wild beast. The *heart* is too much *hardened* to suffer *tears* to flow; yet the *eye-balls* will be *red* and *inflamed* like those of an animal in a rabid state. The *head* is *hung* down upon the breast. The *arms* are *bended* at the elbows; the *fists* *clenched* hard; the *veins* and *muscles* *swelled*; the *skin* *livid*; and the whole *body* *strained* and violently agitated; *groans*, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than *words*. If any words, they are *few*, and expressed with a *sullen*, *eager bitterness*; the tone of voice often *loud* and *furious*. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over acted by one, who would represent it.

“ *Fear*, violent, and sudden, *opens* very wide the *eyes* and *mouth*; shortens the *nose*; *draws down* the *eye-brows*; gives the *countenance* an air of *wildness*; covers it with deadly *pale-ness*; *draws back* the *elbows* parallel with the sides; *lifts up* the open *hands*, the *fingers* together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreaded object, as shields opposed against it. One *foot* is drawn *back* behind the other, so that the *body* seems *shrinking* from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for *flight*. The *heart* *beats* violently; the *breath* is fetched *quick* and *short*; the whole *body* is thrown into a general *tremor*. The *voice* is *weak* and *trembling*; the *sentences* are *short*, and the *meaning* *confused* and *incoherent*. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent *shrieks*, without any *articulate* sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably *confounds* the *understanding*; produces *fainting*, which is sometimes followed by *death*.

“ *Shame*, or a sense of one's *appearing* to a *disadvantage*, before one's fellow creatures, turns *away* the *face* from the beholders; covers it with *blushes*; *hangs* the *head*; *casts down* the *eyes*, *draws down* the *eye-brows*; either strikes the person *dumb*, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, *causes*

causes his *tongue* to *falter*, and *confounds* his *utterance*; and puts him upon making a thousand *gestures* and *grimaces*, to keep himself in *countenance*; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

“ *Remorse*, or a painful *sense* of *guilt*, casts down the *countenance*, and clouds it with *anxiety*; hangs down the *head*; draws the *eye-brows* down upon the *eyes*, The *right hand* beats the *breast*. The *teeth* gnash with *anguish*. The whole *body* is *strained* and violently *agitated*. If this *strong* remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of *penitence*, or *contrition*; then the *eyes* are *raised* (but with great appearance of *doubting* and *fear*) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast down again to the *earth*. Then floods of *tears* are seen to flow. The *knees* are *bended*; or the *body* prostrated on the ground. The *arms* are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of *deprecation* is uttered with *sighs*, *groans*, *timidity*, *hesitation*, and *trembling*.

“ *Courage*, steady, and cool, opens the *countenance*, gives the whole form an *erect* and *graceful* air. The accents are *strong*, *full mouthed*, and *articulate*, the voice *firm* and *even*.

“ *Boasting*, or affected courage, is *loud*, *blustering* threatening. The *eyes* *flare*; the *eye-brows* drawn down; the *face* is *red* and *bloated*; the *mouth* pouts out; the *voice* *hollow* and *thundering*; the *arms* are set a-kimbo; the *head* often *nodding* in a menacing manner; and the *right fist*, *clenched*, is *brandished*, from time to time, at the person threatened. The *right foot* is often *stamped* upon the ground, and the *legs* take such large *strides*, and the *steps* are so *heavy*, that the *earth* seems to tremble under them.

“ *Pride* assumes a *lofty* look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of *anger*. The *eyes* *open*, but with the *eye-brows* considerably drawn down; the *mouth* *pouting* out; or *shut*, and the *lips* *pinched* close. The *words* walk out a-strut, with a *slow*, *stiff*, *bombastic* affectation of importance. The *arms* generally a-kimbo, and the *legs* at a *distance* from one another, taking large *tragedy-strides*.——

“ *Affectation* displays itself in a thousand *different* *gestures*, *motions*, *airs*, and *looks*, according to the *character*, which the person affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a *stiff* *formality* to the whole person. The *words* come stalking out with the *pace* of a *funeral procession*; and every sentence has the *solemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety* turns up the *goggling whites* of the *eyes* to heaven, as if the person were in a *trance*,
and

and fixes them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up deep grumbling, a holy groan from the lower parts of the thorax; but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to rock from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl, and the words godly dog-grel. Affectation of beauty, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of forms, appearances, and attitudes, but amiable ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness, (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an angel; and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a monkey. Therefore this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures, as can be made; and take care that nature never peep out, and you represent coquetish affectation to the life."

Our Author goes on to give rules for expressing sloth, intoxication, anger, jealousy, fatigue, veneration, hope, desire, love, wonder, obstinacy, &c. &c. and though public speakers may seldom have occasion to express all these passions, or humours, as he calls them, yet he recommends the study and practice of the proper ways of expressing them. "A gentleman (says he) may not have occasion every day to dance a minuet, but he has occasion to go into company every day; and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to dance in the most elegant manner. The orator may not have actual occasion to express anger, jealousy, malice, and some few others of the more violent passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express them, acquire a masterly ease, and fluency, in expressing those he has actual occasion to express."

In regard to the *Lessons*, they are, in general, judiciously chosen, and a sensible master may make a very proper use of them; the emphatical words are printed in *Italics*, and there are marginal notes to shew the various passions, in the several examples, as they change from one to another. The Author does not scruple to alter both the *sense* and the *words*, in many of the passages, which he has taken both from the Ancients and

and the Moderns; his design being to give a set of useful lessons for *practice*, without confining himself altogether to the words of any author.

The *Lessons* conclude with a *Sermon*, composed by the Author. "I did not know (says he) where to find a *single* sermon containing a sufficient variety of species of matter, for exercising generally, the talents of a Preacher. The Reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to *expression*, or *delivery*. And whoever has considered the *strain* of the popular addresses of the prophets and apostles, and of the fathers, and best French preachers, to say nothing of the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the rest, will not, I hope, be offended at a *vivacity* of remonstrance and description, unusual in our English sermons; which are, *otherwise*, the best."

He discourses from these words of the apostle Paul, in the second chapter of the epistle to Titus,—*The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, &c.* The emphatical words of the sermon are printed in *Italics*, as in the other lessons; and there are marginal notes to shew the various passions.

(R.)

A Review of The History of the Man after God's own Heart. In which the Falshoods and Misrepresentations of the Historian are exposed and corrected. By Samuel Chandler, D. D. F. R. and A. SS. 8vo. 4s. in Boards. Henderfon, &c.

WHEN we gave the public an account of *The History of the Man after God's own Heart**, we intimated our earnest wish that some able hand would undertake the defence of the illustrious character, so roughly attacked in that History; and our wish has been highly gratified by the learned and ingenious performance now before us.

Dr. Chandler, indeed, was doubly influenced to enter the lists on this occasion, not only as an advocate for the truth and honour of the Sacred Writings, but as he was personally provoked to the combat: The *Historian* having declared, that he was moved to publish his *Strictures* upon David, by the Doctor's Sermon (and that of another *Reverend Panegyrist*) on the Death of his late Majesty; in which the character of

* See Review for April, 1761.

that

that worthy prince was illustrated by a comparison with that of the King of Israel, greatly, as the Historian apprehended, to the prejudice of the former. And, indeed, if it could be proved that the celebrated monarch of the Hebrews was such a monster of iniquity as the Historian has represented him to be, the Doctor, who intended nothing less than the highest eulogium on the late King, has sufficient reason to be mortified at being detected in so unhappy a mistake.

To shew, however, that the mistake lies only on the side of his antagonist, and to rescue David's reputation from the cruel fangs of this merciless *libeller*, as he deems him, the Doctor has here given the public a vindication of the Royal Hebrew's conduct, in every particular, (except what he admits against him in the affair of Nabal, in that of Uriah, and in the sin of numbering the people) to the extent of near 350 ample pages, including the Preface.

In the course of this elaborate Defence, the learned Author, who was ever a warm and spirited Controversialist, gives sufficient proof that the vigor of his genius, and the vivacity of his disposition, are by no means impaired, since he (many years ago) so handsomely chastised the fanaticism of Guise, and the bigotry of Berriman.

But, by the way, these very warm and animated Writers in general (for we speak not now of Dr. Chandler) however *entertaining* their works may prove, are not always the most successful, when the point is only to convince and satisfy the Reader's understanding, by the soundness of argument, rather than to amuse and gratify his imagination by brisk fallacies of wit, smart repartees, and all the pleasing exertions of a lively fancy.

Perhaps, therefore, the cause in which the Doctor is at present engaged, might not have been the less effectually served, had he prevailed with himself to restrain the impetuosity of his temper, to check the fire of his resentment, and not considered himself as personally concerned in the debate; for, in truth, his ardor for the contest has sometimes carried him great lengths, both in the defence of his hero, and in the attack of his adversary: so that a cool and moderate Reader may be apt to conclude, that he has manifested too boundless an attachment to the former, and too determined, too acrimonious a contempt for the latter. David was certainly but a man, and subject, like other men, to frailty and error; his Historian, too, is surely not less than
man,

man, and, as such, entitled to the candid regard of his fellow creatures, however singular he may be in his notions, however mistaken in his conduct, as a Dissenter from established opinions.—But the Doctor, in the height of his zeal for the illustrious Hebrew, seems to have sometimes overlooked this consideration; for he has treated his opponent with such extreme asperity, as, one would think, a good cause could never want, and from which even a bad cause can receive no benefit. Not content with arraigning his antagonist as an *unletter'd* and *ignorant Writer*, he ventures to hold him up to public abhorrence, as a *wicked man*, acting under the influence of a depraved and malignant heart, and, in short, as an enemy to all that is pious or acceptable toward God, or virtuous and praise-worthy among men.

But is it necessary, when two men differ in their estimation of the character and conduct of a third person, to suppose that one of the two must be an abandoned profligate? Is it not possible that both may be very honest and sincere, though one (or perhaps both) are mistaken?—What need then, for drawing the most unfavourable and uncharitable conclusions, with regard to the secret motives of those who differ from us; and thereupon falling into an illiberal strain of railing and invective?—The Doctor severely animadverts upon all appearances of this sort, in the Writer whom he opposes; so that he remains self-condemned, upon his own principles, for adopting the same kind of behaviour:—which, from this and other similar instances, we conclude to be contagious.—To revile a man, in the harshest terms, for being a reviler, is like Diogenes proudly trampling on the *pride* of Plato.

Thus much we deemed it not improper to remark, in regard to that decency of temper in literary debates, without which they degenerate into mere learned scurrility, little better than Billingsgate squabbles; and become the disgrace and the bane of literature. And very sorry we are, that any slips of Dr. Chandler's better pen should have given rise to the observation; for, in other respects, we much admire his performance, and think ourselves greatly obliged to him for the entertainment and information it hath afforded us. But he is, above all, intitled to the thanks of the whole Christian world, for his excellent Defence of the Biblical Writers, whose credit and authority were boldly impeached, by the Author of the little Tract which gave rise to this masterly Answer;—of which we will now proceed to give some specimens.

The

The Doctor's *Preface*, alone, might be considered as no small part of an Answer to the History: it consists of 39 pages, and contains smart reflections on the spirit and apparent tendency of that performance.

In his three first chapters, he, as a necessary and important preliminary to his defence of David, considers and vindicates the character and conduct of Samuel, against whom the Historian had pointed his ridicule, by a sly allusion to Sydrophel, in Butler's *Hudibras*. He also examines and replies to the Historian's free and ludicrous Remarks on the Jewish Prophets and Priests. This is a curious part of his work, and shews the Doctor's learning and sagacity to great advantage. In regard to learning, indeed, the Historian is by no means a match for his Answerer, whose skill in the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, enables him to correct many of the mistakes which his opponent has fallen into, from his inability to consult the sacred writings, except through the medium of our common English translation.

In the fourth chapter our Author considers the Historian's Remarks on the character and conduct of King Saul; whom the Doctor spares as little as David was spared by the anonymous Writer on the opposite side. And, in truth, we must observe, that if the Historian was blame-worthy for pursuing the son of Jesse with so much acrimony, his Answerer appears to have fallen very little short of him, in the bitterness of his Reflections on the unhappy son of Kish, who, with all his faults, seems to deserve some degree of tenderness and compassion, as a lunatic.——However, his butchering the innocent priests at Nob, is an instance of tyrant-barbarity, which cannot be thought of without horror, and gives him a juster claim to be called the *Nero of the Hebrews*, than David had, even from the worst action of his life. But we are aware that the disorder of his mind will be pleaded in extenuation of the acts of violence committed by Saul.

In chap. V. (which comprehends the greatest part of the book) our Author enters on his Vindication of David, and sets out with an explanation of what is meant by his *Character*, as the *Man after God's own Heart*. He shews that the Historian has mistaken the meaning of this character; which, he asserted, implied *the height of purity by supposition*. Thus, as the Doctor observes, "by presuming upon a meaning that doth by no means clearly belong to it, he hath taken for granted,

granted, what he ought to have proved, and founded his in-
vectives upon a character he did not understand, and hath
therefore ignorantly misrepresented."

"The immediate occasion (says our learned Author) of
these words of Samuel to Saul was, the disobedience of Saul in
sacrificing, contrary to the express orders he had received from
God by Samuel, not to offer sacrifices till he should come,
and give him the proper directions for his behaviour. The
pretence was piety, but the real cause was impatience, pride,
and contempt of the prophet; who not coming just at the
time he expected, he thought it beneath him to wait any
longer for him, and imagined, that as king, all the rites of
religion were to be subject to his direction and pleasure. But
when Samuel came, notwithstanding his plea of devotion,
and the force he put upon himself, in offering before the pro-
phet's arrival, Samuel plainly tells him*, *Thou hast done foolishly*:
thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God,
which he commanded thee; for now would the Lord have esta-
blished thy kingdom upon Israel for ever. But now thy kingdom
shall not continue. The Lord hath sought him איש כלבבו a
man after his own heart. He shall be captain over his people, be-
cause thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee. It
is evident here, that the man after God's own heart stands in op-
position to Saul; described as acting foolishly, by breaking the
commandment of God by his prophet, and rejected by him on
account of his disobedience and rebellion; and therefore
means one, who should obey the commandments of God by his
prophets, and whom therefore, God thus far would approve,
and continue to favour. Thus the expression is actually
interpreted by the Chaldee paraphrase, *נבר עביר רעותיה*,
Vir faciens voluntatem meam, a man who doth my will; and
by St. Paul to the Jews at Antioch, who says†, that when
God had removed Saul, he raised them up David to be their King;
to whom he gave testimony, and said, *I have found David, the*
son of Jesse, a man after my own heart, which shall execute my
will."

The Author cites a variety of other forms of expression, of
like nature, in the original Hebrew, to confirm and illustrate
his sense of the character; after which he thus proceeds:—
"David is characterised as a man according to God's heart, not
to denote the utmost height of purity as to his moral character,

* 1 Sam. xiii. 13, 14.

† Acts xiii. 22.

as our Historian supposes ; which by no means enters into the meaning of the expression, and which in no one single instance, is intended by it ; but to set him forth as a person, who was fit for the purposes for which God advanced him ; who should faithfully execute the commands he gave him by his prophets, and who therefore, on this account, should be favoured and approved of God, and be established on the throne of Israel. He was, I doubt not, a really virtuous and religious man ; and he was a wise, a just, a munificent, and a prosperous prince : but yet he had his faults, and those faults were not inconsistent with his character of being *a man according to God's heart* ; for if he was such a one as God intended him to be, by obeying his will, and bringing to pass those great events, which he was designed to be the instrument of accomplishing ; he thus far acted, *according to the heart, i. e.* the purpose and the will of God, and thereby, in this respect, rendered himself well pleasing and acceptable to him.

“ The particular purposes, for which God raised him to the throne, were that by his steady adherence to the one true God, and the religion that was established by Moses, he might be an illustrious example to all his posterity that should reign after him ; in which view he is often mentioned in the history of the Kings of Judah : and that as the temple was to be erected by his son and successor, he might settle all the ceremonies and forms of worship, that were to take place therein, and compose solemn hymns and psalms, that should be sung in honour of the true God ; provide the expences, and many of the costly materials, that were necessary to build and adorn the house of God ; and to regulate the order that was to be observed amongst all the various persons, that were to be employed in the daily services of the temple : an account of which is transmitted to us in the Book of Chronicles. And it must not be omitted, that there was yet another end of Providence in his appointment to be King over Israel ; and that is, that God by him might accomplish the antient promises made to Abraham, in their full extent *, *that he would give to his seed the whole country, from the river of Egypt, unto the great river, the river Euphrates.* This was made good under the reign of David, who cleared Judea of all the remains of the nations that had dwelt in it, or made

* Gen. xv. 18.

them

them subjects to his crown, or proselytes to his religion; who subdued all the neighbouring nations, rendered them tributary, and put it out of their power to disturb his people for many years; leaving to his son and successor a forty years peace, and dominion over all the kingdoms, from the river Euphrates, unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt; who brought presents, and served Solomon all the days of his life. See here, Reader, *the man after God's own heart, who fulfilled all his pleasure!* If, therefore, David's moral character was worse than it will ever be proved to be, he might be *a man after God's own heart*, in the proper original sense of the expression; and our Author's Treatise is an impertinent attempt, to prove David not to be, what the Sacred History never asserted him to be."

David's first introduction to the court of Saul, and the ferment he met with there, is the subject of the next Section; in which the Author answers several objections brought by his antagonist against the consistency of this part of David's History; and in Section III. he clearly vindicates the hero's conduct, in regard to the dowry required of him for Saul's daughter. The Historian had here taxed him with unnecessarily manifesting a delight in blood, by doubling the number of Philistine foreskins required by the King; but the Doctor has fully obviated the charge of cruelty, as we apprehend, in a very satisfactory manner.

Sections IV. and V. are employed on the friendship between David and Jonathan, and on the charge of rebellion brought against the former. The next Section, on David's generosity to Saul, at the cave of Engedi, furnishes matter for a learned criticism on the meaning of Saul's going into the cave to *cover his feet*; and also for an ample display of the generosity of David in sparing Saul's life, when he had him so completely in his power: in reply to the Historian's very different exposition of this matter.

In the next Section we come to the celebrated story of David and Abigail; a nice topic, requiring all our Author's erudition and ingenuity to remove the plausible objections to his hero's conduct in regard to this transaction: which he has, however, discussed with the utmost candour, making due acknowledgement of David's rashness, and at the same time clearing him of the charge of having committed adultery with Nabal's wife. This imputation is derived from the words *I have—accepted thy PERSON*; which the Historian has

printed in capitals, says the Doctor, that the Reader might not mistake the intended application. But "the words in the "original are, וְיָצַח פָּנָי, *I have received thy faces*; and with what face can this Romancer apply it, as a proof of David's criminal conversation with her? The meaning is, I have accepted your interposition for Nabal, and for your sake will not revenge myself upon him. Thus the angel says to Lot in the same words, upon his pleading that he might be permitted to escape to Zoar; *See, I have accepted thy faces in this thing also*. Gen. xix. 21. *i. e.* I have granted thy request. So, Job xlii. 9. *The Lord accepted the faces of Job*, *i. e.* was gracious and favourable to him; and to mention no more, *not to accept the faces of any expiation*, is not to esteem and accept it as a ransom. Prov. vi. 35."

We come now to David's second instance of generosity in sparing Saul's life, when he had him again in his power in the wilderness of Ziph. This story is considered by Mr. Bayle, and, after him, by the Author of the History of the Man, &c. as only another detail of the adventure at Engedi. Dr. Chandler is of a different opinion; and has accordingly taken great pains to state the two facts in a distinct manner, in order to evince the essential difference between the two narratives: and we apprehend he has succeeded.

In Section IX. which treats of David's conduct while he abode with Achish, King of Gath, we doubt if our hero is so satisfactorily vindicated, as he is in most other instances which fall under this critical Writer's consideration. In our Review of *The History*, &c. we expressed some concern at the ambiguous appearance of David's conduct, in going out with the Philistines, under the command of Achish, to fight against the Hebrews; wishing, at the same time, that any of the learned might be able to clear up this point, to the honour of David's character. An abler Critic than our Author we could not have hoped for; but, nevertheless, we are sorry to think, that the removal of this stumbling-block seems to be reserved for some future and (in the present instance) more fortunate expositor.

In the next Section, of *David's conduct upon his return to Ziklag*, the place allotted him by Achish for his residence, the Doctor seems again victorious over his antagonist, who had drawn a very unfavourable comparison between the moderate behaviour of a band of Amalekites that had plundered Ziklag, during our hero's absence with the Philistine army, and David's severe treatment of those same Amalekites, whom he pursued

purfued and overtook in their retreat. The harfh reflections of the Historian, on the comparifon he has drawn between the fupposed clemency of *theſe poor Heathens*, and the alleged cruelty of the *enlightened* David's vengeance upon them, we find judiciously answered in the Section before us; as is alfo the cenſure paſſed on David's cauſing the Amalekite to be ſlain, who brought him the news of Saul's death.

The Doctör employs the XIIth Section in diſcuſſing the war between David and Iſhbosheth, Saul's ſon; aſſerts the rectitude of David's reclaiming his wife Michal, the daughter of Saul, who had been eſpouſed to another man, during her father's perſecution of David. And here our Author aims ſome pleaſant ſtrokes at the Historian; as indeed he ſeldöm loſes any fair opportunity for a good ſarcaſm, or biting irony, on his antagoniſt,—being ready to engage him at all weapons, and at the ſame time willing, perhaps, to let us ſee that he is not always ſo *ſeriously* angry with him, as he appears to be upon ſome occaſions, which ſeem *peculiarly provoking*.

Coming to the Historian's unjuſt cenſure of David, for his putting to death Rechab and Baanah, the two aſſaſſins of their unfortunate maſter Iſhbosheth,—our Author, with a laudable reſentment, in which every generous mind will join with him, ſeverely chaſtiſes the Historian's petulance, and places the conduct of his hero in a noble light; ſuch, indeed, as every brave and honeſt man will be pleaſed to view him in. Theſe baſe and murtherous traitors expected a reward from David, for thus ridding him of his rival, and putting him at once in quiet poſſeſſion of the long-conteſted throne of all Iſrael: and, indeed, they had the reward they juſtly merited. *As the Lord liveth, who hath redeemed my ſoul out of all adverſity,* (ſaid David, upon the Regicides preſenting him with their maſter's head)—*when wicked men have ſlain a righteous perſon, in his own houſe, upon his bed,—ſhall I not require his blood at your hand, and take you away from the earth?*—This was truly noble, great, and god-like!—yet, ſuch is the force of prejudice, the Historian, who ſeems to have thought David incapable of any laudable action from laudable motives, treats this fair inſtance of his generoſity and honour, as mere political fineſſe, and downright hypocriſy.

Sections XIII. and XIV. are employed in defending David from the charge of ambition and cruelty in his wars; and particularly in regard to the Moabites, of which nation two

birds are said to be put to the sword, by *causing them to lye prostrate on the ground, and measuring them by lines*; even with two lines measured he to put to death, and with one full line to keep alive: "so systematic was his wrath!" Hist. p. 51.

Doubtless such a procedure must appear very strange to those Readers who can only consult the English Bible. But, as our Author rightly observes, the Historian should have been sure of his reading, and of his meaning too, before he had pronounced so positively in the affair.

"The antient Versions (says he) read differently from our present text. The * vulgate: *He measured two lines, the one to kill, and one to keep alive.* The † 70. differently, but to the same sense: *There were two lines for putting to death, and two for taking alive*; according to both which accounts, not two thirds, but one half of the inhabitants only were put to death. And it appears from the text itself ‡, that it should be thus supplied and rendered: *And he measured two lines, i. e. divided ¶ the country into two parts; a line, i. e. a tract, for death,*

* *Mensus est autem duos funiculos; unum ad occidendum et unum ad vivificandum.*

† *Και μετροντα τα δυο σχινοματα τα θανατωσαι, η τα δυο σχινοματα ζωοποιησαι.*

‡ The words in the original are, וימדד שני חבלים. *And he measured two lines.* Repeat, from the foregoing word, חבל, a line, להמית, to put to death, וחבל להחיות, and the junction of a line to keep alive. And this supplement is natural and agreeable to the language. Many instances may be produced of this nature. Thus Psal. cxxiii. 3. *As the dew of Hermon, that descended on the mountains of Zion*; which should be rendered, as it is in our version: *As the dew of Hermon, as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion.* So Psal. cx. 3. What we render almost without any sense, *from the womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth*, becomes an elegant expression, if we repeat the word dew, *Ros tibi ab utero auroræ ros juventutis tuæ. The dew of thy youth is as the dew from the womb of the morning.* So Psal. cxii. *His heart is fixed, he shall not be afraid, till he see* רבב his heart, or his desire, on his enemies.

¶ The measurement of lands was formerly by the *line*, as now it is generally done by the *rod*; and because lands were divided into certain tracts and portions by the line, hence the line is often put for the tract marked out by it, or even where the line had never been made use of at all. Thus, *all the region of Argob*, as we render it, is in the original, כל חבל ארגוב, *all the line of Argob.* So חבל הים, *the*

death, and the plenitude of a line, i. e. a very large tract of the country, for life; to destroy the inhabitants of the one, and preserve the inhabitants of the larger part alive.

“As to the first clause of the verse: *He measured them with a line, casting them down to the ground*; our * Historian makes it to signify, that David caused the inhabitants to lie prostrate on the ground, and then measured them to put them to death. But the words are very capable of a different sense.

the line of the sea, is the sea coast. Zephan. ii. 5, 6, 7. So in the place before us: מִדָּדָם בְּחֵבֶל, *He measured them by line*, i. e. divided the country of the Moabites into several parts, that he might the better know what towns it was most proper to demolish. הִשְׁכַּב אֶרְצָם אִתָּהּ, *to level them with the ground*; and to extirpate the inhabitants of them. Cateris occisis, ne difficilis esset custodia. Grot. in loc. Let me just add, that the מִלֵּא הַחֵבֶל *the plenitude*, or *fulness of the line*, seems to denote a very large tract of the country; and might be larger, for any thing our Author can tell, than that, where the inhabitants were ordered to be put to death.

* The learned Authors of the *Universal History* are of the same opinion, and think *this is the meaning of the Sacred Historian*: An. Hist. Vol. II. p. 135. note 5. I am sorry I cannot have the honour of agreeing with them. Mr. *Le Clerc* also tells us, that it seems to have been the manner of the Eastern Kings towards those they conquered, especially such as had incurred their peculiar displeasure, to command their captives to lie down on the ground, and then to put to death such a part of the captives as were measured with a line. He farther supposes, that the Moabites used this practice, and that therefore David retaliated their own cruelty upon them. But I believe no history will give us any example of the like custom, and *Le Clerc* owns that there is no authority to prove it an Hebrew one. And, indeed, it appears to me to be so absurd and needless a ceremony, and so inconsistent with every system of war, that we have any account of, that I cannot believe David was so very systematic, as our Author makes him to be. Bishop *Patrick*, I think gives the true sense of the place. *He measured them with a line*, i. e. Having conquered the whole country, he took an exact survey of every part of it. *Casting them to the ground*. Laying level their strong holds, and fortified places. The account *Josephus* gives of it is, Τα μὲν δύο μέρη τῆς στρατίας αὐτῶν τῇ μάχῃ παύσαι, διαφθεῖναι. Το δὲ λοιπὸν αἰχμαλωτὸν λαβῆ. I. A. vii. 5. 2. He conquered and destroyed two parts of their army, and took prisoners the rest; an account, that is much the same with that of the Authors of the *Universal History*, who suppose that the Scripture means two thirds only of those, who appeared in arms against him. *Ubi supra*.

And David smote * Moab, *i. e.* the country and its inhabitants, and measured them with a line; took an exact survey of the towns and cities and strong holds of the whole land, *to throw them down to the ground; i. e.* to destroy and level them to the ground, as far as David thought necessary to humble them, and secure himself: and so made the whole nation tributary to his crown. For they became David's servants, and brought him gifts."

The next remarkable charge of cruelty brought against David, is founded on his severe treatment of the Ammonites, whom he "put under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln. In the parallel place our version renders it †, *He cut them with saws, and with harrows of iron, and with axes.* Our Author confesses ‡, that the precise punishments here alluded to are not understood at this time, writers being much divided in their exposition; but that extraordinary punishments are meant, cannot admit of a doubt, for Josephus writes, that the men were put to death by exquisite torments.

"His Reflections upon this part of the history are very pathetic. *How shall a person, says he §, subject to the sensations of humanity, how shall a man not steeled to a very Jew, find expressions suited to the occasion, when he relates the treatment of this poor city Rabbah. The study would be as difficult as unnecessary. The simple unexaggerated tale, if seriously attended to, will shock the humane Reader sufficiently. And is it thus the people of God, beaded by a man, peculiarly styled the Man after God's own Heart, used prisoners of war? Bella horrida bella!*

* It is frequent, in the sacred writings, to put the inhabitants of a country for the country itself, as containing the inhabitants. Thus, Moab shall be trodden down. *Isai. xxv. 10.* And again, *They shall lay their hand on Edom and Moab, i. e.* seize the country of both these nations. *Isai. xi. 14.* They have devoured Jacob, *i. e.* as it is immediately added, *They have laid waste his dwelling place. Psal. lxxix. 7.* Many other places might be mentioned. I may add that the version of the 70. favours this interpretation. For they render the place, *Ἐνταῦθα Δαυὶδ τὴν Μωαβ*, *scil. χώραν, the country of Moab, & ἀπέτρινον αὐτὴν*, as some copies have it, and measured it: and thus Grotius understands it. *Tres designavit partes terræ Moabiticæ. In loc.* And to this the Psalmist seems plainly to refer, when speaking of the wars with Moab, Edom, and other nations, he says, *I will divide Sechem, שֶׁכֶם, and meet out the valley of Succoth; viz. in order to divide it. Psal. lx. 6.*

† 1 Chron. xx. 3.

‡ Page 58.

§ Page 57.

I have put all these *pitiful* exclamations together, that the Reader may see how the man, that can calmly relate the massacre of Saul, made by him in cool blood, and without any provocation, and yet not shed one tear over *the innocents* he butchered, and, with an heart *steeled to a very Jew*, not making a single exclamation on account of his barbarity, yea apologizing for so diabolical a cruelty; can at the same time paint out poor David in the blackest colours, represent him so steeled, as to be insensible of all humanity, and hold him up as a monster of barbarity, for an execution, supposing it with all the circumstances of severity in which our Author represents it, yet made in revenge for an infamous outrage on majesty, the violation of the law of nations, the bringing two powerful armies to invade his country, the great number of his subjects that must have been lost in the two battles; whilst the injuries were fresh in his mind; the persons who offered them present to his view; the whole nation engaged by an unrighteous war in vindication of the insult; and some severe vengeance was, in the strictest equity, due to the authors and abettors of so many acts of injustice and violence. But Saul's victims were priests of the Lord, and David's were Ammonites.

"But, methinks, he is a little too hasty and passionate in his exclamations; for he acknowledges, that neither himself, nor any body else *, knows what the punishments were that are here alluded to; and therefore it is no wonder that *no one can find expressions suited to the occasion*: for how should they, when they understand not the circumstances of the occasion, or the nature of the punishments used upon it. Why then all these tragical complaints about something he knows not what? Perhaps they might be more consistent with humanity, and not argue a quite steeled insensible heart; and then *the simple unexaggerated tale will not so shock the humane Reader*, as he imagines. Let us see if the original words will not bear a milder interpretation. Literally rendered they read thus, *And he brought forth the people, and placed them by זישׁ במגרה*, more nearly, *put † them to the jaw, and to iron barrows,*

* Page 58.

† That the prefix ב signifies, *to*, in numerous places, may be seen in *Noidius*; and it doth so, in construction with this very verb in the place before us. *Let not the King זישׁ put this thing ב; כדו to his servant.* 1 Sam. xxii. 15. and in several other instances that might be mentioned. It may also be observed, that the *Syrinck* and *Arabic* versions give a more favourable interpretation of this passage, and render

harrow*, or mines, and to axes of iron, and made them pass by, or to the brick-kilns; made them slaves, and put them to the most servile employments; sawing, harrowing, or making iron harrows, or mining, and hewing of wood, and making of bricks.

“ But what shall we say to the parallel place †, which our version renders, *He cut them with saws, and with harrows of iron, and with axes?* Why, I say in the first place, that the verb doth not agree in sense with the several punishments mentioned; for if *נָתַר* be the root of *יָתַר*, as our version makes it to be, it properly signifies. *serra dissecuit, he cut with a saw*, and therefore cannot be applied either to the axe, or harrow, or mine. But though this be the original sense of *יָתַר*, yet it is used in *Arabick* in a more general sense, to signify, *disperfit, divisit, segregavit*, to disperse, divide, separate; and the place may be rendered, *he divided*, or separated them to the saw, harrows, or iron mines, and axes, i. e. to these servile employments, some to one, and some to another. It may be farther observed, that the root of *יָתַר* may be *יָתַר*; the meaning of which is, *he ruled*, or governed them, viz. by the saw, the harrows, or, mines and axes; made them slaves, and condemned them to these servile employments ‡. The word is thus rendered by *Sebastian Schmidius*. *Dominatus est per ferram, &c.* And this interpretation is far from forced, but agreeable to the proper sense and construction of the words, and will vindicate David from that inhumanity, which our Author seems delighted with fixing upon *the Man after God's own Heart*. The *bella, horrida bella*, here vanish in an instant.”

render it, *He brought them out, and threw them into chains, and iron shackles, and made them pass before him in a proper measure*, or by proper companies at a time. The version of the 70. is not so clear as to the meaning. ΕΘΕΤΟΝ ΙΝ ΤΩ ΠΡΩΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΙΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΤΡΙΒΟΛΟΙΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΣΙΔΗΡΟΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΩΝ ΑΥΤΟΥΣ ΔΙΑ ΤΑ ΚΑΥΝΑ. *He put them in, or to the saw, &c. and made them pass by the brick-kiln*; which may be well interpreted of his putting them to these servile employments.

• בַּחֲרָצֵי הַבְּרֹזִל. *Iron mines*, as the words may be rendered; which will determine the meaning in this more favourable sense. Thus *הַרְרֹץ*, signifies *gold*, as being deeply dug out, or cut off from the mines. Prov. iii. 14. Psal. lxxiii. 14. From *חָרַץ*, *scidit præcidit*.

† 1 Chron. xx. 3.

‡ The Syriack version: *He bound them with iron chains, &c. and thus he bound them all.* And the *Arabick*: *He bound them all with chains, killing none of the Ammonites.*

Se&. XV.

SECT. XV. has for its subject David's bringing the Ark into Jerusalem; and here our Author takes great pains to defend David from the ludicrous treatment of the Historian, on account of his *indecent dancing* (as he styles it) before the ark; not forgetting, by the way, to bestow a little chastisement upon her *haughty* Majesty Queen Michal, for so saucily reflecting upon her Lord and Master's behaviour. On this subject we shall only observe, that many of the customs and manners of such remote nations, and in such remote times, must naturally appear very strange, and be utterly inexplicable to us. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, no doubt, would think it a little odd, to see his sovereign capering in a procession among the *vain fellows*. But Kings were a different sort of people in David's and in Homer's time. As to the Doctor's defence of him, in this particular, he clearly shews, that David's being said to have *UNCOVERED himself in the eyes of the hand-maids*, &c. is not to be taken literally.

In the XVIth Section, the Author undertakes the defence of David's conduct towards Mephibosheth and Ziba, in regard to the false and villainous accusation brought by the latter against the former; but here the Doctor has not given us all the satisfaction we hoped for. Certainly, from the same generous principle on which the murderers of Saul and Ishbosheth were put to death, the treachery of Ziba ought to have suffered exemplary punishment.

As the Historian seems resolved to censure every action of David's life that he finds upon record, so his Opponent, with a like extreme of zeal for the other side of the question, undertakes to answer all objections, as though unwilling to allow his hero any share of human frailty. Thus, in Section XVII. though the Doctor admits his behaviour in the affair of Uriah to be highly criminal, yet he finds a great deal to say in extenuation of his guilt, and in praise of his penitence. For all this, too, we shall refer to the book, with only one remark:—If David was a sincere penitent,—why did he continue to cohabit with Bathsheba? He seems to have renounced Michal's bed on a less important occasion.

The subject of the XVIIIth Section, is David's giving up Saul's children to be put to death by the Gibeonites;—in which the Doctor has shewn, that the Historian has presumed a great deal more, in regard to this affair, than he had authority for. He has also convicted him of a gross mistake in asserting, that, of Saul's family, Mephibosheth *only* was spared; as Mephibosheth had a son, then living, and four grandsons,

grandsons, from whom descended a numerous posterity : so that it is plain, David did not seek to extirminate Saul's house, in order to secure the crown to his own posterity.

The XIXth Section is employed in palliating David's sin in numbering the people. In the XXth, the Author animadverts on the Historian's sneer at the story of David's being cherished, in his old age, by the young Shunamite. In Section XXI. Nathan is vindicated from the aspersion of being a *liquorish prophet* ; founded on his supposed repentment at not being invited to Adonijah's feast. This Section is critically and well written ; but we have now very little room left for particulars.

In Section XXII. the imputation of David's frequently, in his Psalms, *breathing nothing but blood, and the most rancorous resentment against his enemies*, is considered. This is likewise an excellent part of the work, although the learned Author has overlooked one very material circumstance, in David's vindication, of which we do not believe him ignorant, in regard to the CIXth Psalm ; which, as it is now generally agreed among the best Critics in sacred literature, ought not to be numbered among those Psalms wherein David is supposed to throw out imprecations on his enemies : it being evidently no other than his rehearsal of those curses, which his adversaries denounced against himself.

The XXIIIrd Section is appropriated to the consideration of David's dying charge to Solomon, to put Shimei to death, whom he had pardoned for cursing him, and sealed his pardon with an oath. The Doctor, with unabated zeal, endeavours to wipe off the reproach cast upon his hero on this account ; but we confess ourselves less satisfied with this branch of his work, than with what he has advanced in the next Section, on the other execution given in charge to Solomon, by his expiring father, viz. that of the bloody, the turbulent, and dangerous Joab. The Historian had charged David with great ingratitude toward his old *faithful* General, as he styles him ; but we think the Doctor hath effectually vindicated him on this head.

Section XXV. and last, considers the piety of David, which the Historian had impeached, in various instances. Here the Answerer is very smart on his opponent for asserting, that *piety is universally the safest disguise for roguery*. We would charitably suppose the Writer could only mean the *appearance* of piety. But all advantages are taken in war.

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The Doctor concludes his elaborate and entertaining work with a free and candid exposition of his motives for undertaking this *Review*, with an extract from which we shall conclude the present article; after again offering our hearty thanks to the worthy Author, for the pleasure he has afforded us in the perusal of his truly learned and ingenious performance.

“ I have no apology (says he) to make for the publication of these papers to the world, and desire no farther regard may be paid to them, than, as what they contain, can be fairly and honestly supported. I write not for victory, but truth. Our Author tells us, in the conclusion of his preface, that *the sense, in which the acts of David are in his History understood, is the most obvious and natural, appears from the amazing pains it hath occasioned his champions to force another upon them.* Of this *the life of David, by Dr. Delany, is a most remarkable and recent instance; but whose gross palliations, puerile conjectures, and mean shifts to which he hath been driven, prove the difficulty of the task, while they are too frivolous to bias any but the most catholic believers; and that Mr. Stackhouse, in his History of the Bible, hath urged arguments against particular passages, under the title of objections, so cogent, that his answers to could not be satisfactory even to himself.* Dr. Delany I have never read, Mr. Stackhouse I have never seen, nor consulted either in one single article; but this Author's characters of men will pass but for little with me. What I have advanced in answer to him, I myself am answerable for, except where I quote my authors; and I assure him what I have said appears quite satisfactory to me, except where I express my own uncertainty. But I question whether it will be so entirely satisfactory to him, because I am sure I have convicted him of some notorious falsehoods, in the most capital articles, which he hath again and again affirmed; which are contradicted by the most express letter of the biblical historians. However, if I can be convinced, that I have any where misrepresented him, or have been mistaken in any part of my argument, I will publicly acknowledge it, and even give up David, when he is proved to be the wretch our Historian hath represented him to be. I want to make men nothing but what they are; I have no inclination to palliate faults; I am not sensible I have made any puerile conjectures; I have no need of mean shifts, for I have no cause to serve by them. Let David's History, as it lies in the Bible, be examined with the same freedom and rules of sound criticism,

hichw

which are used in *Tacitus*, *Rollin*, and *Rapin*, and I desire no more; but will think of and treat David, as that History, fairly and candidly interpreted, represents him to be. What I object against, is, putting forced constructions on particular passages; invidious insinuations, where there is nothing in the History to support them; improbable suggestions to eke out facts, or supply the place of them; false assertions contrary to the truth of History, to furnish matter for calumny and reviling. In a word, all methods contrary to truth and honour, and inconsistent with the rules of humanity, candor, and justice. I am for truth wherever I can find it; I will blame what I think blame-worthy; I will give up characters that I think indefensible, how venerable soever custom, party, prejudice, mistake, superstition and bigotry may have made them; will defend what I think to be right, and vindicate abused innocence, as far as I can, against those who cruelly and wickedly defame it. In this view I would appear to the world as a Writer, and desire no regard to be paid me, as an Author, any farther than I answer this character."

G

A Charge to the Poets. By William Whitehead, Esq; Poet-Laureat. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

WE have here a modest and genteel exhortation to the present *belligerent* Bards, to cease their idle contests and dissensions;—in which the good sense, refined taste, and worthy heart of the Author, are equally conspicuous.

A jealousy of each other's pretensions to fame, or a resentment of the low estimation, in which each professes to hold the abilities of his brother Poet, being the usual foundation of all their bickerings, this illiberal principle is well ridiculed in the following reflection:

What is't to you that numbers place your name
First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame?
Old Time will settle all your claims at once,
Record the Genius, and forget the Dunce.

His advice to shun the society of those who make a trade of scribbling, is undoubtedly founded on a thorough knowledge of the dangerous fraternity.

Avoid all Authors.——“What! th' illustrious few,
“Who, shunning Fame, have taught her to pursue;
“Fair Virtue's Heralds?”—Yes, I say again,
Avoid all Authors, 'till you've read the men.

Full

Full many a peevish, envious, slanderer elf,
 Is, in his works, Benevolence itself.
 For 'all mankind, unknown, his bosom heaves,
 He only injures those with whom he lives.
 Read then the man : does truth his actions guide,
 Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride ?
 To social duties does his heart attend,
 As son, as father, husband, brother, friend ?
 Do those who know him love him ? If they do,
 You've my permission, you may love him too.

We are sorry to think there is so much reason, as we believe there is, for entertaining so unfavourable an idea of the prevailing manners and morals of our Writers by *profession*, or *trade*, as Mr. Ralph styles them, in his ingenious *Case of Authors* ; but this certainly is the true idea, that ought to be formed of too many of them. It is, however, some consolation to the lovers of literature, to reflect, that such worthless characters are chiefly among the lower classes ; men, whose talents are entirely consonant to their lives, and whom nature never qualified to do honour to any profession : and therefore no profession ought to be scandalized on account of the misbehaviour of such unworthy followers of it. For, after all, these people are not bad men, because they are Authors, but Authors because they are bad men.—They look upon Writing to be a fine idle trade ; easily set up ; and when all other schemes have failed, the pen, is seized, as a safer weapon than a pistol, and less dangerous to make use of in raising contributions on the public. Hence our numerous catch-penny productions,—the offsprings of indigence,—the spawn of profligacy,—or the sweepings of jails.—But the public seems now to know them pretty well, and they generally meet with the reception they deserve.

Return we now to Mr. Archdeacon Whitehead's *Charge to the Clergy* of his poetic diocese.—But on reviewing what we have written, it seems to be enough, in relation to so small a pamphlet. Yet we cannot conclude without remarking the Author's pleasant manner of mentioning us Reviewers.

Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
 Nor learn to *dance* from Journals * and Reviews.

“ *Learn to DANCE !*—What, then, are these *learned* Reviewers, after all, no better than a society of Dancing-

* Mr. Whitehead declares, in a Note, that he does not intend this a Reflection on the Reviewers, &c. and that it is not the *Masters* but the Scholars, the *grown Gentlemen*, at whom the Author smiles.

“ *masters ?* ”

“ matters ?” Be not deceived, however, courteous Reader ; the gentleman means no such thing : it is only an arch allusion to Mr. N. Hart’s advertizing to teach *grown gentlemen* to cut capers *secundum artem*, in the Old Bailey.

Erratum in the CHARGE. Page 9, l. 2. for *dance* read *think*.

G

Epistle from Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guilford Dudley. 4to.
1 s. Doddsley.

THAT species of Poetry which is sometimes mistakenly called the *heroic Epistle*, and which might more properly be termed the *Love*, or the *elegiac Epistle*, is capable of great beauty and variety. All the fine sensations of the heart ; all that can be collected in the different provinces of hope and fear, of despair and sorrow, the melancholy of the hopeless lover, and the joyous images of successful love : in short, whatever is tender, passionate, pathetic, striking, or graceful, may properly be introduced in this kind of Poetry. The Epistles of Ovid have a great many beauties of this kind, but they are so obscured and intermixed with affected turns of expression, and little epigrammatic points, that instead of being delighted with the happy fancy of the Poet, you are disgusted with the puerility and affectation of the man. However, when these faults are overlooked, his Epistles have many fine strokes of nature and passion, that never fail to make their way to the heart. Of these we shall quote some passages to illustrate our observations on this species of Poetry, and contrast them by others in Mr. Pope’s Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, which is the finest performance of the kind, and upon the whole infinitely superior to any of the Epistles of the Roman Bard.

The plaintive and delicate expostulation of Sappho to Phaon, in the following lines, is a beautiful instance of the true *pathetic*.

Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros :
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare sinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis :
Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
Et modo dixisses, Lesbî puella, vale !
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti.

These:

These lines are extremely beautiful, and scarce equalled by the following pathetic Verses of Eloisa, which she is supposed to have conceived upon reading the letters that Abelard had written to his friend, containing a relation of their misfortune.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I unfold,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
O name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line, my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe :
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer.
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they have to do.

The Verses that follow are inimitably tender, both in the Latin and the English Poet.

Invenio Sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non inveni Dominum sylvæque, meumque :
Vile solum locus est ; dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas ;
De nostro curvum pendere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisi :
Gutta prius lacrymas combibit herba, mea :

Sappha Phœni.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye !
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning Grace is opening on my soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies.

Eloisa to Abelard.

The transition of passion are not the least beauties of these elegiac Epistles.

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us, and whole oceans roll !
Ah ! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit ; thy memory I resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.

El. to Ab.

Effugite ut redent, &c.
Ecquid ago precibus? Pectusne agreste movetur?
An riget? Et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Sappho Phœni.

It is not sufficient that this species of Poetry be tender and pathetic; it must be passionate too.

Tu mihi cura, Phœon, te somnia nostra reducant,
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
 Sæpe tuos nostrâ cervice onerare lacertos,
 Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.
 Blandior interdum; verisque simillima verba,
 Eloquent; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguz,
 Aptaque consuevas accipere, apta dare. *Sa. Ph.*

O curst, dear horrors of all conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me every source of Love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glew my clasping arms:
Elo. to Ab.

After these quotations we are afraid the performance before us may appear to disadvantage; but without considering it comparatively, let us see whether it be distinguished by the above-mentioned characteristics.

The Author (Mr. Keate) thinks that the story of Lady Jane Grey is a very proper subject for this kind of epistolary Poetry; and in some circumstances, indeed, it might be so.—But, in our opinion, he has “put the pen into her hands” at an unfavourable time; because, as she was under sentence of death, she had nothing to hope, and consequently her Epistle, under these circumstances, was not capable of that variety it might otherwise have contained.

He sets out somewhat incorrectly with a confusion of metaphors.

—Suffolk's Daughter sinks not with her woe.
 Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd,
 Tho' strong the Tempest, stronger still my Mind.

Here is a *weight* of woe, which, in the next line, is a *Tempest*. In the following couplet there is a redundancy.

Nor in these lines suspect that I complain,
 Tho' Memory loves to tread *back* Time *again*.

This

This Epistle is not destitute of the pathetic, an instance of which is this passage :

Hark ! the dread signal that completes our woes !
Hark ! the loud shoutings of our barb'rous foes !
I see the axe rear'd high above thy head.
It falls !——and Guilford's 'number'd with the dead.
Alas ! how ghastly ! every vein streams blood,
And the pale corpse sinks in the crimson flood.—
Could that sad form be once my soul's delight ?
Quick take the mad'ning phantom from my sight.
Hold, hold your hands, ye ministers of fate,
Suspend the blow, lest mercy come too late,
Let innocence at last your pity move,
And spare my lord, my husband, and my love.

The Verses that follow are both tender and passionate.

Ha ! meet no more !——How cruel the decree !
Heart-rending sentence ! No—it must not be.
Down prison walls ! each obstacle remove,
And let me clasp once more the man I love.
One parting look a wretched wife desires ;
One parting kiss, the seal of death, requires.

Her charge to Guilford, not to save his life by renouncing his Religion, is truly noble.

O, then, my Husband, I conjure thee, hear,
If Suffolk's Daughter e'er to thee was dear,
By every wish of Happiness to come,
By every hope beyond the mouldering tomb ;
If anxious that thy better fame shou'd soar,
And shine applauded when the man's no more,
Let not the wily Churchman win thine ear,
Or sooth thy weakness by his fraudulent care.

Page 16. What's in the grave the virtuous have to fear ? is very unhappily, if not unjustly expressed ; but it may easily be altered. Perhaps it might be better thus :

What from the grave can virtue have to fear ?

We do not think the third repetition of the word long, at the end of the Poem, a beauty, because it seems too much pointed.

Upon the whole, though many of these Verses are incorrect, some of them enervate, and others unharmonious, the Poem is not without some degree of merit ; and if it be the first publication of a young Author, better things may be expected from him.

Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain. In French and English. Published by Authority. 8vo. 3 s. Owen.

IN the arrangement of these Papers, the Editor has shewn uncommon negligence and inattention. Some are disposed contrary to their due order, and others printed twice over; so that he seems industriously to have contributed all in his power to render still more confused and embarrassed, a collection of itself sufficiently perplexed and obscure.

As to the matter of these Papers, so far as they relate to the justice of the Spanish Claim to the Newfoundland Fishery, and other demands, we cannot form a clear and precise judgment, since many documents seem wanting to connect the chain of Negotiation on these heads. But so far as they regard the mode in which the Spanish court preferred their Claim, and their collusive practices with our enemies, they afford the clearest conviction of a secret compact between them, with a view of forcing us to accede to unequal and disadvantageous terms of peace. Indeed, from the moment that the Spaniards avowed the Memorial so irregularly and insolently presented by the hands of M. Bussy, it required no deep political penetration to perceive that their long-concealed jealousy was ripened into professed enmity, and that they only waited a favourable opportunity for an open rupture. The Instructions of Mr. Pitt, to our Ambassador at the Spanish court, relative to this Memorial, are such as not only prove him a spirited patriot, but an able politician.

“ Although (says he) in the course of this Instruction to your Excellency, I could not, with such an insolent Memorial from France before me, but proceed on the supposition, that, insidious as that court is, ~~she~~ could not dare to commit in such a manner the name of his Catholic Majesty, without being authorized thereto; I must not, however, conceal from your Excellency, that it is thought possible here that the court of France, though not wholly unauthorized, may, with her usual artifice in Negotiation, have put much exaggeration into this matter: and in case, upon entering into remonstrances on this affair, you shall perceive a disposition in M. Wall to explain away and disavow the authorization of Spain to this offensive transaction of France, and to come to categorical and satisfactory declarations, relatively to the final intentions of Spain, your Excellency will, with readiness, and your usual address, adapt yourself to so desirable a circumstance, and will open to the court of Madrid as handsome a
retreat

retreat as may be, in case you perceive from the Spanish Minister that they sincerely wish to find one, and to remove, by an effectual satisfaction, the unfavourable impressions, which this Memorial of the court of France has justly and unavoidably made on the mind of his Majesty."

The judicious, moderate, and politic style of these Instructions, is alone sufficient to refute the enemies of this Minister, who have invidiously insinuated that he was eager in promoting a War with Spain. If, upon notice of their having signed a secret Treaty with France, he recommended measures, which by the majority were deemed rash and unadvisable, yet the event leaves us room to wish that temerity had prevailed over moderation. Indeed, under the circumstances in which we stood in relation to the Spanish court, who had given the clearest demonstrations of their secret enmity against us, and endeavoured to delude us by temporizing arts, the most effectual method of obtaining a prompt and satisfactory explanation, seems to have been that of making the demand by persons armed with power to resent equivocation and delay immediately.

It does not become us to enquire into the reasons which may have influenced those, who preferred the Language of legatine Negotiation, to the more spirited proposal of a naval equipment, which, if it could not have obliged them to have been sincere, would, at least, have compelled them to have been just. But, as such measures were thought most expedient, it would be unjust not to acknowledge, that the dispatches of Lord Egremont on this occasion are precise, animated, and judicious; and afford the most favourable instances of his Lordship's Ministerial talents. The dispatches likewise from Lord Bristol do great honour to that nobleman; who, throughout this nice and difficult part of his Embassy, seems to have conducted himself with great vigilance, judgment, and discretion, and to have known the art of relaxing occasionally, without departing from the dignity of his character.

In few words, these Papers bear honourable testimony of the parts and abilities of the several Ministers, whose names are subscribed to them: and such specimens give us strong reason to hope, that, when the blessings of peace shall be restored, the treaty, which secures that long wished for and desirable end, will free us from the reproach of losing by the pen, what we have won by the sword.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For MARCH, 1762.

POLITICAL.

- Art. 1. *Observations on the Papers relative to the Rapture with Spain, laid before both Houses of Parliament, on Friday, the 29th of January, 1762, by his Majesty's Command. In a Letter from a Member of Parliament to a Friend in the Country.* 8vo. 1s. Nicoll.

THESE Observations are many of them very spirited, and some of them extremely pertinent. The Writer very justly complains that so much is withheld from our knowledge, that we cannot pretend with clearness to unravel the thread of the Negotiation. Had the Public, he observes, been gratified with a sight of the Memorials and Papers, relating to the Demand of Liberty for the Spanish nation to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland, (a matter held sacred) and to the other Claims equally unjust, made by the Count de Fuentes, we might, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, have known something more of the merits of the present quarrel with Spain. But not one of these, he adds, appears; nor are other Memorials or Papers, which he afterwards takes notice of, to be found in the printed collection. With regard to his comment on those which are published, it savours too much of party zeal, and is little more than a professed panegyric on Mr. Pitt, with some oblique sarcasms on his successors in the administration. We cannot, indeed, but applaud the just tribute which he pays to Mr. Pitt's active and vigorous administration; but it is not necessary to depreciate his successors, in order to extoll him. Perhaps at the time of his resignation, it were to be wished that we might not have run the hazard of a change; hitherto, however, we have had the good fortune to find, that the alteration in the Ministry has not produced any relaxation of that ardor, activity, and vigilance, to which we may attribute all our successes. And the late happy reduction of Martinico, is a proof that victory is not altogether chained to the chariot-wheels of any particular Minister.

- Art. 2. *A Continuation * of the Address to the City of London.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. R. Davis.

This gentleman gives hard, very hard knocks, and seems determined to follow his blow, Mr. P—, it seems, is to pay *sauce*, as the phrase is, for his entertainment at Guildhall, at the memorable festival there, in the year 1751.——But, a truce with these disagreeable retrospects: why should they interrupt our rejoicings for the conquest of Martinico?

* See the first part, Review for February last, page 149.

Art. 3. *The Rosciad of Covent Garden.* By the Author. 4to.
1s. 6d. Grettton.

This unequal imitator of a late celebrated piece, abuses the *lower* actors of Covent-Garden Theatre, with more than Churchill's ill-nature; and praises the better sort with less, far less, than Churchill's Poetry.—He also falls outrageously on the *Reviewers*; from whence we conclude he has had some former production condemned by them. We wish it were in our power to make him amends on the present occasion; but, in truth, we can neither honestly approve either his subject or his writing: however, it must be acknowledged, he has some good lines; and if, as we conjecture, he is but a stripling in Poetry, here are indications of genius that time may improve into something considerable enough to exempt him from the censure of those *self-monsters the Reviews*, of whom he asserts, that they *crush the products of each infant Muse*. An infant Muse, however, like other froward brats, may not be the worse for a little proper correction; although, while smarting under the lash, it mistakenly considers wholesome discipline as unmerited chastisement, and unwarrantable cruelty: of which, the Reviewers trust, no just accusation can be brought against them. But it is not to be expected that those, whose works they disapprove, should ever acquiesce in a judgment given against themselves.

Art. 4. *The Four Farthing Candles, a Satire.* 4to. 1s.
Morley.

These Farthing Candles are lighted up to singe the poetic plumes of Messrs. Lloyd, Churchill, and Coleman; with whose names the Author has thought proper to join that of Sh—l—y: with what propriety we cannot pretend to say.—There are some smart things in his Poem; but his denying the applauded Author of the *Rosciad* any share of genius, is enough to make every discerning Reader question that of our Satyrist himself; or, at least, to pronounce him utterly destitute of candor. Can any thing be more absurd than the following lines, applied to Mr. Churchill?

“———When a rough unweildy wight
Turns Bard—inspir'd—by nought but spite,
Tho' here and there a *stolen* thought
May prove the *Blackbeard* not untaught,
Yet, by his aukward bobling gait
We easily discern the cheat;
And in each spleen-fraught line can trace
His want of Genius, as of Grace.”

Surely this can be no other than that very *mean abuse* with which our Author charges the gentlemen he has here taken upon him to correct, for the same offence!—

Art. 5. *An Epistle to the Author of the Four Farthing Candles.*

By the Author of the *Rosciad* of Covent Garden. 4to. 6d. Nicoll.

Hast thou not observed, Reader, when the great powers of Europe signify their hostile intentions toward each other, and the recruiting parties begin to rattle their drums about the town, how the little grenadiers of every street clap on their paper caps and wooden swords, mimic the spirit-stirring sound with their Bartholomew toys, and strut, and play the hero with almost as good an air as if they were paid eight-pence a day for their performance?—In like manner, when real Poets on any, or on no provocation, brandish their adverse pens, and with more than martial rage, fall to bearing each others laurels from their frowning foreheads, then do the puny wrilings and versifiers, with mimic fury, go pell-mell together by their *ass*-ears, and Fool! Puppy! Coxcomb! Blockhead! are alternately given and received,—to convince the laughing bystanders, that if these Poets, or Bards in miniature, have not the genius of a ***** or a ***** they can boast, and rave, and rail, and call names, and abuse, as manfully as those who for their superior talents, are allowed to take the lead of the mob.—But these *angry boys*, who have the impudence thus to pretend to squabble and dispute with each other for the Bays, while none of them have any real claim to the smallest sprig, deserve only a good whipping with a bush of nettles; to quiet them; or, if it should appear that the idle gentry thus disturb the neighbourhood, for want of some less offensive employment, let them take a hint from the present Epistle, and,

Leaving all poetic strains

To those whom Heaven has blest'd with brains;

Some honest occupation chuse,

As, sweeping streets, or cleaning shoes.

Art. 6. *Songs in the new Burletta of Midas. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Crow-street, Dublin.* 8vo. 1s.

London, re-printed by Nicoll.

Whether such phenomena as Oratorios, Operas, Cantatas, Burlettas, &c. can be considered as accessions to the republic of letters, and whether they merit a place in a literary journal, more than a new magazine or a polite songster, is a disputable point with us. Of this strange droll thing called Midas, we know not what to make, unless, as some thought of the Beggar's Opera, it has a *political* meaning. Ay, ay, it must be so. Arrah! ye Irish wags, ye Crow-street Politicians, we know well enough whom you mean by your Pan and Sol and Midas and Silenus's wife.—But mum.—

L

Art. 7. *Horace's first Satire modernized, and addressed to Jacob Henriques.* 4to. 1s. Cooke.

This excellent Satire on Inconstancy and Avarice, is here humorously and pleasantly applied to our own times and manners. The insatiable

insatiable Thirst of Gain in some of our City Gentlemen, is lashed with exquisite spirit; for instance,

I know 'tis a maxim receiv'd in 'Change Alley,
(But their Scales with my standard sure never will tally)
That nothing but Wealth without measure can raise you,
For—the sum you are worth—at so much they appraise you.
Why these people are mad—VOLUNTEERS for a mad house—
Ah! JONATHAN'S! JONATHAN'S! thou art a sad head!
By one single sentence thy myst'ry's explor'd— (ADOR'D.)
"TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE LAUGH'D AT, AND MAMMON

For such phrenzy as this what relief do we know?
Son of ISAAC! 'twou'd baffle the art of MONRO.
Let the wretches proceed then without molestation,
Since they chuse to be damn'd—let them go to damnation.

I remember a griping old LOMBARD-STREET BANKER,
Whose heart was eat up by this Gold-loving canker;
His fraud and oppression so flagrant became,
Men, women, and children, detested his name;
Mobs with hisses pursu'd, if he stir'd from his portal,
Yet hear the consolation of this wretched mortal:
"Let them cat-call and hiss as they will," cries old HUNKS,
"So their hisses and cat-calls invade not my Trunks."—

It may perhaps seem odd that old Jacob Henriques should be here represented in the character of a rich man. We feared it was far otherwise with this honest Hebrew patriot, and that he had expended his fortune in schemes and advertisements for promoting the "glorification" of "Worthy Britain." However, we hope it really is as here intimated; in which case his *seven blessed Daughters* may be all good fortunes: and therefore we heartily wish them all very good husbands.

Art. 8. *The Cub at Newmarket, a Tale.* 4to. 1s. Doddsley,

From the sprightly *Preface* * we expected very high entertainment in reading the *Poem*; but the humour of the piece being chiefly confined to the *occasion* and the *place*, we were much disappointed, as the meaning was scarce intelligible to us. However we believe this laughing performance will be well understood and approved by the Jockey-Club at Newmarket.

* A specimen of this may be taken from what he says to the *Critics*, by which we suppose may be understood the Reviewers.———"Pray, good Gentlemen, be quiet. Do not apply your confounded squares and compasses to a performance, whose beauty, if it has any,—consists in a careless ease. What have your grave countenances to do here? It is not at all becoming in people of your dignity and consequence, to keep company with *Cubs*. What the devil can't a comical fellow take a hearty laugh, but one of you *sage Philosophers* must clasp on a pair of damnation spectacles, and stare him full in the face, in order to find out pimples upon his nose!"

Art. 9. *The Exhortation, a Poem.* 4to. 1s. Woodfall,

Exhorts us not to be afraid of our foes, on account of Mr. Pitt's having quitted the helm of the state; for that we have men enough left, equally

equally zealous for Britain's welfare,—or, in the words of the good old ballad, “five hundred as good as he.” The Poem is a very dull and mean, but a well-intended performance, in the style of the Bellman's Verses,—which are usually very honest, though very homely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 10. *The Defects of an University Education, and its Unsuitableness to a commercial People; with the Expediency and Necessity of erecting, at Glasgow, an Academy for the Instruction of Youth. In a Letter to J. M. Esq; From a Society interested in the Success of this public-spirited Proposal.* 8vo. 1s. Dilly.

That the plan of Education pursued at our Universities in general is too narrow and confined, has been long complained of; and, we are persuaded, there is just foundation for such complaints. That young gentlemen should employ so much of their time as they generally are obliged to do, in Logic, Metaphysics, nice disquisitions about the origin of moral virtue, &c. &c. whilst, comparatively, so little attention is paid to History, Geography, experimental Philosophy, the principles of Trade and Commerce, and many other useful branches of knowledge, is greatly to be lamented, and deserves the serious consideration of all who have the best interests of their country at heart.

“What ordinary company, says the Author of the piece now before us, what company of gentlemen is it, where metaphysical disputes, or the logic of the schools, are ever so much as mentioned? Will a gentleman, by the deepest skill in them, make the better figure in the house of commons, or appear with the more dignity at the bar? Will his eloquence in the pulpit be the more persuasive, or will he be the better skilled in the animal economy? Will Metaphysics inspire him with devotion, give him a higher relish of virtue, or enable him to act with greater propriety in life? Or will the knowledge of them be of any advantage to the Farmer, the Architect, or the Merchant? We apprehend that none of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. And must acquirement, that are confessedly of no use in life, that are never so much as talked of in good company, waste a year or two of a young man's time? Is life so long? Is time of so little value, that there are not enow of useful studies to fill it up with? Must recourse be had to things which any well-bred man would be ashamed to have it suspected that he had ever employed his thoughts about?”

The Author enlarges a good deal upon this subject, and what he has advanced upon it is, in general, very sensible. Some will no doubt think that he treats Universities with too little respect; be this, however, as it may, it does not affect the main point he has in view, viz. the Expediency and Necessity of erecting an Academy at Glasgow, the design of which shall be, to give such a practical and-compensious course of Education, as may, in some measure, qualify the
Gentleman,

Gentleman, the Merchant, or even the Mechanic, to act with greater advantage in their respective stations. This point, in our opinion, he has placed in a very just and striking light, and we heartily recommend the perusal of his spirited performance to our Readers. *A*

Art. 11. *Thoughts on antient and modern Travel. Humbly addressed to every one concerned in the Education of young Gentlemen.* 8vo. 1s. Doddsley.

A very pedantic, trifling performance, from which the judicious Reader will only learn, what is of very little importance to know, viz. that the Author is a great admirer of *Berkeley's* writings. If there should ever come a time, he says, when men will read less and think more, *Berkeley* will then be placed next to *Socrates* in fame, as he was next in *wisdom*.—*Berkeley*, we are told, is the only modern who has not mistaken words for things, and shadows for realities. *A*

Art. 12. *Rules for the Choice of Husbands. Addressed to all the unmarried Ladies of Great-Britain.* By Diana Philips, Matron. 8vo. 1s. Williams.

This Pamphlet has the patch-work appearance of being the product of two different pens. The first part is stupidly illiterate; the second is better written, but more obscene, and by no means fit to be recommended to the Ladies. The female name, inserted in the title, is evidently a piece of Author-craft.

Art. 13. *The Accomptant's Companion: Or, The young Arithmetician's Guide. Being an easy Introduction to Arithmetic, in whole Numbers and Fractions, Vulgar and Decimal, each Rule exemplified by a Number of Questions to make the whole plain and familiar; Extraction of the Square and Cube Roots, and their Application to Use; Interest, simple and compound; Annuities, Rebate, and Equation of Payments. A Collection of Questions, with their Answers, serving to illustrate all the Rules. With Variety of Bills of Parcels, &c. to qualify Youth for Trade and Business. To which is added, an Appendix of Cross-Multiplication, applied to Mensuration, as used by different Artificers. The whole designed for the Use of Schools, and is recommended by several eminent Mathematicians, and Schoolmasters.* By Thomas Harper, Master of the Academy in Healy-street, Cavendish Square. 12mo. 2s. Fenner, &c.

The Reader sees the Contents of this book in the copious Title-page, which have been already treated of again and again. If new Compendiums of Arithmetic improved old Rules of Calculation, or altered the combinations of them, it might be useful to state the merits of the innovations; but Addition, Subtraction, and the rest, still
continue

continue the same. Nevertheless, it may be useful to Schuchmaiers to publish a book. Whenever Mr. Harper brings out another Edition, it is to be hoped the *Errata* will not make so formidable an appearance.

Art. 14. *A plain and easy Road to the Land of Bliss, a Turnpike set up by Mr. Orator* ———. Small Octavo. 2 s. 6 d. Nicoll.

A dull and indelicate Satire on the Methodists, in imitation, (as its Author, perhaps, imagines) of the celebrated *Tale of a Tub*, which it resembles in no respect whatsoever; and reminds us of the man, mentioned in the ingenious treatise of the *Profund*, who pretended to write a Play in Shakespear's manner: but of the excellent model no nearer resemblance could be found in the whole piece than the following compliment of salutation:

“ Good morrow to you, good master lieutenant.”

This man, too, because he would appear like his original, has got the names *Peter, Martin, and Jack!*—But his production is not only contemptible for its stupidity: it is also a filthy, obscene thing, — for which the dirty Author ought to be washed in the horse-pond.

Art. 15. *Longsword, Earl of Salisbury. An Historical Romance.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 6 s. bound. Johnston.

William, surnamed Long-sword, (from his wearing a remarkable long one) was the natural son of King Henry II. by the celebrated Fair Rosamond. He made a distinguished figure, as a military commander, in the reigns of King John and Henry III. in whose time he died, as was said, by poison, treacherously given him by the famous Hubert de Burgh. The story of this gallant Earl's absence from England, during the wars with France, his long detention at sea by adverse winds, and the base arts employed in the interim by Hubert's nephew, to seduce his fair Countess, and to obtain a fraudulent possession of his Earldom, is the foundation of this agreeable Romance; in which the characters of the persons, the manners of the times, and the style of narration, agreeable to the ages of chivalry, the valour of knighthood, and the chaste pride of female honour, are all well supported. The truth of history is artfully interwoven with agreeable fictions, and interesting episodes; and the whole has the appearance of being the production of some elegant female pen, formed on an intimate acquaintance with those paragons of literature, the Romances of the 15th and 16th centuries: which, however extravagant and above nature, were always favourable to the cause of honour and virtue; and, so far, preferable to many of the more natural productions of later times. There is also a certain pomp of diction, a richness, and at the same time a simplicity of expression, in this kind of writing, which seldom fails of captivating the Reader; and particularly impresses younger minds, naturally warmed and attracted by the splendour of the heroic virtues, and moved by the

finest

finest affections of the human heart. In short, however the good old Romance may be now laughed out of doors, certain it is, that no species of writing could ever *amuse* with less injury to the *morals*, and *virtuous manners* of the Reader.

Art. 16. *A plain Argument to shew, from the Theory and Practice of the Laws of England, that there is really no Law at all subsisting among Britains for Security of their Properties; which greatest of all Grievances, with the proper Remedy thereof, is humbly submitted to the Wisdom and Consideration of the British Legislature.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Crowder.

If this paradoxical Pamphleteer is really a Clergyman of the Church of England, we would ask him, Whether he does not claim his gown and cassock, and his broad beaver, as his own peculiar property; and whether, if any one should forcibly and feloniously steal the said gown and cassock, and broad beaver, from his person, or from one of the pegs of the vestry, such offender would not be liable to prosecution, and on conviction suffer death without benefit of clergy? If he answers in the affirmative, then here is a *plain argument against him, to shew, from the theory and practice of the Laws of England, that there is really some Law subsisting among Britains for the Security of their Properties.* We would ask him likewise, if any right to tythes he has, Whether the Law does not afford him a method of recovering the said tythes, and other ecclesiastical emoluments, from his parishioners? If he answers in the affirmative, here is another *plain argument* to shew, that there is some Law subsisting for the Security of Property. We could multiply our queries till their extent should exceed the limits of the dull tedious pamphlet under consideration; but were we too minute in refuting such flagrant absurdities, the ridicule would retort upon ourselves. In short, this whimsical Divine, if such be his function, has founded his *plain Argument*, as he is pleased to call it, on a certain periodical work, called, *The Lawyer's Magazine*; and the text and comment are worthy of each other.

Art. 17. *A View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England, from the Norman Conquest to the present Time. Considered with Regard to Type, Legend, Sorts, Rarity, Weight, Fineness, and Value. With Copper Plates.* Folio. 12s. 6d. Snelling.

We have already a Metallic History of England, from the revolution to the death of George I. deduced from Medals struck on signal occasions. This work is not to be considered in the same light with that, being limited to the consideration of the Silver Coin, as coin only; every Coinage being separately specified under the distinctions expressed in the Title: which, to persons not engaged in this particular study, appear to be curiously and accurately attended to. The Plates exhibit an entertaining view of English Money from the
first

first barbarous attempts at representation and ornament, to its present degree of neatness and beauty.

It is impossible to produce any specimens from a book consisting only of brief references to Engravings of Coin, which were indeed very rude untill about the time of the reformation, when the types visibly mended. The introduction of Roman Letters in the Legends, instead of the Saxon; and the reverse being made to receive a more respectable stamp, by the old cross and pellets being changed for the national arms quartered by the cross, first began to give our Money a more agreeable aspect. But the last improvement in taste and execution, commenced under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, whose Coins are really handsome, and are the patterns now followed at present, with small deviations in the fancy of the arms on the reverse.

Art. 18. *The Musical Lady. A Farce. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.* 8vo. 1s. Becket and Co.

A humorous satire on the extravagant fondness shewn by some of our people of distinction, particularly the Ladies, for Italian Operas, Italian Music, and Italian Performers. This false taste is certainly a proper object of ridicule for the English Stage. Not that we are insensible to the beauties of those compositions which the land of Music hath produced, many of which are undoubtedly excellent; but it is the blind devotion of IGNORANCE and AFFECTATION, to what, like Miss Sophy, they neither understand, nor would admire, but for fashion's sake, that we think so justly liable to the lash of the Satyrists.—It is said we owe this *petit piece* to the ingenious Author of the *Jealous Wife*.

Art. 19. *Catalogus Librorum apud Paulum Vaillant, Bibliopolam, Londini Venales prostantium.* 8vo. 2s. Vaillant, 1762.

It is not our custom to take notice (in the Review) of a Bookfeller's Catalogue; but this before us contains so large a Collection of foreign Literature, that we thought it might be no unwelcome information to our Readers, to learn that such an one is published. The titles of the Books are more amply copied than is usual; and the Date of every Edition is given, but we are sorry that the Prices are omitted. However, as it is, our Readers, especially those who live in the country, may be glad to consult it. They will here find that many a valuable book, supposed only to be had by sending abroad for it, may be met with in London.

RELIGIOUS.

Art. 20. *An Enquiry concerning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Wherein this Sacrament in general is first considered, and afterwards the Manner in which it is administered in the Church of England. With an Appendix, containing some Observations*

servations on a Book, entitled, "A plain Account of the Nature and End of the Lord's Supper." By John Scrope, D. D. Rector of Castle-Combe, and Vicar of Kington, St. Michael's, in the County of Wilts. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Ringington.

Dr. Scrope regards this divine institution with far more *mysterious reverence*, as Milton expresses himself on another occasion, than the late learned and worthy Bishop Hoadly has done in his *Plain Account*. He is somewhat, harsh in his strictures on that celebrated work, and on its Author; of both which, he speaks in the following terms:

"The Animadversions I have been making on the *Plain Account* cannot, by any means be supposed to proceed from any personal dislike, or ill will, to the Author; for as he has not thought proper to put his name to his book, he must of course be supposed to be unknown to me. I could heartily have wished he were no Clergyman of the Church of England, and am grieved that his *Preface* obliges me to consider him in that character. With regard then to his reflections on the offices of our Church, I cannot help taking notice of the insincerity of those who repeatedly subscribe to these offices in token of their approbation, and then publickly either raise objections against them, or explain them in a sense which they must think in their consciences was never intended. Nor is it, I conceive, a sufficient justification of this practice, to pretend, that your design is to adapt them to the use of such as attend upon them in our Churches, or 'to interpret such passages as may stand in need of interpretation, or to lead all persons concerned to make use of them in the most proper and *Christian manner*.' Every one is at liberty to examine the offices of the Church before he subscribes. There is sufficient time allowed, and supposed to be employed, in such previous examination. And it *will* be so employed by every man of honesty and conscience, who will consider it as his indispensable duty. It is therefore unfair, false, and dishonest, either to deny that such liberty is given, or to write afterwards against those things, the truth of which, and your belief of them, you have before solemnly acknowledged by your subscriptions."

Hard sayings! who can bear them?—We wish, however, that our Author had no foundation for some things which he has said in regard to subscriptions.

As to his Explanation of the Nature, Design, and Efficacy of the Sacramental Institution, and his notion of the Doctrine of *Grace*, which he greatly insists upon, in opposition to the Author of the *Plain Account*, (who disliked the very term)—they are such as might naturally be expected from a Writer who appears to be not a little attached to mystery, and averse to the free exercise of reason in matters of religion. But, however we may differ from him, in regard to this much controverted subject, candour obliges us to acknowledge, that he writes in a manner becoming a learned Divine, and in terms well adapted to the instruction and edification of such Readers, as are willing to be guided by the sense and authority of the Church, in articles of faith, and modes of worship.

CONTROVERSIAL.

Art. 21. *King David vindicated from a late misrepresentation of his Character, in a Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Thomas Patten, D. D. late Fellow of C. C. C. now Rector of Childery, Berks. 8vo. 2s. Rivington.

Dr. Patten tells his Grace of Canterbury, that "Conscious of his want of talents, &c.—he hath waited—long, in hopes that David's cause would have met with some better manager;"—but that "the silence of abler advocates hath devolved this task upon him."—We are astonished to think how this gentleman could possibly be ignorant of the publication of Dr. Chandler's Treatise on this subject, which came out some considerable time before Dr. Patten's pamphlet, and which, to deal plainly and honestly with this last-named Writer, is in every respect so exceedingly superior to his production, that he might, we apprehend, with a very safe conscience, have held himself excused from intermeddling in a Controversy, wherein he appears but ill qualified to make a very distinguished figure:—unless it be for the narrow, uncandid, unchristian, and unmanly spirit of persecution, which breathes, or rather foams, through his whole performance. He talks much of answering such books as *The History of the Man after God's own Heart*, by censures of CONVOCAATION, the *resentment* of AUTHORITY, and such like infallible modes of refutation and conviction; which, whatever be the occasion, we look upon as an high infringement of the sacred liberties of the republic of letters, which ought never to be forgiven, untill the offender has asked his country's pardon, for so gross an insult upon one of her most valuable blessings.

We would by no means be considered as advocates for the *Historian* in question, nor for any licentious or indecent abuse* of that noble freedom wherewith St. Paul has so warmly encouraged us to search the Scriptures:—but when a Minister of the Gospel takes upon him to shut THE BOOK against his fellow Christian, and to call for the *constable*, it is enough to rouse the resentment of every consistent Protestant, of every Briton, who knows the value of that happy freedom of enquiry, to which, under God, we are indebted for the civil and religious liberties we enjoy.——But enough concerning this virulent effusion of a bigotted attachment to CIVIL AUTHORITY in matters of CONSCIENCE,—which we are surprized to see addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as that learned and worthy prelate is by no means an encourager of such illiberal and unchristian principles.

Rousseau, in his *Eloisa*, has an excellent remark on this subject; which we shall here apply, and leave to Dr. Patten's mature reflection.

—————"My real opinion is, that no *true* believer can be a persecutor, and an enemy to toleration. If I were a magistrate, and the law inflicted death on Atheists, I would begin to put it in execution, by burning the first man that should come to *accuse* and *prosecute* another."

ELOISA, Vol. IV. p. 6. Note.

* Which ought always to be discountenanced by every method that may be found agreeable to the spirit of genuine CHRISTIANITY; but God forbid that any other method should be thought of in a Protestant Country.

T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For A P R I L, 1762.



Anecdotes of Painting in England, with some Account of the principal Artists, and incidental Notes on other Arts. Collected by the late Mr. George Vertue, and now digested and published from his original MSS. By Mr. Horace Walpole. 2 Vols. Printed at Strawberry-Hill, 1 l. 14 s. bound. Bathoe.

“THE History of kingdoms and states (says an elegant Writer*) is that of the miseries of mankind. The History of the sciences and the fine arts, is that of our splendour and happiness; a consideration which, alone, is sufficient to render it interesting to every friend of humanity.” To trace the rise of these arts, therefore; and to mark the several stages of their progress, with a view to facilitate their way to perfection, is a task as worthy the gentleman as the scholar or the virtuoso; the laborious researches of the antiquarian being thus made conducive to the embellishments of life, and rendered both agreeable and useful to society. Next to the immediate cultivation of the polite arts, and spreading that happy contagion, which is to be caught only by living examples, is the merit of displaying the reputation, and pointing out the perfection, of those masters, whose fame hath survived their persons, and not unfrequently their works.

It were superfluous to mention here how much artists of more than one profession are indebted to the Editor (we might, indeed, rather say the Author†) of this work. Taste,

* *Essai sur l'état de la Littérature*; of which more particular mention was made in the XXVth Volume of our Review, p. 224.

† Mr. Walpole acquaints us, in his Preface, that he was obliged to compose, a-new, every article collected by Mr. Vertue.

erudition, good-sense, and liberality, qualities not always united, have been attributed to many an ostentatious *Mæcenas*; but if to these we add an assiduity in studying, and eagerness to place, every object of emulation in the point of view best calculated to inspire taste for the past, and awaken future efforts of genius, none can lay a juster claim to the title of Patron of Literature and the fine Arts, than the honourable Artist at Strawberry-Hill. Possessed of the happiest talents, for creating embellishments out of the most simple materials, and striking entertainment out of the driest and most barren subjects, he has favoured the world with a *Catalogue of Authors**, not inferior itself, in point of literary merit, to most of the performances celebrated in it. Nor has he less happily succeeded in the work before us; which, had it come from any other hand, had probably afforded as little instruction or amusement, as the tittle-tattle stories of a tasteless biographer, a mere chronologer's list of dates and names, or an auctioneer's catalogue of pictures.

It is something remarkable that England has not produced, as Mr. Walpole observes, a single volume on the works of its Painters. It is true, this country has rarely given birth to a genius in that profession; Holland and Flanders having furnished us with the greatest artists we have to boast. Mean while, in Italy, where the art of Painting has been carried to an amazing degree of perfection, the lives of the Painters have been written in numerous volumes, almost sufficient of themselves to compose a library. Every picture of every considerable master has been minutely described; their biographers treating of the works of Raphael and Corregio with as much importance as commentators speak of Homer and Virgil: while, indulging themselves in the inflated style of their language, they talk of pictures as the works almost of a Divinity, though at the same time they lament them as perishing before their eyes. The French, neither possessed of such masters, nor so hyperbolic in their diction, contrive however to supply by vanity what is wanting in either. Poussin is their miracle of genius; Le Brun disputes the preference with half the Roman school. A whole volume is written even on the life and works of Mignard; and Voltaire, who affects to understand almost every thing, and does not suspect that judgment in Painting is one of his deficiencies, speaks ridiculously in commendation of some of their artists.

* See Review, Vol. XIX. p. 557.

To supply this defect in English biography, respecting the lives and works of our Painters, was the present performance undertaken; for which Mr. Vertue employed himself several years in collecting materials. As he conversed and corresponded with most of the virtuosi in England, and was personally acquainted with the oldest performers in the science, he minuted down every thing he heard from them; visiting, as we are told, every collection, making catalogues of them, attending sales, copying every paper he could find relative to the art, searching offices, registers of parishes and registers of wills, for births and deaths, turning over all our own authors, and translating those of other countries which related to his subject. Thus writing down every thing he heard, saw, or read, his collection amounted to near forty volumes of manuscript; his intention of compiling such a work being suggested so early as the year 1713, and assiduously continued till his death, in the year 1757.

Indebted, however, as the lovers of this elegant art may think themselves to Mr. Vertue, for his assiduity and application, there is yet another circumstance which adds a value to the materials he so laboriously collected. This is his integrity, which, we are told, exceeded even his industry: no man living, so bigotted to a vocation, being so incapable of falsehood. He did not deal even in hypothesis, scarce in conjecture. He visited and revisited every picture, every monument that was an object of his researches; and being so little a slave to his own imagination, was cautious of trusting to that of others. In his memorandums he always put a query against whatever was told him of suspicious aspect, and never gave credit to it till he received the fullest satisfaction. "Thus (proceeds our Author) whatever trifles the Reader finds in this work, he will have the comfort of knowing that the greatest part at least are of most genuine authority. Whenever I have added to the Compiler's stores, I have generally taken care to quote as religiously the source of my intelligence; and here and there have tried to enliven the dryness of the subject, by inserting facts not totally foreign to it." It is not, however, only by the insertion of entertaining facts that our Author hath enlivened and embellished the barren collection of the Compiler: the many pertinent reflections, and interesting sentiments, occasionally interspersed throughout this work, manifesting equally the critical sagacity and refined taste of the Writer. Very different from the common run of Editors, whose narrow minds or confined talents are

limited to a particular study, we find him perpetually throwing out those general reflections which naturally arise from the occasion; and which, though not absolutely necessary to the subject, display that liberal turn which is only acquired from an acquaintance with men as well as the arts, from the study of human nature as well as the sciences. His thoughts on the past and present state of the arts in England, together with their moral tendency, particularly that of Painting, are extremely sensible and just.

“ It perhaps would be difficult (says he) to assign a physical reason why a nation that produced Shakespear, should owe its glory in another walk of genius to Holbein and Vandyke. It cannot be imputed to want of protection: Who countenanced the arts more than Charles the First? That prince, who is censured for his want of taste in pensioning Quarles, is celebrated by the same pen for employing Bernini;—but want of protection is the apology for want of genius. Milton and Fontaine did not write in the bask of court favour. A Poet or a Painter may want an equipage or a villa, by wanting protection; they can always afford to buy ink and paper, colours and pencils. Hogarth has received no honours, but universal admiration.”

Considering the arts and sciences in a moral and political light, he observes, it is no bad indication of the flourishing state of a country, that it daily makes improvements in their cultivation. They may be attended indeed by luxury, but they are certainly produced by wealth and happiness*. The conveniencies, the decorations of life are not studied in Siberia, or under a Nero. “ If severe morality (says he) would at any time expect to establish a thorough reformation, I fear it must chuse inhospitable climates, and abolish all latitude from the laws. A corporation of merchants would never have kept their oaths to Lycurgus, of observing his statutes till he returned. A good government, that indulges its subjects in the exercise of their own thoughts, will see a thousand inventions springing up, refinements will follow, and much pleasure and satisfaction will be produced at least before that

* Does not this seem a little contradictory to what is said just above concerning the influence of protection and the sun-shine of court-favour?—But perhaps wealth and luxury may have a tendency to the improvement of the arts in general, different from their influence on the professors of those arts as individuals. The arts may flourish most in wealthy states, while the poorest artists may display the greatest genius.

excess arrives, which is so justly said to be the fore-runner of ruin. But all this is in the common course of things, which tend to perfection, and then degenerate. He would be an absurd legislator, who should pretend to set bounds to his country's welfare, lest it should perish by knowing no bounds. Poverty will stint itself; riches will be left to their own discretion; they depend upon trade, and to circumscribe trade is to annihilate it. It is not rigid nor Roman to say it, but a people had better be unhappy by their own fault, than by that of their government. A *censor morum* is not a much greater blessing than an *arbitrator elegantiarum*. The world, I believe, is not at all agreed that the austerities of the Presbyterians were preferable to the licentiousness under Charles II. I pretend to defend the one no more than the other; but I am sure that in the body politic, symptoms that prognosticate ill, may indicate well. All I meant to say was, that the disposition to improvements in this country is the consequence of its vigour. The establishment of a society for the encouragement of arts, will produce great benefits before they are perverted to mischiefs."

With respect to Painting in particular, Mr. Walpole endeavours to obviate the objections which fanatics, and others of as little taste, have made to this beautiful art. "This (says he) is one of the least likely to be perverted: Painting has seldom been employed to any bad purpose. Pictures are but the scenery of devotion. I question if Raphael himself could ever have made one convert, though he had exhausted all the expression of his eloquent pencil on a series of Popish doctrines and miracles. Pictures cannot adapt themselves to the meanest capacities, as unhappily the tongue can. Nonsense may make an apprentice a catholic or methodist; but the apprentice would see that a very bad Picture of St. Francis was not like truth: and a very good Picture would be above his feeling. Pictures may serve as helps to religion; but are only an appendix to idolatry: for the people must be taught to believe in false Gods and in the power of saints, before they will learn to worship their images. I do not doubt but if some of the first reformers had been at liberty to say exactly what they thought, and no more than they thought, they would have permitted one of the most ingenious arts, implanted in the heart of man by the Supreme Being, to be employed towards his praise. But Calvin, by his tenure, as head of a sect, was obliged to go all lengths. The vulgar will not list but for total contradictions. They are not struck

by seeing religion shaded only a little darker or a little lighter. It was at Constantinople alone where the very shop-keepers had subtilty enough to fight for a letter more or less in a Greek adjective *, that expressed an abstract idea."

" Happily (continues our Author) there is at this time so total a extinction of all party-animosity both in religion and politics, that men are at liberty to propose whatever may be useful to their country, without its being imputed to them as a crime, and to invent what they mean should give pleasure, without danger of displeasing by the very attempt."

We could wish this latter reflection altogether so true as is intimated; but we fear, though the zeal of party in politics and religion is at present much subsided, the liberal arts run no little danger of suffering equally by the illiberal practices of venality and avarice. While the insinuations of prejudice and self-interest are attended to, partiality will prevail in all decisions respecting merit: and in an age and country where every thing is bought and sold, it is no wonder the productions of taste and science should meet with the same fate as all other commodities that are brought to market. And whoever knows the delicacy of the opening bud of true genius, cannot be surprized it should close again in disgust, at seeing itself depreciated by the insolence of partiality, or the artifices of sale: while not unfrequently, cheapened like a bunch of radishes, it is thrown aside by the undistinguishing purchaser, for a more lumping penny-worth of gaudy trash. Hence we cannot help differing from our ingenious Author, in thinking this an epoch in which we may reasonably expect to see the arts flourish and rise to as proud a height as they attained at Athens, Rome, or Florence. We very readily subscribe, however, to those great encomiums he hath justly bestowed on the eminent patrons and artists, that do honour to our age and country.

What we have hitherto borrowed from our Author is contained in his Preface. We come now to the work itself, in which the state of Painting in England is traced back to its earliest period: they who undertake to write the History of any art being, as he observes, fond of carrying its origin as far back as possible. This, indeed, when it tends to shew

* In the decline of the empire, there were two sects who proceeded to the greatest violences against each other in the dispute, whether the nature of the second Person was *ὁμοούσιος*, co-essentialis; or *ὁμοιούσιος*, similis essentiali.

the improvements made in it, by comparing latter works with the first rude inventions, may be of service; but it often happens that the Historian thinks the antiquity of a discovery reflects honour on his country, though perhaps his country has been so careless, or has wanted genius so much, as to have refined very little on the original hints. Some men, he remarks, push this farther, and venerate the first dawnings of an art more than its productions in a riper age. This, it seems, was the case, in some degree, with Mr. Vertue, who had taken great pains to prove, that Painting existed in England before the restoration of it in Italy by Cimabue. Mr. Walpole, however, though confessedly an Antiquarian, justly observes that, notwithstanding the inventor may have had more genius, the performance of the improver must be more perfect. "If what we possessed of it (says he) in those ignorant times could be called Painting, I suppose Italy and every nation in Europe retained enough of the deformity of the art, to contest with us in point of antiquity. That we had gone backwards in the science, farther almost than any other country, is evident from our coins, on which there is no more of human similitude, than in an infant's first scrawl of the profile of a face; and so far therefore as badness of drawing approaches to antiquity of ignorance, we may lay in our claim to very antient possession. As Italy has so long excelled us in the refinement of the art, she may leave us the enjoyment of original imperfection."

The lovers of British antiquities may find some entertainment in the perusal of the records relating to Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, contained in the first Chapter of this performance; wherein, among many other particulars, we are informed that the lions in the arms of England were originally leopards; and that Windsor was a place of note even before the reign of Henry III. consequently long before it was beautified by Edward III. In the frequent occasions, however, which the Writer takes to throw new lights on the characters in English History, consists, in our opinion, a considerable part, if not the chief, merit of the whole work. Having spoken of the great encouragement given by Henry III. to Cavalini, and other artists, he makes the following application of circumstances to elucidate his character.

"From all the testimonies above recited, Henry III. appears in a new light from what has hitherto been known of him. That he was a weak prince, in point of government,

is indisputable. That he was a great encourager of the arts, these records demonstrate. When Historians talk of his profusion, they evidence only in what he dissipated on his favourites. But it is plain that the number and magnificence of his buildings and palaces, must have swallowed great part of the sums maliciously charged to the single article of unworthy favourites. It matters not how a prince squanders what he has tyrannically squeezed from the subject. If he exceeds his revenue, it is almost as ill spent on edifices as on ministers. But it is perhaps no more than justice to make some allowance for partial or exaggerated relations. Henry was not a wise prince—may I venture to say more?—He was not a martial prince. Even in these more sensible ages one illustrious defect in a king converts all his other foibles into excellencies. It must have done so much more in a season of such heroic barbarism as that of Henry III. and the want of an enterprising spirit in that prince, made even his patronage of the arts be imputed to effeminacy or be overlooked. The extravagance of Lewis XIV. in his buildings, gardens, water-works, passed for an object of glory under the canon (if I may say so) of his ambition. Henry III. had no conquests to illuminate his ceilings, his halls, his bas-reliefs: yet perhaps the generous sentiment implied in his motto, *Qui non dat quod habet, non accipit ille quod optat*, contained more true glory, than all the *fast* couched under Lewis's emblem of the sun and his other ostentatious devices. But let us compare Henry with one nearer to him. Henry's reign is one of the most ignominious in our annals; that of Edward I. of the most triumphant. Yet I would ask by which of the two did the nation suffer most? By sums lavished on favourites and buildings, or by sums and blood wasted in unjust wars? If we look narrowly into Edward's reign, we shall scarce find fewer representations against the tyranny of the son, than against the encroachments of the father. Who will own that he had not rather employ master William and Edward of Westminster to paint the gestes of the kings of Antioch, than imitate the son in his barbarities in Wales, and usurpations in Scotland?"

From the reign of Henry III. to the time of Henry VII. Mr. Vertue, it seems, could discover no records relating to the arts. This chasm our Author has endeavoured to fill up by a chronologic series of Paintings; in treating of which he lets slip no opportunity of enlivening his subject, by giving the Reader, as he goes along, an idea of the manners as well as the characters of the times.

“ During

“ During the reigns of the two first Edwards I find no vestiges of the art, though it was certainly preserved here, at least by Painting on Glass. No wonder that a proud, a warlike and ignorant nobility, encouraged only that branch which attested their dignity. Their dungeons were rendered still darker by their pride. It was the case of all the arts; none flourished but what served to display their wealth, or contributed to their security. They were magnificent without luxury, and pompous without elegance. Rich plate, even to the enamelling on gold, rich stuffs, and curious armour, were carried to excess, while their chairs were mere pedestals, their cloaths were incumbrances, and they knew no use of steel but as it served for safety or destruction. Their houses, for there was no medium between castles and hovels, implied the dangers of society, not the sweets of it; and whenever peace left them leisure to think of modes, they seemed to imagine that fashion consisted in transfiguring the human body, instead of adding grace to it: while the men wore shoes so long and picked, that they were forced to support the points by chains from their middle; the ladies erected such pyramids on their heads, that the face became the centre of the body; and they were hardened to these preposterous inconveniences by their priests, who, instead of leaving them to be cured by the fickleness of fashions, or the trouble of them, denounced God’s judgments on follies, against which a little laughter, and a little common-sense, had been more effectual sermons. It was not far distant, I think, from the period of which I am speaking, that the ladies wore looking-glasses about the same height of their bodies, with that, on which the men displayed such indecent symbols. The representations of these extravagancies (as we see them collected by Montfaucon, in his *Antiquities of France*) demanded Japanese and Indian Painters, and were not likely to produce Vandycks and Titians. Thus while we are curious in tracing the progress of barbarism, we wonder more that any arts existed, than that they attained no degree of perfection.”

The sticklers for the honour of our English Painters, will probably indulge themselves in pursuing the conjectures of our Author, respecting the discovery of painting in Oil; which he thinks there is some reason to believe was practised in England before the time at which it is said to have been invented by Van Eyck. It appears from record that Oil was used, as a varnish or otherwise, in Pictures, above an hundred years

years before the common æra of painting in oil. John Van Eyck is allowed to have found it in searching for a varnish; and might have heard that such a varnish or composition was in use in England. Nay, Mr. Walpole mentions some Pictures still extant, which, painted before that time, bear all the appearances of being done in oil; and hazards a conjecture, not altogether without foundation, that Van Eyck was in England, where it is probable he learned the secret, and took the honour of the invention to himself, as ours was then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure enough, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of a secret which soon made such fortune abroad. This appears certain, that the Painters employed by Henry III. were Italians, who possessed no such secret, but must have found the practice here, not have brought it over with them; for we are expressly told that in Italy they knew of no such method. When some of John ab Eyck's Pictures were carried to Alphonso, King of Naples, the Italian Painters were surprized, says Sandrart, *quod aquâ purgari possent, coloribus non deletis*.

The art of Painting on Glass is generally set down among the *artes perditæ*: Mr. Walpole, however, shews, by a regular series of artists and their performances, that this secret has never been lost, as is commonly imagined. This kind of Painting, indeed, being banished the churches by the reformation, fell nearly into disuse: it has, notwithstanding, been practised by several artists from that time to the present, where, in the taste for painted Glass seems to be revived.

It would take up too much room, for us here to give a detail of the many curious particulars contained in this work; in which, as we have already intimated, the Writer has manifested no less taste for Architecture, Sculpture, and the other concomitant arts, than for that which is more confessedly his subject.

With regard to the personal Anecdotes, usually inserted in works of this kind, they are frequently so baldly narrated, or so impertinently introduced and applied, as to afford little entertainment to a sensible Reader. On the contrary, the present Writer hath, for the most part, selected those which serve to expose the want of taste, display the merit, or otherwise characterize the professors, patrons, or subjects of the art. Every one knows or must have heard of a Painter, whose Portraits were, a little while ago, greatly esteemed in
several

several parts of Europe; not to depreciate his merit, however; the extravagant admiration, in which his pieces were held, seemed in a great degree owing to the extravagant length of his beard. We are furnished, in these Anecdotes, with a still more extravagant instance of caprice both in the artist and the public. The story is told of Ketel, a Dutchman, who got much credit by several noble performances* here as well as abroad; but not content with the glory he acquired by these, and instead of aiming at greater perfection, he took it into his head to make himself known by a method of Painting entirely new. To this end, he laid aside his brushes and painted only with his fingers, beginning with his own portrait. The whim took; he repeated the practice, and, they pretend, executed those fantastic works with great purity and beauty of colouring. In this manner he painted two heads for the Sieur Van Os, of Amsterdam; the first, a Democritus, was his own portrait; the other of M. Morosini, in the character of Heraclitus. The Duke de Nemours, who was a performer himself, was charmed with the latter, and bought it. Another was the picture of Vincent Jacobson, a noted wine-merchant of Amsterdam, with a glass of rhenish in his hand. As his success increased, so did his folly; his fingers appeared too easy tools: he undertook, therefore, to paint with his feet, and his first essay he pretended to make in public on a picture of the God of Silence; while that public, who began to think, like Ketel, that the more a Painter was a mountebank, the greater was his merit, were so good as to applaud even this caprice.

We shall quote another short Anecdote or two for the entertainment of our Readers.

There are few persons, acquainted with the English History, who have not heard of Jeffery Hudson, the famous dwarf, whose Picture, painted by Mytens, is now at St. James's; where he is drawn holding a dog by a string, in a Landscape, coloured warmly and freely, like Snyder or Rubens. The following is given as the history of this diminutive personage. "He was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age

* Particularly a large Picture of the trained bands of Amsterdam, with their Captain, Herman Rodenburg Beths, at their head; in which Picture he introduced his own Portrait. This piece, it is said, was placed in the gallery of the Mall at Amsterdam. The curious will hardly find it by that direction. It is now, together with another capital piece, if we are not mistaken, by the same hand, in the Krygs, or Krygs-raad Chamber in the Stadthouse of Amsterdam.

of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold pye, and presented by the Duchess to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem, called *Jeffreides*, on a battle between him and a turkey-cock; and in 1638 was published a very small book, called *The New-Year's Gift*, presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jeffery) her Majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphilus, with a little Print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period Jeffery was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to fetch a mid-wife for the Queen, and on his return with this gentlewoman, and her Majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the Queen from her mother Mary de Medici, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffery, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teasing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter*. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not long remain in slavery, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made a captain in the royal army; and in 1644 attended the Queen to France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the sixty-third year of his age."

* A bas-relief of this dwarf and giant, is to be seen fixed in the front of a house near the end of Bagn'o court, on the east side of Newgate-street.

There

There is another remarkable story, which Mr. Vertue is said to have been told by Ruffel the Painter, respecting the sale of some Pictures done by the Olivers, to Charles II. wherein the meanness, which frequently betrayed itself in the character of that monarch, is conspicuous. "The greater part of the collection of King Charles being dispersed in the troubles, among which were several of the Olivers, Charles II. who remembered, and was desirous of recovering them, made many inquiries about them after the restoration. At last he was told by one Rogers of Isleworth, that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth, and had many of their works. The King went very privately and unknown, with Rogers, to see them. The widow shewed several, finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased, asked if she would sell them. She replied, she had a mind the King should see them first, and if he did not purchase them, she should think of disposing of them. The King discovered himself; on which she produced some more Pictures, which she seldom shewed. The King desired her to set a price; she said, she did not care to make a price with his Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books, and let his Majesty know what prices his father the late King had paid. The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the option of 1000 *l.* or an annuity of 300 *l.* for life. She chose the latter. Some years afterwards it happened the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these Pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was probably a prude, and apt to express herself like a prude, said, on hearing it, that if she had thought the King would have given them to such whores, and strumpets, and bastards, he never should have had them. This reached the court; the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never received it afterwards."—Imprudent, however, as it was for the good woman to express herself so freely on the occasion, it was certainly very unbecoming a monarch to stoop so low, as to shew his resentment by flagrant dishonesty.

But we must now take leave of this ingenious and entertaining performance, adding only a word or two relative to the Prints intended to embellish the publication. These are upwards of forty in number, consisting chiefly of Portraits; engraved by Grignion, Chambers, Bannerman, and Miller. We could wish, for the real embellishment of the work, as well as for the honour of the artists, that more pains had

had been taken, and more skill manifested, in the execution of some of the Engravings. Those of Mr. Grignion indeed are performed with his usual elegance. Some of Mr. Chambers's also are well executed; but there are others which seem by no means worthy to appear in such good company.

K-n-k

Solyman and Almena. 12mo. 2s. Payne.

SUCH is the raging appetite for romance, that, to engage the public ear, even academic gravity is forced to lay aside its didactic dignity, and sport in the flowery fields of fiction. Many Writers of distinguished talents have lately figured in the rank of Novelists. The solemn Johnson had his Eastern Tale; Hawkefworth had his Genii; and Langhorne now leads us into the valley of Mesopotamia.

From the poetical pieces of this ingenious Writer, the Public have probably formed expectations in favour of the little Volume before us; and it affords such pregnant proofs of genius, as render it not altogether unworthy of the Author. In the plan and conduct of the piece, there is, indeed, little of invention or originality; and a Reader, who is but moderately acquainted with this modish kind of literature, may anticipate most of the incidents. In truth, few of the Oriental Novels differ very essentially from each other. In most of them, the hero of the tale, whom we must suppose to be the paragon of mankind, is deeply enamoured with some accomplished fair one, who is the non-pareille of her sex. After an assiduous and sentimental courtship, scrupulously conducted through the several gradations of decorum and delicacy, the lady at length yields to her lover's importunity, and stands a woman confessed. Every moment we expect to see them drop from their elevation of character, and sink into mere man and wife—when lo! to preserve the dignity of the piece, some forest ruffians, or some barbarous pyrates, tear the shrieking fair one from the strong embraces of her distracted lover, and convey her to the seraglio of a Bashaw, or some such high-fed voluptuary, where she performs miracles, to preserve that jewel her chastity, against the assaults of imperious appetite. Her constant lover, in the mean time, escapes from bondage; and, wandering in despair *per opaca & aspera*, at length, by some amazing accident, discovers his beloved mistress; and to gain access to her, enacts, as Shakspeare says, more wonders than a man. A dungeon, however, proves the

the portion of his fond rashness; and the lordly Bashaw, having secured his rival, raging with resentment and desire, renews his efforts to triumph over the fair one's virtue and resolution. We tremble lest she should fall a victim to brutal violence, when suddenly her cries pierce the ears of her imprisoned lover; who, by prodigies of strength and valour, breaks through all opposition, and flying to her aid, just as her powers of resistance grow faint, saves her honour, and destroys the tyrant. In the end, the plot winds up like an old English comedy; and from that time we may conclude, that the sublime pair talk and act like the rest of the world.

These, in general, are the out-lines of Oriental Novels, which are visibly traced in the piece before us, though we cannot say that it bears any strong marks of the Eastern style or manners. In short, the Author has forgotten the Poet's precept, *Convenientia fingere*. And to consider,

Colchus an Affyrius; Thebis Nutritus, an Argis.

The scene opens on the banks of the Irwan, but the style of the Dialogue is not far removed from the banks of the Thames. It is, nevertheless, in general, easy and elegant; and the design of the piece is perfectly chaste and moral, tending to confirm the habits of virtue, and to inspire us with a confidence in Providence. The story is as follows:

Solyman, the son of Ardavan the sage, who was early instructed in all the learning of the East, grew weary of the labours of study, and thirsted only for the knowledge of mankind. With much importunity he prevailed on his father to permit him to travel, and passed over the Tigris into the kingdom of Persia. In his progress, he was alarmed by an adventure between two lovers, who had stolen a secret interview before their final separation. He beheld them in all the agonies of sorrow, till at length the lover fainted at the feet of his weeping mistress; the daughter of a mercenary wretch, who had sold her to the Khan of Bukharia, to whom she was to be conveyed the next day, without expostulation or reprieve. Solyman inveighs against the inhumanity of parents, and offers to conduct the lovers to the valley of Irwan. "They put themselves under the conduct of Solyman, and he now repassed the roads he had travelled by the light of the sun, with superior pleasure, even in the gloom of night; so delightful is beneficence to a virtuous mind!"

Having pointed out to them the house of Ardavan, Solyman parted with the lovers; and proceeding on his journey, in
five

five days arrived at Ispahan. Among those whose conversation he found most instructive and entertaining there, he was particularly fond of an English merchant, who spoke the language of the country. They frequently met; and their conversation generally turning on the manners and pursuits of men, they mutually gratified each other by accounts of their different countries; in which our Author takes occasion to make some very pertinent reflections on the government and literature of Great-Britain.

Solyman, however, is at length obliged to quit the merchant, whose affairs detained him in Persia; and, pursuing his travels, he came to Dehli, the capital of the Mogul's empire, where he conceived a violent and refined passion for Almena, whose accomplished mind and benevolent heart, were perfectly suited to his own. To her Solyman poured forth the natural and passionate sensations of love; and Almena, whose heart was far from being indifferent to him, easily caught the enthusiasm. In the end, he prevailed on her to retire with him to the valley of Irwan. Within a few days they set forward from Dehli; and for the greater expedition, and the less fatigue, they determined to go by sea, and accordingly went on board a trading vessel bound to the Persian gulph.

“ At that time there was war between two petty princes of the hither peninsula of India; and, unfortunately, the ship in which they embarked belonged to one of these powers. They had not proceeded above five leagues from the coast, when they were pursued by the foe. After an obstinate and bloody engagement, they were boarded; and their enemies, when they had stripped the vessel of every thing valuable, dismissed it:

“ They dismissed the vessel, but they took Almena. What heart does not bleed, what eye does not shed a tear, for the miserable Solyman? They dismissed the vessel, but they took Almena. Prayers, and tears, and agony and anguish, were vain. The lover saw his dear, trembling, fainting maid, dragged by the hands of the unfeeling sailors into their own ship, after they had bound him to prevent the effects of his rage. ‘ I ask not for your mercy, (cried the wretched youth) ‘ only take me into your vessel along with that lady, and ‘ prepare your tortures, your racks, and wheels; for me spare them, and let me perish before these eyes lose sight of ‘ Almena!’

“ While

“ While Solyman was vainly uttering these pitiable exclamations, the enemy steered away, and was in a short time out of sight. The men of the ship in which he was, apprehensive of some bad consequences from the violence of his rage, were prudent enough to let him continue bound; while he now loaded them with the reproachful terms of slaves and cowards, and now excited them by promises, or intreated them by prayers, to pursue the foe. The ship having lost her freight, did not proceed on her intended voyage, but returned to the coast of India.

“ When they arrived, Solyman was informed, that the vessel which had taken them belonged to the King of Sundah, who at that time was at war with the King of Kanara. Upon this information, as soon as he had received intelligence of the situation of the kingdom of Sundah, he went immediately in quest of Almena. Though almost worn to death with fatigue and sorrow, he travelled night and day, till he reached the country. But alas! when he was there, what could he do? Stranger as he was to the people, and in a great measure to their language, he had as much to hope from chance, as from application, for the discovery of Almena.

“ He would now have sunk under the weight of his misfortunes, had he not availed himself of the first advice of Ardavan, and firmly relied on the Eternal Providence. ‘Im-mortal Mithra! (said the afflicted youth) thou beholdest me oppressed with misery, but thy beams still shine upon me; and while I enjoy thy light, I will hope for thy favour!’

“ Thus comforting himself, he still continued his search; depending, for the necessary supports of nature, on the precarious bounty of the villages through which he passed; frequently making the mountain rocks the refuge of his night’s repose, when nature, exhausted with toil and sorrow, in her own defence inclined him to sleep. He wandered incessantly from town to town, and from province to province; often exposed to the attacks of savage beasts, and often suffering the insults of the more savage people.

“ Having in vain gone over a large tract of the inland country, he now confined his search to the coast, in hopes that he might again see the vessel which took his Almena. Day by day he wandered on the beach, constantly casting his eyes on the immense waste of waters, and watching the ap-
 REV. April, 1762. S proach

proach of every vessel that he saw, with the same impatience of expectation, as if he had been assured that it contained Almena."

Solyman, insensible of danger, passed the day by the castle of Sevasir; where, through the iron palisadoes with which the garden within the fort was encompassed, he saw many women, but he saw not Almena. In the evening, therefore, regretting the disappointment even of those expectations, which he dreaded to have confirmed, he resolved to quit his station, till the return of morning; when, by the glimmering of the moon, he perceived another lady enter the garden.

"As she came nearer, her image glanced through his heart more swiftly than the lightning smites the traveller on the mountains of Hima. The lady was Almena. In a burst of transport he cried, 'Almena! Solyman!' struck at once with the voice, the name, and the figure of Solyman, surprize overcame her, and she fell senseless upon the terras.

"Solyman, unable to enter the garden, in an agony of terror cried out, 'Save, save my Almena!' at the same time running round the walls in the utmost distraction. His exclamations alarmed the guard, who immediately secured him; though, from his cries and confusion, they concluded him to be mad, and made their report of him as such to the governor of the castle, who ordered him to be immediately brought before him.

"Solyman, the moment he beheld the governor, fiercely cried out, 'I conjure thee, if thou art a human being, let me instantly fly to the relief of a lady in thy gardens.' The governor was alarmed by an appearance of reason in this request, and ordered him to be secured, while he went himself into the gardens to know if there was any foundation for it. There he found Almena supporting herself against the wall, not having perfectly recovered either her strength or her reason. 'Art thou my Solyman, (said she) if thou art my Solyman, support me in thy arms.' In his arms he took her, and bore her to a pavilion, where he held her till her reason returned. She turned her eyes full upon him, and, with a look of fear and horror, shrunk from his embrace.

'Tell me, madam, I beseech you, tell me, (said the governor) what is the cause of this distraction? Why are those dear eyes so full of wildness and horror, and why do you

' you look upon your protector with such aversion ! Is there then some other person more happy in your favour and affection, and must I for ever languish at your feet in vain ?'

' If thou hast any other affection for me, (said Almena) than that which is inspired by brutal instinct ; if thou hast more feeling than the walls that surround thee, thou wilt surely pity me. The dear unhappy man, whom I fear ere now thy guards have seized, is the friend, for whose loss thou hast known me mourn ever since I came within thy power. Yes, thou wilt pity me ; for thou hast wept : when I related to thee my miseries, the tears of compassion flowed from thine eyes. Let us throw ourselves at thy feet ; let us owe our happiness to thee, and thou shalt have all the affection which is not due to Solyman.'

" The weeping beauty, as she uttered these words, threw herself before him in such an agony of sorrow, and such a posture of supplication, as would have moved any heart in which vice had not extinguished every spark of humanity. Far from being affected by it, the governor of Sevasir made her the following answer : ' Absurd and vain ! to suppose that I should tamely yield that happiness to another, which I could never obtain myself. Know, madam, that both you and your lover are now in my power ; and that he has no indulgence to hope for, but what your kindness to me may procure him.' With these words he withdrew ; rather less offended at the thought of having a rival in Almena's affections, than pleased with the hope that he might terrify her into compliance, by his menaces against her lover.

" Almena remained in the most pitiable distress, sharpened by the most painful apprehensions for her own honour, and the life of Solyman ; and wandering alone into the garden, she added one night of sorrow more to the many she had suffered.

" When the morning appeared, Nagrakut, that was the wretch's name, went at his usual hour into the garden. Almena, who was still there, overcome by the weight of continued sorrow, had sunk into a transient slumber on a bench in the pavillion. Nagrakut approached and stood by her as she slumbered. There was a sight that might have excited tenderness in the breast of a savage ; but it moved not the heart of Nagrakut, nor awakened any other passion in him but that of a libidinous desire. In a dream, she waved her hand, and cried, with a voice of mournful tenderness, ' Do

‘not murder him, Nagrakut ! Let my Solyman live !’ Then letting fall the hand she had raised, she sunk again into silent slumber.

“Nagrakut yet felt no pity ; but placing himself near her on the bench, inclosed her in his arms. She awoke ; and, finding herself in the embraces of the tyrant, shrieked out with the most distressful horror. Her cries pierced the cell where Solyman was confined. With the united strength of rage and terror, he burst the door of his prison ; and running through the apartments of the castle with a dagger in his hand, which he had fortunately snatched up in his way, he flew to the garden.

“Almena was still shrieking and struggling in the arms of Nagrakut, who endeavouring to sooth her to his embraces, had not observed the approach of Solyman. ‘Villain, (said Solyman) remove thy execrable hands from the person of that lady, and employ them in the defence of thy own ?’ Nagrakut, who was the most abject coward, called aloud to his guards. ‘Coward ! slave ! (said Solyman) draw this instant, or my dagger shall pierce thy heart.’ Nagrakut then fell at his feet ; and begging for mercy, promised him Almena and liberty. ‘This moment, then, (said Solyman) dismiss us from thy cursed prison.’ No sooner had he uttered these words, than the guards appeared. Nagrakut immediately beckoned to them to seize him ; but Solyman, observing his motion, hastily ran to him, and plunged his dagger into his heart.

“The tyrant fell. No way of escape, however, was left for Solyman : he was instantly seized by the soldiers, loaded with heavy chains, and shut up, with Almena, in a strong apartment of the castle. With Almena he was shut up, for jealousy now no longer parted them ; and she was considered as an accomplice in the murder of the governor.”

Not long after this, a body of Kanarians entered the country of Sundah, and laid siege to the castle of Sevasir. As the death of the governor had thrown all into confusion, the fort was easily carried ; and the Kanarians took prisoners all that were in the castle. The women were immediately conveyed to the court of Kanara, and presented to the King for his choice, who selected Almena.

Solyman having convinced the Kanarians, that he had no connections with the King of Sundah, and that he was willing to enter into the service of their prince, was restored to liberty ;

liberty; and prostrating himself before the King, he related the adventure which urged him to the destruction of Nagrakut. The King applauded his justice. O Prince! continued Solyman, I am still miserable. I have reason to believe that some of your officers will detain that lady as a prize taken in the castle of Sevasir. "No officer of mine (replied the King) shall be suffered to detain her; let me know her name, and she shall be immediately restored to you." "Her name (said Solyman) is Almena." The King appeared disturbed, and walked backward and forward for some moments in the utmost confusion: he knew that Almena was the lady whom he had selected from the captives, and he had the most ardent affection for her. In a few moments he withdrew, and commanded Solyman to attend him the following day.

The heart of the King was, in the mean time, distracted by different passions; urged by the most powerful love to detain Almena, and dissuaded from that by truth, humanity, and shame. This conflict affords one of the noblest lessons of virtue, and is described in such a strong and affecting manner, as does great honour to the Writer's sentiments and abilities. "Am I (said he) possessed of a throne, and shall I have no more power to indulge my wishes, than the peasant of the field? What is the worth or the end of absolute power, if Kings must tamely sacrifice their inclinations, to the creatures they were born to command? Shall I give up such beauty as that of Almena! a beauty that has smitten my heart, and inspired me with such tenderness of affection as I never yet felt for woman? But Almena was Solyman's!—it might be so; but she is now mine. Possession goes from one to another, according to the laws of nations; and, by those laws, Almena is mine.

"Why then do I feel these uneasy sensations, as much at the thoughts of keeping, as of parting with her?—The laws of nature, the unvariable laws of nature and truth create them. The laws of nations ought always to be founded on these; and these suggest to me, that to keep Almena, would be most injurious and inhuman. Shall I, who have condemned that in another, as a crime which deserved the punishment of death; commit the very same myself? What a detestable hypocrite should I appear! Shall I, who promised the lover, that none of my officers should deprive him of Almena; shall I degrade the King, by doing what I would have punished in a subject? I love Almena, and should be exquisitely happy in the enjoyment

‘ of her ; but shall I, therefore, make her miserable ? How
 ‘ should I ever partake of happiness, if the object of my af-
 ‘ fections lived with me in sullen discontent, or inconsolable
 ‘ sorrow ? Base and unworthy of the heart of man, must
 ‘ be that love, which would purchase its gratification by the
 ‘ misery of its object ! The heart of Almena is Solyman’s,
 ‘ and so shall be her person : painful is the alternative ; but
 ‘ truth, and honour, and virtue, must prevail.’

“ Thus the generous King of Kanara overcame the efforts
 of importunate desire, by the force of virtue and reason ; and
 nobly scorned to avail himself of his power against an un-
 happy man, who had been long persecuted by misfortune, and
 distressed in his love.

“ The hour came at which he had ordered Solyman to
 attend him. The King received him with a condescending
 smile ; and without the least appearance of uneasiness or dis-
 satisfaction in his countenance, desired him not to be appre-
 hensive about Almena, for that he should shortly be put in
 possession of her.

“ Having thus spoken, he went immediately to her apart-
 ment, and gently taking her hand, ‘ Most beautiful of the
 ‘ daughters of India, (said he) cease your sorrows ! I am not
 ‘ now come to offer you my love, but to recommend to you
 ‘ another lover, who possibly may be happier in your favour
 ‘ than I could ever hope to be. He is now in the palace ;
 ‘ and, if you will give me leave, I will introduce him to you.’
 ‘ My heart (said Almena) has been so much accustomed to
 ‘ new distresses, that it is not now shocked by their fre-
 ‘ quency ; but if you have any pity for me, suffer me to be-
 ‘ wail my miseries in solitude. Not to be interrupted in my
 ‘ sorrows, is all I ask ; and that is not, surely, too much for
 ‘ you to grant.’ The King answered with a smile, ‘ If I
 ‘ am not to be happy in your love, I am determined that
 ‘ none but the person whom I am about to introduce to you,
 ‘ shall be so.’ And hastily quitting the apartment, he re-
 turned with Solyman.

“ The lovers flew to each other’s arms : ‘ My Solyman !’
 ‘ My Almena !’ In a few moments being recollected, they
 threw themselves at the feet of the King ; and Solyman, as
 well as the transports of his heart would give him leave,
 expressed his gratitude. ‘ Generous Prince, (said he) the
 ‘ thanks of Solyman are not worth your acceptance ; but you
 ‘ will not be without a reward. Yours shall be the su-
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'preme pleasure of conscious goodness: yours shall be the
'care of the Eternal Providence, and the prayers and blessings
'of Solyman and Almena.'

Such is the epitome of this Eastern Tale, which is interspersed with some entertaining Episodes, and enlivened with several poetical pieces, penned with pleasing harmony and simplicity of style. The following song, supposed to be written by Almena, while confined in the castle of Sevasir, may serve as a specimen.

I.

'Tis o'er—the pleasing prospect's o'er!
My weary heart can hope no more—
Then welcome, wan despair!
Approach with all thy dreadful train;
Wild anguish, discontent, and pain,
And thorny-pillow'd care!

II.

Gay hope, and ease, and joy, and rest,
All, all that charms the peaceful breast,
For ever I resign.
Let pale anxiety instead,
That has not where to lay her head,
And lasting woe, be mine.

III.

It comes! I feel the painful woe—
My eyes, for SOLYMAN will flow
In silent grief again;
Who, wan'dring o'er some mountain drear
Now haply sheds the pensive tear,
And calls on me in vain.

IV.

Perhaps, along the lonely shores,
He now the sea's blue breast explores,
To watch the distant sail:
Perhaps, on Sundah's hills forlorn,
He faints, with aching toil o'erborne;
And life's last spirits fail.

V.

Ah! no—the cruel thought forbear!
Avaunt, thou fiend of fell despair,
That only death canst give!
While Heaven eternal rules above,
ALMENA yet may find her love,
And SOLYMAN may live!

Upon the whole, though we do not think the conduct of
this piece equal to what might have been expected from a

Writer, who has given such early specimens of a fine imagination and a lively fancy; yet, when we consider the design and tendency of the story, candour, though it cannot conceal, will shade its few defects, for the sake of the useful instruction it conveys.

L² R-2

An Enquiry into the Means of improving Medical Knowledge, by examining all those Methods which have hindered, or increased, its Improvement in all past Ages. To which is added, an Explanation of the Motion and Action of Fire, in and upon the human Body, both in continuing Life, and in producing and curing Diseases. By William Hillary, M. D. 8vo. 6s. Hitch.

THIS gentleman, who seems better qualified by his observation and experience to act in his profession, than by his genius to write with perspicuity and a proper digestion of his subject, informs us in his Preface of his "purposing to leave this work as a posthumous tract; but some persons of distinction and learning happening by chance to see it, and thinking it contained some things both new and useful, desired he would publish it now." Our surprize at this declaration, after the utmost attention to the work, was abated by reflecting, that all persons of distinction might not excell in distinguishing; and that some persons of learning, in other languages perhaps, might be incompetent judges of ours, from their being foreigners.

As to any novelty in this work, it consists chiefly in the unusual style and manner of it, the materials being borrowed from Le Clerc's and Friend's *Historics of Physic*. We do not, however, impute any plagiarism to Dr. Hillary on this account, as he refers very frequently to the former, and not seldom to the latter; though we may observe, that Compilers at a second or third hand, have a much easier task than the first researchers into antique knowledge, and that a smaller portion of literature and of penetration, may and does generally suffice them.

With regard to any great usefulness, which his friends might discern, and which we seriously think the Doctor intended both to himself and his Readers from this performance; we are convinced, that if it had contained much more than we are able to discern in it, less utility must have resulted to his Readers, from the confused and disagreeable manner in which
he

he retails his materials. For though we should even subscribe to Dr. Hillary's professed contempt of accuracy and elegance, which he leaves to superficial critics and pedants; yet his want of perspicuity, from a defect in grammar, in idiom, and in the common use and meaning of some English particles, is truly unpardonable, as it prevents him, and not very seldom, from being intelligible: or else gives his Readers the fatigue of supplying such chasms and alterations, as are necessary to make his book *read*, as we say, with tolerable coherence.

But to come to the matter of his book, which, notwithstanding the many unimportant and tedious repetitions of the very same things, is seldom so indifferent as the manner of it: the title of the first Section is,—"Of the first rise of Medical Knowledge."—And here contenting himself, as others have been forced to do, with hurrying very cursorily through the earliest ages, for want of any medical accounts or treatises; and having mentioned *Æsculapius* and *Pythagoras* only, out of a much greater number collected by *Le Clerc*; he proceeds to contract what that very learned Physician had judiciously selected concerning the character, the writings, and practice of the great *Hippocrates*. Now, notwithstanding there are of course many truths and just observations in what our Author has read and re-printed on this occasion, it will seem to the Readers of *Le Clerc*, upon the whole, rather a disagreeable mutilation, than a judicious abstract, of the compleat and well-digested representation which that Writer has given of this great Physician. Among some other trifling remarks, Dr. Hillary tells us, as one proof of the great penetration and assiduity of *Hippocrates*, "It was by observation and reasoning that he saw that the human body, from its first rudiments to its dissolution, was supported by, and *composed* of, food*"; and consequently the nature of the diet of men was of the greatest importance." Now, seriously, is there that mortal breathing, who is not profound enough to see or observe the first part of this proposition; or who has so little sensibility as not to be daily convinced, that he cannot wholesomely feed like a bird, a beast, or a fish? It is more material when he evinces, in opposition to such Physicians as affirm *Hippocrates* to have had no theory, that he had such a one as was constructed on his assiduous observations, and his rational deductions from them, *κατὰ Φύσιν θεωρῶν*, as he called it;

* For Worms, or Cannibals perhaps.

that

that is, theorizing according to nature.—It is impossible, indeed, from these passages in his works to which Dr. Hillary refers, and from many others, to imagine he did not reason and meditate in his profession in a manly, and often in a very happy manner; especially if we consider his ignorance of the circulation of the blood, and of the sanctorian excretions, his very imperfect anatomy, and his want of many modern physiological discoveries.

Dr. Hillary seems to prove Dr. Friend's having been mistaken in affirming, that Hippocrates never considered sweating as an instrument of health, but only as a symptom, from which to prognosticate; and in his adding, there is no remedy directed to provoke a sweat in any of those books allowed to be truly Hippocratic. Besides some other passages, to which our Author refers on this point, he gives the construction of a sentence or two occurring in the book *περί τῶν πυλῶν*, concerning the parts, which book has very generally been supposed genuine. Our Author's construction, page 47, contains, in effect, the sense of Hippocrates in this passage, though not as closely rendered, as our idiom will easily admit. We refer to the original below*, at length, for the satisfaction of our learned Medical Readers, as it is pretty express on the point, and makes Dr. Friend's over-sight the more remarkable.

The second Section professes to treat—Of the Improvement of Medicine after the time of Hippocrates.—As this is expressed without limitation to any time or period, the Reader might suppose it extended to the present century; but he will find it terminate in the sixteenth. This must be supposed to include the state of Physic among the antient Romans, the Arabians, and the Europeans, to that time; and, indeed, the whole makes a very crude *ollio*, or medley, under our Author's Cookery. He tells us, “That as neither Theffalus, Draco, nor Polybus, the two sons and son-in-law of Hippocrates, (who were all Physicians) have left us any of their works, that are come to our hands, &c. he shall pass them over.”

* *καὶ πῶς ὕδωρ θερμον, καὶ μελικρατὸν, ἢ ὄξος συν ὕδατι. ταῦτα δὲ πιπνεῖν ὡς πλείστα. ἢ γὰρ μὴ ψυχρὸν εἶναι τὸ πόδιον, θερμον εἶναι, καὶ μετὸν, ἐκ τῆς σωματικῆς τῆς νοσούντος ἀφαιρεῖ, ἢ τῆς διδρῆσης εἴτε διιδρῆσης. παρὴν δὲ ἀνοιγομένην τε καὶ ἀναπνεύον, καὶ κινούμενον τὸ σῶμα συμφέρει πνεῖν. — De Locis in Homine, p. 418. Edit. Fœsü.*

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This seems to affirm, that some of their works, which they have never left us, are come to our hands : which is not easily comprehended. We are told literally, p. 75, " That Celsus blames the dogmatists for pretending to explain some things, which their then knowledge of the animal œconomy, without knowing it better, and the laws of motion also, they could not explain." This we likewise submit to the penetration of our Readers. After some reflections on the ill effects of indulging hypotheses too much, we are told verbatim, " There have been others, who from too much indolence or pride, to servilely watch and follow nature in such a manner, or were in too great haste to be rich ; and being pushed on by vanity and conceit of their own abilities, have set themselves up for reformers of the Medical Art, [our Author himself being professedly one] and having by much flattery and great complaisance, and some other low arts, acquired a great name, have imposed themselves upon the credulous and the ignorant vulgar, for men of superior abilities ; and have so gained much practice." This is one of our Author's many extraordinary digressions ; and though the meaning is evident, in spite of its odd structure, we are at a loss to discover how all this pains, all this flattery, and all these low arts of other nameless Physicians, are compatible with either indolence or pride. Our Author is not less mysterious, when, having informed us, " That Dioscorides was so desirous of knowing the real virtues and effects of plants by experience, that he frequently tried their effects upon himself ;" (which was as honest as Dr. Storck's taking hemlock before he prescribed it) he repeats the account of his dying by a dose of the *Aconitum* or *Solanum lethale*, which are different, though deleterious plants : and having observed, " that Dioscorides described its effects and symptoms, till he laid down his pen and expired his last breath," our Author adds, — " And thus he lost his life by endeavouring to discover the means of preserving the life of others." But as he has not informed us that Dioscorides took any antidote against this poison, it looks as if he lost his life in endeavouring to inform posterity after what manner, and with what symptoms, it poisoned himself ; supposing its poisonous quality to have been previously known.

Dr. Hillary, concluding his abridgment of the Improvements made by the Greek and Roman Physicians with P. Ægineta, who flourished about the seventh century ; after some reflections of his own, the substance of which is better than

than the expression, he enters on the Arabian Physicians, beginning with Aaron of Alexandria, who wrote about A. D. 620, and ending with Mesue of Damascus, who lived in the latter end of the twelfth century. In the course of this detail, our Author gives us a few curious specimens of his own Arabian erudition, in the Arabic letters, explained by English letters and words; from which we are become sufficiently learned ourselves to inform our Readers, that *Irk* is Arabic for a Nerve; *Nœra* & *Almadid*, both signify a Vein; *Jédari*, the Small-pox; *Chasbah*, the Measles; *Al-raib* is Butter-milk; and *Al-kawabeli* is equivalent to a Man-midwife. These may be considered as ornaments at least to our Historian: and here, after some general descant on Arabian Medicine, in which he justly compliments them for their cool regimen in the Small-pox, and for their introducing the milder cooling Cathartics into practice, our Historiographer passes into Europe; and beginning with the school of Salernum, in 802, he comes down, after some extracts from Dr. Friend's History, to the fifteenth century, and concludes this Section, of near 140 pages, with some account of Doctors Linacre and Caius in this island, and of Vesalius and Eustachius on the continent.

The third Section—On the Improvement of Medical Knowledge after the restoration of Learning—commences with the great Lord Bacon, whose just rejection of the philosophy of Aristotle, which was the foundation of Galen's theory; and whose institution of experimental enquiries may be considered as the firm basis of, and a most valuable advancement to, real knowledge. From our immortal Harvey, whose fame must circulate as long as the human blood, Dr. Hillary passes to Sanctorius, whose statical discoveries have greatly conduced to a just reasoning and salutary practice in Physic. It was natural after this discovery for Physicians, in climates different from that of Italy, to investigate the various proportions of the several animal excretions in their own; the result of which our Author summarily relates. The exquisite injections of Ruysh, Morgagni, and Albinus, are mentioned; and subsequent to these we have a list of several eminent chemists, from Roger Bacon down to Stahl and Boerhaave. This is followed by no improper stricture on the ignorance, the vanity, and knavery, of some enthusiastic Alchemists; particularly on those of the illiterate Paracelsus, who affirmed, "Philosophy could be taught in no language but High-Dutch, and boasted of a Nostrum that would extend a man's life

life to the age of Methusalem, though he died himself at the age of 47." Some well-meant strictures on the most popular Nostriums naturally fall in here, though we think our Author scarcely attentive enough to facts, in regard to a celebrated Fever-powder, which, we are of opinion, notwithstanding our ocular conviction of its proving sometimes ineffectual, has, upon the whole, done more good, and much less mischief, than most of the others put together; notwithstanding our Author's preferring small doses of the antimonial wine to it. His reasoning, however, in the main, against the absurd practice of attempting to precipitate the natural critical term of any acute disease, suppose the Small-pox or Measles, is certainly just; as these, and probably many other Fevers, have their natural and appropriate terms of growth and maturity, as regularly as most vegetable productions: and a premature extinction of that febrile process, which is so frequently an instrument of health under the conduct of nature, and of her judicious observers and assistants, might prove as often fatal, as the prevalence of the morbid cause over the united efforts of nature and art.

After some notice of the earlier Writers on the Venereal disease, Dr. Hillary introduces the Scurvy, as one that has never been mentioned by the Greek, Roman, or Arabian Physicians; for which reason, he says, it has generally been esteemed a new disease. He derives our English name for it from the German word *Scharboock*, which, he says, signifies an Inflammation; nor does he limit it to any part. Eusebius calls it, in Low-Dutch, *Schoorbuyck*, which he supposes to refer particularly to the violent pains of the stomach and bowels, and the exulcerations attending them. But Boerhaave, who calls it *Scorbeek*, judges it more probably to refer to the soreness of the mouth and gums, which is frequently a pathognomonic symptom of it; and which will answer to sore mouth or *Beck*, a word still used in the northern parts of this kingdom for the human mouth, in a humorous way indeed, as being synonymous to the bill or *beak* of birds. We were surprized that a gentleman of Dr. Hillary's reading did not recur on this head to the *Stomacace*, or sore mouth, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, which a juster translation of the German word must probably have occasioned. We may observe too here, that some of the many cuticular diseases of the Arabians and Africans, and that disease called the lame distemper, in some parts of North-America, do probably depend on a scorbutic cause, whose different appearances may be

be varied by different climates and ways of living. But however this may be, our Author having mentioned a few of the earlier Writers on this disease, refers for the best treatment of it to Boerhaave.——After a list of some of the principal discoveries in Anatomy and Physiology, in consequence of Lord Bacon's system, he employs the remainder of this Section, in his way of recounting the merits of Dr. Sydenham, Sir Isaac Newton, and Boerhaave. Most of this is certainly true and just; but how trivial is it to swell his treatise with informing us of Sir Isaac's college and tutor; and how far from Leyden Boerhaave was born, with a vast deal more equally frivolous, and unessential to his work?

A great part of his fourth Section—General Remarks on the Improvements, and the Hindrances of *its* Improvement—of Medicine we suppose, is employed in a strange and needless recapitulation of what he had said in the first and third Sections, concerning Hippocrates and other antient Physicians. One of the most pertinent observations we meet with respects such Doctors as deride all theory in Physic, of whom he says, “Let them say what they please, they must form some idea of the disease, and its symptoms, under their cure, and have some reasons for their chusing one method preferable to another, and for their doing so: so far as they do this, they have some sort of a theory, though it [should] be [but] a weak and imperfect one.” Several medical Reflections are interspersed throughout this Section, which, though often crudely expressed and arranged, are not amiss in substance, inferring some medical Knowledge and much Experience. His considerations on the use and abuse of Blisters, from p. 354 to 359, are very just, being similar to those of Boerhaave, who wrote generally; and of Baglivi, who wrote professedly on the subject. He affirms, “The *Singultus*, or Hiccup, not to be a convulsive motion of the stomach and diaphragm, as it has commonly been thought, but of the *Oesophagus*, or Gullet.” He asserts this observation to be solely his own, which may be the case: and, indeed, his opinion of this being the seat of the disease, seems no ways irrational; at least of that degree of it, which is removed by a sudden surprize, or by swallowing a little cold water, that may wash down any irritating particles adhering to it. But as the stomach (contiguous to the gullet) and the diaphragm are also irritable parts, it does not prove that the more strong and convulsive Hiccup, often occurring towards the fatal termination of different diseases, and which does not yield to cold water, nor

even to musk or anodynes, may not be seated in the stomach or diaphragm. This Section, which more directly relates to the title-page of the book, and for whose sake the others may have been wrote, concludes with mentioning a kind of *Aphthæ*, or ulcerated throat in the American islands, of which disease our Author supposes himself the discoverer; referring, for the description and cure of it, to his Treatise on the Air and Diseases of Barbadoes.

The fifth Section professes to give some remarks on the *Materia Medica*—Like patient Readers, and attentive Reviewers, we have read and even re-perused the 45 pages of which it consists, without acquiring a single new idea or notion from it, which would be a very bad reason for detailing any part of it to our Medical Readers. It contains some complaints on the great necessity of a farther reformation of the Dispensatory; but this might prove, as the ingenious Mr. Green says, of mending the world itself, a vast design: which we may safely predict will never be accomplished to every body's satisfaction.—There is the less occasion for our taking notice of the sixth and last Section—On the Action of Fire, &c. as we had animadverted on his former Treatise—On the Nature, Properties, and Laws of Fire,—Review, Vol. XXII. p. 1, and do not find the difficulties we objected to some parts of his system alleviated in this Section.

Thus have we accomplished no superficial survey of a work, whose title imports and professes so much; and we imagine such a painful survey, as must have qualified us for a proper estimation of it. Besides the justice our Author has done to the great merit of Boerhaave and Sydenham, he has as justly recommended the Hippocratic method of carefully observing the œconomy of nature in the conduct of diseases, and of assisting her conformably to it. And if he had not repeatedly inculcated and insisted upon this above twenty times, it might, perhaps, from its essential importance, have been allowable. But were we to subtract all the irksome tautology of that single precept, after admitting such a repetition of it, the bulk of this performance would be considerably reduced. With regard to all of the historical part of Physic, which he has gleaned from Le Clerc and Friend, what has this been, in effect, but *actum agere, scriptum rescribere*! How much more brief and ingenuous had it been, in this respect, to have imitated Dr. Clifton, who premises to his—State of Physic, and Plan for the Improvement of it,—as follows: “To say the truth, whoever reads the *Histoire* of
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Le Clerc, and the Continuation of it by Dr. Friend, may, if he please, save himself the trouble of reading much of the historical part of this book." Besides, if the many trite matters in this work, which can inform none but mere novices, had been omitted, the size of a moderate pamphlet would have contained all that could do real honour to the Author.

These few essential objections evidently affect the matter of his book; but how numerous are those which arise to the manner and expression of it! To specify a few more than we have occasionally cited, in support of our general censure, we have, p. 80, 81, a sentence about and about Asclepiades of Prusa, extended to above 40 lines, before it arrives, breathless, at a period; and containing many a *but*, of which (to make the least meaning and coherence) three at least should have been *ands*. See also p. 212, 213, for another series of these empty *buts*. In the character of Galen there is a single rambling sentence, containing near 40 lines, some words of which must be changed, and others omitted, to make it grammar. We read, p. 106, "The Methodists (in Physic) objected against all Specifics; which, when enquired into, is only another term for our ignorance, or we know not how they act." A little lower it is said,—"Notwithstanding they rejected all reasoning, his (*i. e.* Cœlius Aurelianus') works have many useful remarks, and some good methods of practice in them; therefore *those* who desire to see them may read his works, which *he* would do with more pleasure, if they were translated out of that barbarous Numidian Latin into Roman Latin." We have been careful in all these, and many equally crude passages, that we suppress, to consult the Errata, in which we find not one of them corrected.

Now, if these would be gross errors in a Writer, who pretended to no language but English, how must they be aggravated in one, who assumes an intimacy with the learned languages! As the Latin verse says—*Extera quid quærit sua qui vernacula nescit?* And certainly it is reasonable that learning, as well as charity, should begin at home. We must not wonder then, if this Gentleman is but little happier, when he *meddles* with Latin, and makes it his own, as Martial says of a bad repeater of his epigrams. In recommending the reading of Sydenham's works; to the *decies repetita* of Horace, our Latinist has prefixed *magis*, though *magis decies* does not signify *more than ten times*, and is not Latin idiom, as *plusquam* would have been, and would have signified. Some interesting reflection, however, on the *decies repetita placebit*, has

has very probably conduced to our Author's indulging as much in tautology, as if he was writing a lease or a conveyance. The *Globuli* of the blood are termed the *Globule*. The word *Cortex* is certainly either masculine or feminine, though much oftener occurring in the masculine gender; but Dr. Hillary, having frequent occasion to mention the Jesuits' Bark, constantly terms it *Cortex Peruviana*, perhaps to puzzle inferior scholars. The *cito, tuto et jucunde* of Celsus, is transcribed by our Author into *scita tute et jucunde*; which has not the same sense with the sentence in Celsus, if any sense at all.

Many of the Greek citations, to which our Author refers, are incorrectly printed; but some allowance must be made for the more frequent errors of compositors in that language. Not one of these faults, however, is noted in the Errata. Besides this Author's not distinguishing between the singular and plural of *Miasma*, (an infectious particle) his Synochus, or continual Fever, is always spelt *Συνεχεις*, instead of *Συνεχης*. His *Fœnigmi*, or rubefying Applications, should have been spelt with Ph instead of F, lest the young Physicians, for whom he writes, should mistake them for applications of chopt hay, from the Latin word *Fœnum*. *Hæmoptoe* (a spitting of blood) he always calls *Hæmoptoen*, possibly to give it more of an English termination. The passage cited from the Epidemics in the Note, p. 24, is not Greek, and has no meaning, as it is printed. His printing *Ignis vehemens* immediately after *Πυρ ελαβε*, and *Ignis vel Febris vehementissima* after *Πυρ ελαβεν*, p. 450, (which indeed is the construction Foësius gives of *Πυρ* in these different cases) may mislead a young Grecian to think the verb *ελαβε* (he took or was seized with) signified *vehement*; and *ελαβεν*, *most vehement*.

It may be considered, perhaps, as some extenuation of all such blemishes, to give them their gentlest appellation, that Dr. Hillary had premised in his Preface, "He was more attentive to reasoning truly, and expressing his sentiments plainly and intelligibly, than how to say things elegantly and prettily; though the latter may be more admired by some superficial critics and pedants than the first." Nevertheless, if his conscious importance looked down with contempt on elegance and correctness, or whatever he might mean by prettiness, he ought not to have despised Grammar so often as he has. Quintilian says expressly, — *Corruet quicquid superstruxeris, nisi fundamenta jeceris Grammatica*: and certainly

REV. April, 1762.

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the syntax and idiom of any language are essential parts of it, as necessary to its being readily intelligible. But if accuracy, precision, elegance, and conciseness of expression, are really trifles in his estimation, some regard should be had to self-consistence at least. Erotian says of Hippocrates, our Author's prime favourite, that his phrase is the same with Homer's; and though, as he was born in the isle of Cos, his native dialect was the Doric, yet the dialect of his writings is Ionic: and, as Galen thought, with a tincture of the Attic. These he probably chose as more elegant, and more polished than his own; a very natural preference for a Physician, who wrote professedly on Medical Elegance. Dr. Hillary says truly of Celsus, "That he was a man of fine parts, sound judgment, and universal learning, and no less eloquent, as his style is so elegant, concise and pure, that it has always been esteemed the standard of the Latin tongue." Of Aretæus he says, p. 108, —"He has so elegantly and concisely described diseases, and all their symptoms, that the Reader sees the very picture of the disease, ~~as~~ if the patient was before his eyes; and with all the elegance and politeness of the Ionic style." — This he has more briefly repeated, p. 193. Alexander Trallianus is thus commended: "His manner of writing is clear, his style concise, his language good Ionic Greek." — To come to the Arabic, (our Author's perfection in which atones perhaps for his mistakes in English, Latin, and Greek) Rhazis is said "to have written his works in pure Arabic; and Avicenna, in as pure and elegant Arabic, as Cicero did Latin, or Aristotle or Demosthenes Greek." He immediately adds, —"But the low, barbarous Latin, in which we now have them, as they were translated by the European Physicians afterwards, in the ages of ignorance, renders them disagreeable to the polite scholar; and may be one, if not the chief reason, why they are so little esteemed and read; or rather, so much contemned."

We seriously wish the Doctor had fully considered, and properly applied, this probable reflection of his own. We had already recited his censure of Cælius Aurelianus, for translating the works of the sect of methodistical Physicians into bad language, into Numidian Latin. Now it appears unaccountable, that all the advantages, and even beauties of good expression, should be thus estimable in so many Writers, (and the want of them so reprehensible in one) according to our Author's judgment, and yet so little worth attending to in his own work. As Cælius lived and wrote in Numidia, some

allowance should be made for his barbarous Latin; which circumstance ought to be considered also with respect to Dr. Hillary's English, who resided long in Barbadoes amongst a majority of the African race; a situation, which has sometimes been observed to corrupt and mutilate the speech of the white natives there. In fact, this seems by far the least commendable of our Author's many productions in point of language, method, and perspicuity.

Yet, though it is very natural to suppose, that clear and just expression is generally the result of thinking clearly and justly, we decline the least inference in prejudice of Dr. Hillary's abilities in his profession. He seems to have acted with great care and assiduity in it; to have thought of it not a little; and to have constructed his practice on that of the most rational and most capable Physicians antient and modern. This excellent choice must imply a good judgment; he must have set out upon a right scent; and his notions in his important occupation appear to us, as far as we are capable of collecting them from his different works, practical, safe, and prudent. It is to be regretted that they are not better expressed and digested; and if our representation of his present defects, as a Writer, have the effect we wish, and his humour of publishing returns, we shall be glad of as just an occasion to testify our different sentiments of his next production. It is manifestly against our own interest to contract the number of Authors; but our duty to the approving Public will sufficiently apologize for all our just criticism on any work, that is tendered to their inspection.

K

Naval Evolutions: Or, A System of Sea-Discipline. Extracted from the celebrated Treatise of P. L'Hôte, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Seminary of Toulon; confirmed by Experience; illustrated by Examples from the most remarkable Sea-Engagements between England and Holland; embellished with eighteen Copper-plates; and adapted to the Use of the British Navy. To which are added, An Abstract of the Theory of Ship-building; an Essay on Naval Discipline, by a late experienced Sea-Commander; a general Idea of the Armament of the French Navy; with some practical Observations. By Christopher O'Bryen, Esq; Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Johnston.

A Compendium of Naval Discipline will certainly be considered as a curiosity, in a country where that art

never appeared in systematic form ; but it must not be concluded from hence, that Britons, so famous for marine exploits, could acquire their reputation on the seas, without the knowledge and practice of the rules contained in the work before us. Were this the case, there would be small reason to adopt the discipline of a nation, who have generally so ill succeeded whenever they have contended with us. That the fact, however, is otherwise, appears from this circumstance, that the illustrations are chiefly drawn from instances furnished by the English, and Hollanders : indeed exercises of superior skill cannot long continue national, since they become universal lessons to all who traverse the ocean. It may also be observed, that whatever superiority we manifest over our neighbours, in the success of our enterprizes, the praise is in a great measure due to the intrepid spirit of those poor fellows who supply hands and hearts, who go through the heat of the work, who are always the greatest sufferers, and who are too much overlooked in estimating the merits of action. Different modes of government have great effect on the subjects of them, especially on those who feel the difference most. English officers will not be so ungenerous as to deny their antagonists the French, that repute which their military merit claims ; but what avails the most consummate skill in command, if the common men are not equal to the execution, and will not stand to their quarters ? The French, therefore, write good Treatises on Military Arts, while the English, proceeding from victory to victory, have not leisure to write, though they may receive benefit from the lessons of their vanquished enemies.

Mr. O'Bryen's account of the work he has translated, is contained in the Introduction ; which, being but short, is here given.

“ Those who have any knowledge of the Marine, will undoubtedly allow, that the ART of NAVAL EVOLUTIONS is absolutely necessary ; since this art consists only in the manner of regulating the several movements of a Naval Army. Without this art it resembles that of the most barbarous nations, who have not the least knowledge of war ; who act without any other rule or order than what their wild ungoverned imaginations suggest to them, or chance throws in their way. Without a proper knowledge of the art of Evolutions, an Admiral will dispose of his fleet but very imperfectly, whether in opposing the enemy, cutting them off, doubling upon, avoiding, or chasing them to the greatest advantage : for
all

all these things require, that an Admiral should move each part of his fleet, as the mind moves the different members of the human body.

“ Without a knowledge of these various Evolutions, the least alteration in wind or weather, &c. may occasion great confusion in a fleet. Officers, however zealous, are at a loss how to act, or how to recover order and regularity again, when once disconcerted; ships fall a-board, and sometimes sink each other, are obliged to cut away masts, yards, &c. and consequently are subject to many fatal disasters; besides losing perhaps the favourable opportunity of gaining to windward of, or doubling upon the enemy, which they will undoubtedly avail themselves of, if you do not. Whereas a knowledge of the proper management of a fleet removes all these embarrassments, which they are otherwise liable to. It shews general-officers, as well as particulars, what they can, and what they ought to do in such circumstances, and likewise deprives them of any pretext they might make to cover their ignorance, on failure of duty, in not following the orders or signals given them.

“ Besides, these Evolutions are so plain and simple in themselves, that they require not the least knowledge of geometry. A little application, with some experience, will render easy and familiar all the movements of a fleet, with their proper use upon all occasions.

“ It is not to be doubted but sea-officers, who know their duty in every other respect as seamen, will as soon make themselves masters of these Naval Evolutions, as land-officers learn their military exercise, in forming squadrons and battalions, in ranging them properly, and giving them such wheelings and motions, as are necessary in the field, against a day of battle.

“ I have here added to the rules I propose, the examples of the most experienced sea-officers of the age; and have taken occasion to recite the principal engagements which have happened at sea, ever since ships of force have taken place of gallies in naval armies, or fleets, in which their strength formerly consisted.

“ We must allow the marine hitherto to be a mystery to those who have never been at sea: the most exact relations, and the most faithful accounts of sea-engagements, appear to them like so many imaginary exploits, which they cannot believe because they do not understand them. They hear in-

contestable facts, but are at a loss what share of their applause or censure to give them: they, at last, see themselves reduced to the necessity of implicitly relying on the testimony of men of the profession, on every occasion of the like nature.

“ I hope this abstract from P. L'Hofte's Treatise, which I have endeavoured to adapt to our English Navy, may be not only of use to those of the profession, but likewise to others, whose laudable curiosity, at this time while facts are recent, may excite them to acquire some general idea of our maritime affairs; that they may with the greater pleasure read and judge accordingly of the several glorious exploits of our fleets and ships, in all quarters of the world, as they are now handing down to posterity in our British annals, to be perpetuated to the everlasting fame and honour of Great-Britain, as well as to the immortal glory of his late and present Majesty.”

The various dispositions of fleets, under the many different circumstances of destination, numbers, situations, and wind, are embellished with engravings, which serve to illustrate the precepts delivered. As few of our Readers are supposed to be seamen, they might be very little entertained with considerations respecting *windward*, *leeward*, *tacking*, and *hauling upon a wind*, &c. because such terms are hardly intelligible to them. That our *nautical* Readers, however, may be gratified in some measure, by being enabled to form an idea of a book which will necessarily excite *their* curiosity; we shall add an extract from that part of the work relating to the Management of a Fleet in a Storm, which may serve as a specimen of the Author's method, and contains an entertaining and critical account of the defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, in the year 1588.

A Fleet in a Storm.

I.

“ A fleet, especially of large ships, ought never to keep out at sea in bad weather, unless obliged to it on particular occasions: the many troublesome circumstances and ill consequences attending it are too obvious to need any explanation to those versed in maritime affairs.

II.

“ However, it is more prudent for a fleet to keep the sea in bad weather, than to anchor on a dangerous coast, where they

they may run the risk of foundering, or being drove from their anchors, and have no harbour or bay to secure themselves in.

III.

“ When a fleet is under an absolute necessity of continuing at sea in bad weather, it should form itself into three columns, leaving a great interval between each ship, without widening at the same time the distance between the columns; so that it may be in this manner less liable to be separated, and the ships in less danger of falling on board of one another.

IV.

“ If the ships have a good offing and sea-room enough to drive, they will lay to under their courses; which will subject them to labour less, and not strain so much on their masts, rigging, &c. but if they should not have drift enough, they must lay to under their main sails, or mizens only; which will still keep them much easier than if they were under no sail at all.

COROLLARY.

“ Hence we see how important it is to have always some port or harbour at command, to secure the fleet in against any approaching storm or bad weather. The neglect of which necessary caution was of such fatal consequence, as to be the principal cause of almost the total loss and defeat of the Spanish Armada, in the year 1588.

EXAMPLE.

“ History cannot furnish us with a more deplorable scene in the marine, than the loss of the Armada of Philip II. King of Spain. This prince, having taken a resolution to make a conquest of England, had given orders to build 140 galleons and galleasses of a most enormous size, and supplied them with a vast number of warlike machines, and 2500 pieces of large cannon. They took on board about 30,000 soldiers and sailors, with the flower of the Spanish nobility. These ships of war were attended with a prodigious number of transports, store-ships, &c. with provisions and ammunition for six months. All Europe was in the utmost consternation to learn the place of destination of so formidable an armament; whilst the Spaniards vainly flattered themselves, they could not fail of success adequate to such mighty and astonishing preparations.

“ But it is to little purpose to fit out great fleets and armies, without sending at the same time able and experienced generals to conduct and command them: the skill of the of-

ficers is of greater moment than the greatness of the ships, and the number of guns. Philip failed in this essential article; he trusted the Duke of Medina Sidonia with the command of his fleet, who had no knowledge in the marine, and took little care in the choice of either good sailors or able pilots; not considering, that so material an oversight was the same as if he had sent his galleasses to sea without sails or oars: for it is in vain to have them on board, unless they are managed with dexterity and address when required. The consequence of which was, that they began by making such gross mistakes in getting out of Lisbon harbour, that the fleet had like to have been lost before it had doubled Cape Finisterre. They entered the English channel with the wind at S. W. and by the 30th of June got the length of Plymouth, where they might have easily defeated the English, who lay there in disorder, unprepared to receive an enemy they so little expected. Ricaldo, the lieutenant-general of the Spanish army, made use of every argument he could to persuade the Duke of Sidonia to embrace so favourable a conjuncture; but it requires no small talents to be able to take good council. The Spanish General overlooked such wholesome advice, and by that means gave the English an opportunity of following and annoying him in his course up the channel, and even of taking one of his galliots, that was disabled by falling aboard of one of his fleet. He anchored the 6th of August off Calais, where it was strongly remonstrated to him, that he should first make himself master of some port, to secure himself against a storm or bad weather, before he undertook any thing of moment. It was likewise farther represented to him, that the coast of Calais could afford no shelter to so large a fleet to anchor on, but, on the contrary, must be exposed to too many dangers to remain there with any tolerable safety. He was, in short, inflexible to every remonstrance that could be made him, as he could not comprehend from whence those dangers could arise. The night of the 7th of August, the English, who had anchored with three small squadrons nigh enough to observe his motions, and harra's the Spaniards, sent down upon them eight fire-ships in a blaze: they who had not forgot the infernal machines of the bridge at Antwerp, were so terrified, that, after having cut their cables, and crying out, 'The fire of Antwerp! fire of Antwerp*!' they got under sail with such confusion and uproar,

* As some of our Readers may not have read the famous story of the siege of Antwerp, by the Spaniards, under the celebrated Alexander,

uproar, as surpasses all imagination. At the same time, the sea rising with the wind, brought on a dreadful storm, which, with the darkness of the night, and the consternation of the Spaniards, inexpressibly augmented the horror of the scene. Orders were no longer followed; all was confusion, every body seeking refuge from whatever caprice or chance suggested to him. Some were drove by the wind upon the coast, where they were miserably shipwrecked; others put out to sea, and separated themselves into several small squadrons; many fell on board each other, where, dashing one another to pieces, they were soon swallowed up in the bottom of the deep, where the melancholy shrieks of the crews were heard, notwithstanding the terrible roaring of the surrounding waves. The wind having abated a little towards morning, the English had a most shocking and moving scene to behold of the horrible state of the Spanish ships; which they attacked with so much the greater ease. They took, sunk, and destroyed a great number, without their having the power scarcely to resist them. There was only Ricaldo, Pimentel, Toledo, and Moncada, who, having rejoined their admiral, made up a small squadron, and, with incredible bravery, withstood the force of the enemy; but the weather coming on a-fresh soon parted them. Moncada, with his galleas, was thrown upon the shore at Calais, where, being attacked by a great number of English frigates, he defended himself like a lion, till receiving a musket-ball in the forehead, he sunk upon a heap of dead bodies, that bravely fell in defending him. Toledo met with a happier fate; for, seeing himself hard pressed in his galleon, which by this time had entirely opened, he jumped into his boat with some of the bravest of his crew, and made his way through the enemy, till he gained the shore, whilst the Dutch had boarded his galleon, which sunk under them. Pimentel alone fought a Dutch squadron for six hours, to which he at last surrendered with a great number of Spanish nobles. At length, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, being sensible of his error too late, rejoined the melancholy remains of his fleet, and resolved upon returning to Spain by the north of Scotland; but still, to add more to his misfortune, he ex-

ander. Prince of Parma. in 1585; it may be proper to inform them that the fact here alluded to, was an attempt to destroy a bridge built by the besiegers, by means of fire-ships, constructed by an Italian engineer; which (with a most horrible explosion) blew up all the out-works, set fire to the whole bridge, and buried above 500 Spaniards in the ruins: notwithstanding which the fire was extinguished, by the vigilance of the Prince, the bridge repaired, and the city taken.

perienced,

perienced, to his cost, that those who have not a proper knowledge of the sea, will find it equally fatal at all times. The greatest part of the ships which accompanied him perished on the coast of England and Scotland; and he arrived himself almost alone in Spain, where he brought the most deplorable news, and the least expected, that was ever received in that country. Upon this occasion fire-ships were first made use of by Sir Francis Drake."

At the end are two large Tables, exhibiting a complete view of the French Navy, according to the state of it in the year 1755; wherein are given the dimensions of the vessels, the places where, and the time when they were built, the complement in guns and men, and the fate of each ship, down to the month of August, 1761.

N

Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry. By Daniel Webb, Esq; 8vo. 2s. sewed. Doddsley.

THE imitative arts alone are the province of genius. The objects of other sciences may be explored by demonstrative reasoning, and their heights attained by industrious speculation; but these have no bounds except those of nature, and it is nature only that gives the capacity of excelling in them. This capacity is termed genius, the distinctive property of which is either to please by original beauty, or to surprize by sublimity. Poetry has generally been allowed to be the chief of the imitative arts, because it has the greatest power over our ideas, and possesses, in some degree, the essential properties of music and painting, by including both harmony and description. Painting is inferior to Poetry, as it is totally incapable of progressive imagery, and consequently of that sentimental variety which is the principal source of intellectual delight. Music is inferior both to Painting and Poetry; for harmony, however variously it may be modified, is limited by certain keys, and depends upon mathematical principles: besides, its effect is confined to an external sense. It is with pleasure we find that the Author of *The Enquiry into the Beauties of Painting**, who has now favoured the Public with his *Remarks on Poetry*, and seems to be no incompetent judge of these elegant arts, is so far of our opinion as to give Poetry the preference.

The *Remarks* that are now before us are, in general, both judicious and ingenious; but they are not so extensive as

* See an account of this work, *Review*, Vol. XXII. p. 305.

one might have expected from the title, the Beauties of the different species of Poetry not being particularly considered, and the Remarks that are made being confined to a few general principles.

These critical observations are introduced by way of Dialogue. The speakers are *Hortensio*, *Eugenio*, and *Aspasia*. The subject of the first Conversation is the different Merits of Rhyme and Blank Verse, or rather the Merits of Blank Verse and the Defects of Rhyme; for the Author has not allowed the latter any advocate. But let us hear how he maintains the cause.

“ *Hort.* Your assertion, that Blank Verse is better adapted to the genius of Poetry, and the general improvement of eloquence, cannot be disputed whenever the abuse of Rhyme is carried so far, as that the sound becomes more the object of our attention than the sense; or, that the force and beauty of expression are sacrificed to an insignificant jingle. Mr. Dryden, I remember, speaking of Rhymes, says, ‘What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses least by it may be called a gainer.’

“ *Asp.* And yet there is something so pleasing in the chiming of sounds, or else, from the influence of early impressions, we are so accustomed to receive and feel it as a pleasure, that I am persuaded *Eugenio*’s opinion, were it made public, would not have many followers.

“ *Eug.* You do well, *Aspasia*, to distinguish between things pleasing in themselves, and such as are so merely from the force of habit. Were there any thing truly delightful in the nature of Rhymes, it is not probable that the ancients should have overlooked this advantage; nor would it have been reserved for a set of trifling monks, to sing them into reputation. But these are general reflections. In order to decide the matter in debate, it would be necessary to make a particular inquiry into the Beauties of Versification, and to determine from them the merits of its several modes.”

Aspasia here begs indulgence for Rhymes, at least in love-matters; and *Hortensio* adds to these, Epigrams, Riddles, and the modern Ode, together with the Mock-Heroic, in which, he thinks, Rhyme seems to forward the playfulness of the ideas; to which *Eugenio* replies, “As I mean to confine my observations to truth and nature, the exemptions you have insisted on will take place of course.” Now it should seem from this, that Love-Verses, Epigrams, and the modern Ode,
are

are things that have nothing to do with truth and nature; but this assertion, we presume, the Author would find it difficult to maintain. The following observations, however, seem to merit our attention.

“ *Eug.* If we consider the flow of Verse merely as music, it will then be allowed that variety is no less necessary than sweetness, and that a continued repetition of the same movements must be as tiresome in Poetry as it would be in Music. On examining Mr. Pope's Verses, we shall find that, in eighteen out of twenty, the pauses rest on the fourth and last, or on the fifth and last syllables; and that, almost without exception, the period is divided into two equal lines, and, as it were, linked by the Rhyme into a couplet.

For example :

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whole body nature is, || and God the soul;
 That chang'd thro' all, || and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, || as in th' æthereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, || refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, || and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives thro' all life, || extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, || operates unspent.

E'ay on Man.

Every ear must feel the ill effect of the monotony in these lines. The cause of it is obvious. This Verse consists of ten syllables, or five feet: when the pause falls on the fourth syllable, we shall find that we pronounce the six last in the same time that we do the four first; so that the Couplet is not only divided into two equal lines, but each line, with respect to time, is divided into two equal parts.—As,

Warms in the sun, || refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, || and blossoms in the trees;

Or else the pause falls on the fifth syllable, and then the line is divided with a mechanic exactness.—As,

Spreads undivided, || operates unspent.”

Eugenio's observations, that the pauses, or rests, by falling on the same points for a number of lines together, produce a disagreeable homotony, is certainly very just; but Pope, though he sometimes falls into this error, is too severely treated by being universally charged with it: for many of his lines will run off without a rest, and he frequently shifts and varies the pauses as much as possible.

For

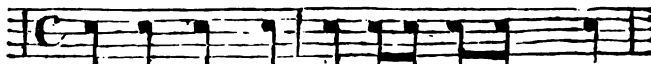
For example :

As on the smooth expanse || of crystal lakes
The sinking stone || at first a circle makes ;
The trembling surface || by the motion stir'd,
Spreads in a second circle, || then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, || the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watry plain, || and to the margin dance.

Temple of Fame.

The other observation, that the balance of the line will be equal, whether the pause be at the fourth or fifth syllable, will be best explained thus :

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze



From these observations Eugenio infers, that Blank Verse is capable of a more varied harmony than Rhyme ; because, as its lines run one into another, it is less exposed to this homotony of pauses. This he illustrates by quoting the Proemium of *Paradise Lost*, in which he remarks that the pause is shifted through all the lines. It is indeed true that the Couplet, from the sameness of its flow, is not capable of such a variety in its harmony as Blank Verse ; but, in our opinion, Poets of an ordinary genius should never give it up : for, as *Aspasia* says,

“ What would you leave them if you took their Rhyme ?”
Yet let not Bards of sublimer powers sacrifice their noble fire to an empty jingle. Let them unfold their lofty images in a continued strain of unlimited harmony, and in the superior majesty of *Miltonic Numbers*. The necessity of this will appear from the following passage in our Author :

“ *Eng.* Of all the modes of Versification that have been cultivated by men of sense, the Latin * *Distich*, and modern Couplet, are the greatest levellers. There is no liberty, no continuance in their movements : like the out-line of a scholar in drawing, they are broken, and interrupted ; but a flow of pencil is the style of a master in his art. Would you have a proof of what I advance ?

* The Couplet, like the *Distich*, has a strong epigrammatic turn : it is formed to run into points, but, above all, it delights in the *Antithesis* ; and the art of the Versifier is complete, when the discord in the ideas is proportioned to the accord in the sounds. To jar and jingle in the same breath is a master-piece of Gothic refinement.

Ye

7

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless ;
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens.

W. Forest.

Here you cannot but be sensible how the enthusiasm is tamed by the precision of the Couplet, and of the consequent littleness of the scenery. How different Milton !

————— Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit."

Par. Lost.

The next peculiar advantage which our Author ascribes to Blank Verse, is the sudden breaks and transitions it admits of, and which give a force and variety to it that Rhyme can never have. This he illustrates by two translations of a passage in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*, the one in Rhyme by Dryden, and the other a new one in Blank Verse.

————— • As if the peaceful state
 Of Heavenly Powers were touch'd with human fate !
 But go : thy flight no longer I detain,
 Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main ;
 Yet, if the Heavens will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd Lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name.—

Dryden.

Think we such toils, such cares disturb the peace
 Of Heaven's blest Habitants ? Alike I scorn
 Thy person and imposture. Go, pursue
 Thro' seas, thro' storms, thy visionary throne :
 In thy mid-course, if Justice rules above,
 O may destruction wait thee ! may't thou, dash'd
 On some avenging rock, call, often call
 On lost Eliza——

• Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
 Solicitat ! neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.
 I, sequere italiam ventis, peti Regna per undas ;
 Spero equidem modii, si quid pia numina possunt,
 Supplicia haururum scopulis, ac nomine Dido
 Sæpe vocaturum.—————

It

It must be owned that the changes of passion are much better expressed by the Blank Verse, and we hope that this is not the only passage of Virgil that we shall see translated by the same hand. What Mr. Webb further observes, that Translations in Blank Verse may be much more faithful to their original than such as are done in Rhyme, is very just; for Rhyme, to support itself, must frequently have recourse to expressions that introduce new ideas, or put the original ones into such a dress, that they can scarce be known for the same.

Our Author, after having thus considered the verbal harmony of Versification, proceeds to what he calls the sentimental harmony; by which he means that agreement which the sound or movement of a Verse has to the idea it conveys. Of this he draws his instances from Shakespear, many of which are indeed very happy and much to his purpose.

“*Eug.* The Beauties of Shakespear's Versification appear accidental when they are most artificial; for the mechanism of his Verse, however carefully formed to have its effect, is so fashioned to the temper of the speaker, and nature of the subject, that we overlook the artifice: and it passes along unheeded, as the casual flow of an unstudied eloquence. Thus the bold and resolute Petruchio:

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ord'nance in the field,
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?

In support of the sentimental Harmony in these lines, you may observe, how, by changing the pauses, and varying the movement, the Poet has at once guarded against a monotony, and enforced his ideas. Would you see his artifice in its full light, let us follow him through a succession of varied movements. Is there not something mournful in the cadence of these lines?

Constance.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum?

K. John.

How different are the accents of the unhappy Constance in this solemn and earnest address to Heaven!

Arm.

Arm, arm ye Heavens, against these perjur'd Kings!
 A Widow cries, Be husband to me, Heaven!
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed Discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh, hear me!

Observe what starts of passion succeed.

Austria. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

—————What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear
 Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave.
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Does the anxious heart lament its lost peace?

—————O gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And sleep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lul'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

K. Henry IVth.

Mark how the terrors of a guilty mind echo through these lines:

—————O it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper—

Tempest.

“Would you compare, Aspasia, the tender breathings of a lover with the bold and swelling tones of a soldier?

Glendower. ———She bids you
 All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap;
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you;
 And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep;
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The

The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

In agreement with the idea, the Poet has drawn out these lines into a languid monotony.

Osello.

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make Ambition Virtue! oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;
And, oh, you mortal Engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell!—*Osello's occupation's gone.*

Our Author has justly remarked, that in all these passages the language is with great felicity adapted to the idea; but we do not think that the languid fall in the last quoted line, which he takes notice of as a beauty, is either natural or necessary. Sure we are that in a Poem of a more modern date, it would have been condemned as a feeble redundancy.

The last example of sentimental Harmony, is taken from the *Fleece*.

—————with easy course

The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas,
While every Zephyr sleeps; then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold
Fus'd in the fire, or like the marble floor
Of some old temple, wide.

“It is evident that the Poet studied the effect in these Verses; but he has softened his artifice by the simplicity of his language: had it not been for this, the labour would have been manifest. Hence it appears that the perfection of this species of Harmony consists in its seeming wholly accidental; and this can only be when the words are so happily chosen, and the sounds are so connected with the idea, that they seem all to spring from one and the same motion of the soul.

“Poetry is to the soul what the sun is to nature; it calls forth, it cherishes, it adorns her beauties. As we improve our language, we multiply the resources of Poetry; of all the means of forwarding this improvement, the forming and perfecting our Versification is most powerful.”

REV. APRIL, 1762.

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In the second Dialogue the Author describes the different properties of Genius, Taste, and Wit. "A Poet (says he) illustrates one object by a comparison with another; he discovers a just and beautiful relation between two ideas: this is Genius. Aspasia feels, in its whole force, the merit of that invention: this is Taste. Now it is evident that there must be a great difference between the perceiving a Beauty that is discovered for us, and the making that discovery ourselves; accordingly we are assured by experience, that a man of quick perception may be of slow invention, and that a lively reader may be a dull Poet.

"The man of Wit has a limited view into the relation of ideas; and from those which he does see, his feelings direct him to chuse the most singular, not the most beautiful. He works upon us by surprize merely; but the man of Genius surprizes by an excess of Beauty."

"*Hor.* It should seem to follow from hence, that the Genius may be a Wit when he pleases; yet we have seen such who have made the attempt without success."

"*Eug.* Very rarely, when they give into the practice of being playful: thus, who has more Wit than Shakespear? If others have failed, it must have been from the influence of a better habit: accustomed to unite ideas by their beauties, they overlooked the little points of similitude in those which are the most opposed; or, of difference, in those which are the most united. Hence, as cunning is but a short-sighted wisdom, Wit may be called the short-sight of Genius."

"*Hor.* You make a greater difference between them than will be allowed by many."

"*Eug.* I use them in that sense, in which they are understood when we say, that Ovid had Wit and Virgil Genius. That this is the most exact and received sense of these words, will appear from hence; that, were I to assert that Virgil had more Wit than Ovid, I should be laughed at: yet this would be the consequence of understanding Wit in too enlarged a sense, or of making it equivalent to Genius."

We do not remember to have seen the difference between Genius and Wit more clearly, or more accurately stated, than in the above quoted passage. The definitions of Cowley, Dryden, and Addison, are all vague and indeterminate, though few Writers ever possessed more wit than the first, and the other two were not without a competent share.

The

The Remarks that follow, relate to the Beauties of comparative Imagery.

"The merit of these (says Mr. Webb) consists in a striking similitude between two objects, which, to common observation, have no apparent or necessary connection. Hence we may judge of the merit of a Comparison by the degree of our surprize, which arises from a combined admiration of its justness, its novelty, and beauty. A Comparison is direct in the following instance :

—————on her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cowslip. *Cymbeline.*

An implied Comparison, or, in the language of the critics, a Metaphor, consists in conveying an idea entirely by the substitution of an image. This will be best understood by an example.

"Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, observing that his guilty passion for Isabella was inflamed by his knowledge of her innocence, is shocked at the wickedness of his nature; which he aggravates by the force of a Metaphor.

—————Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our sense
Than Woman's Lightness! "Having waste ground enough,
" Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
" And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!"

Sometimes a Poet has the happiness to blend these two kinds of Beauty in the same Image. He sets out with illustrating his object by a direct Comparison, and continues to support it by a Metaphor. This is a high degree of Beauty; for it can only happen when a Comparison is so exquisitely just, that the qualities essential to the borrowed object, are, with the utmost propriety, transferred to the original one. Thus Bellarius, describing to his pupils the ruin of his fortunes at court :

—————Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather. *Cymbeline.*

Of this species of Beauty, the following is, perhaps, a still more elegant example.

—————She never told her Love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

“ The last species of Beauty in comparative Imagery, which I shall speak of here, consists in reducing a Metaphor to a point. When a picture is given us in a single word, to make out which in our own imagination, we must go through a succession of ideas, then are we surprized in the most agreeable manner, and the Beauty, of course, is consummate.

—————I have seen you stand
As you were *blasted*, 'midst of all your mirth.
Maid's Tragedy.

This remark, and the verses quoted to illustrate it, put us in mind of an injudicious passage in *Thomson's Summer*. It is a description of the surprize of Musidora, bathing.

—————with wild surprize,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment, motionless she stood :
So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending, tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled Beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
That blissful Eden knew not.

Here both the comparison and the allusion to marble have a bad effect. The reason is, they are superfluous. In this single line,

A stupid moment, motionless she stood :

We have a perfect idea of the object ; and whatever simile or comparison draws our attention from the object of which we have already an adequate conception, it serves no other purpose than that of opposite mirrors, which multiply the same image.

Much happier had the Poet, as Mr. Webb expresses it, reduced his images to a point. He then had not told us that she stood as if she had been struck to marble, and devoid of sense, and stupid, and motionless, and like a statue. Thomson's works abound with such superfluous images. What pity it is that some judicious friend did not retrench them !

After having considered the different modes of comparative Imagery, our Author next enquires how far Imagery may take place in the pathetic. “ Were the imagination (says he) to have no share in our designs upon the heart, the Poet's task would be indeed a hard one. The difficulty then can only

only be to set bounds to this indulgence. It must be allowed, that in the extremities of passion, all studied and ambitious ornaments are to be avoided: hence I should judge that those images which are founded on comparison, can have little agreement with the simplicity of the pathos. And this disagreement will always be found to increase, in proportion as the points of similitude are specified and enlarged. But this objection will not extend to simple images: these are often happily employed in the pathetic. In these, Poetry co-operates with Painting, and even borrows her ideas from her sister art.——Thus, in Anger,

Romeo.

Alive, in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven! respective Lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now!

In Grief.—

Juliet.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my Grief?

Of all our passions, that of Love should seem to have the greatest connection with the fancy. If, therefore, the distinction here made between simple and comparative Imagery, should hold good in this passion, it will hardly be disputed in others. I shall rest the truth of my observation, as I have hitherto done, on examples.

Juliet.

——Sweet, good night,
This bud of Love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

This is not the language of nature; true passion is impatient of studied embellishments. Let us now see how far the operations of the fancy may be brought to correspond with the movements of the heart.—

Ferdinand.

Wherefore weep you?

Miranda.

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want, but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, *bashful Cunning,*
And prompt me, plain and holy Innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

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Ferdinand.

Ferdinand.

My mistress, dearest,
And I thy humble ever.

Miranda.

My Husband then.

Ferdinand.

Ay, with a heart as willing;
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Miranda.

And mine, with my heart in't.

In the images here employed, there is no artifice, no design; they are as simple as Truth herself."

Thus far the Critic has given us some general ideas of the principal Beauties in Poetry. He next proceeds to those which he calls the subordinate Beauties; "not (says he) that they are always inferior in their effects, but because those effects are produced by means less obvious, and spring more from the manner than from the idea itself. This is a distinction which, in some cases, will be preserved with ease; in others, with difficulty: however, if the nature of the Beauty, whatever it is, be well understood, I cannot think it of any great consequence, in what class it is to be ranked.

"It is the peculiar province of Poetry to raise us above the level of our ordinary ideas. But we are not to expect, that this can be done by a continued succession of beautiful images, or affecting sentiments. Here then, art comes in aid of nature, and our ideas must derive an importance from the manner in which they are conducted.——With what a singular delicacy does Ophelia, when she solicits Hamlet to take back his presents, reproach him with a change in his affections!

Hamlet.

No, I never gave you ought.

Ophelia.

O, my good Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich; that perfume left,
Take these again.—

"The manner is somewhat varied in the following instance: Camillo, in the *Winter's Tale*, endeavours to dissuade the young Lovers from exposing themselves to the crosses of fortune.

————— You know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Love,

Whose

Whole fresh complexion, and whole heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perdita.

One of these is true;
I think Affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.—

From an elegance in the turn of the thought, we naturally pass to a felicity in the expression. — Thus Posthumus reflecting on his wife's infidelity :

Me of my lawful pleasures she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with
A judency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as UNSUNN'D SNOW. *Cymbeline.*

“ *Hort.* UNSUNN'D SNOW ! the expression is beautiful, but is not the image likewise new, and wholly Shakespear's ? ”

“ *Eug.* You're in the right, *Hortensius* ; but I was so intent on the force of the expression, that I quite overlooked the novelty in the idea. The completion of Beauty is in their union : of this we have an exquisite example, where Jachimo steals on Imogen as she slept.

The Crickets sing, and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest : our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
That *Chastity* be wounded. *Cymbeline.*

“ To represent Lucretia by personifying her virtue, was a Beauty in the thought : the elegant precision with which the action is described, is a Beauty in the manner. In this analysis we discover the limits between nature and art ; for if by nature we mean the intrinsic merit in the thought, by art must be understood, 1. Every advantage given to that thought to the improvement of its original Beauty. 2. Every such happiness in the manner as supplies the want of novelty in the idea.”

“ *A/p.* The first part of your description of art has been fully explained by the examples you have given ; but I do not, as yet, clearly comprehend how a happiness in the manner can supply the want of a novelty in the thought.”

“ *Eug.* We can bestow a novelty on a known object, either by discovering in it some new circumstance or quality ; or by varying and improving its usual impression. We have an example of the former, in the reflection made by Helena on the vanity of her love for Bertram.

—————Indian-like
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The Sun that looks upon his Worshipper,
 But knows of him no more.

All's well that ends well.

“ Again, when the Shepherd in the *Winter's Tale* is questioned by Polyxenes, concerning the love of Florizel for Perdita——

—————*Shepherd.*
 —————Never did the Moon
 So gaze upon the waters, as he'll stand,
 And read my Daughter's eyes.

“ I now come, Aspasia, to the explanation you desire. When a known object presents itself to us, through a new and unpractised medium, we consider the novelty as inherent in the object. It is much the same with respect to our ideas; whatever is original in the representation, is transferred to the thing represented. For instance, the consideration that all men have sprung from the same origin, and are destined to the same dissolution, has been often employed as a check on human pride, and an incitement to a social affection, How is this urged by the Poet?

—————*Arviragus.*
 —————Brother, stay here;
 Are we not Brothers?

—————*Imogen.*
 So man and man should be;
 But clay and clay differs in dignity,
 Whose dust is both alike.

Cymbeline.

“ Is not the energy with which this idea is conveyed equivalent to a novelty in the idea itself? The same effect may be produced by a happiness in the application of a known image.——As in the advice given by Lady Macbeth to her husband:

Look like the innocent flower,
 But be the Serpent under't.

“ *Hart.* From the light which you have thrown on this subject, we may account for the opposition in our judgments, when we bestow on Writers the reputation of being original. For a Poet may be original in the manner, and not at all so in his ideas.”

“ *Eug.* True genius, Hortensio, will be original in both: of this we shall have a further proof in the use that Shakespeare

spear has made of the qualities and attributes of the Heathen Divinities. And here, I cannot but wonder that a Poet, whose classical images are composed of the finest parts, and breathe the very spirit of the antient mythology, should pass for being illiterate.

See what a grace was seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten, or command;
A station like the herald, Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. *Hamlet.*

"In this portrait the features are borrowed from the antique; but they are united into a character by a creative fancy. — This power of giving an advantage to the most familiar objects, by some unexpected happiness in their use and application, is particularly distinguished in our Poet, when he touches on the fables of antiquity. — Thus Perdita, at a loss for a variety of flowers to bestow on her guests —

————— O Proserpina,
For the Flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffadils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

"Exclusive of the purpose for which I have produced these lines, you must have observed the uncommon art of the Poet, in characterizing his flowers:

————— They at her coming sprung.

"A fine imagination, like the presence of Eve, gives a second vegetation to the beauties of nature. In these principles, and in the examples by which they have been supported, we see clearly the reason why every enlightened age has had, and must continue to have, its original Writers. We have no right, therefore, to complain that nature is always the same, or that the sources of novelty have been exhausted. It is in Poetry as in Philosophy, new relations are struck out, new influences discovered, and every superior genius moves in a world of his own."

Thus have we accompanied our Critic through the course of his judicious Remarks, not displeased with any thing so much, as that we are so soon got to the end of them. The spacious field of Poetry, we think, might longer have engaged the

the attention of this ingenious gentleman, whose taste for its Beauties is sufficiently evinced by the observations he has made. Had he not contented himself with remarking its most striking Beauties, nor confined his Criticisms to a few general principles, his work might have been not only more entertaining, but more instructive. Had he not been satisfied to compose his garland merely of roses and carnations, he might with great happiness have inserted flowers of humbler note, and have found place for the primrose and the violet.

If the Author might be prevailed on to enlarge his Remarks in some future Edition, we would gladly recommend to him the following queries:

1. Whether simplicity of imagery has not the same happy effect in Poetry as in Painting?
2. How low that simplicity may descend, both with respect to language and sentiment?
3. When it may be dispensed with for ornament, and where ornament is particularly necessary?

L. a.

The Works of James Thomson, with his last Corrections and Improvements. To which is prefixed, an Account of his Life and Writings. Royal 4to. 2 vols. 2 l. 2 s. sewed. Millar.

IT has long been the practice of Wits and waggish Writers to make themselves and their Readers merry at the expence of the personal characters of Booksellers. What grounds the latter may have given for this, in other times, we know not; but certain it is, that in these days, a more generous set of men can hardly be pointed out, in the trading world: and if we may judge of former Booksellers, from the present race, it is probable they were always as liberal as the public enabled them to be. If Milton obtained but a trifle for the copy of his *Paradise Lost*, that trifle was more than the purchaser had any reasonable prospect of being speedily reimbursed, from the sale of his impression. When the times changed, when literature flourished, and the vendors of literature acquired fortunes which enabled them to behave munificently towards their Authors, then they became the Mecænares of the age; and by this means wit and learning have perhaps received more ample, more substantial encouragement, than from all their princely or noble patrons, from

Augustus

Augustus down to Louis XIV. What astonishing sums have been paid for Manuscripts by our Tonsons, our Lintots, and our ——— ! It were indelicate to name the *living* on this occasion ; but we cannot avoid mentioning the present Publication, as an instance of *gratitude*, as well as generosity, in the Bookseller who has *given* this elegant Edition of the late Mr. Thomson's Works ; in regard to which, he has spared no pains or expence to render it beautiful and correct : and he has dedicated what profits may arise from it, to the erecting a funeral Monument to " his favourite Author and much-loved friend."

This Edition is also decorated with a considerable number of Engravings ; but the most valuable addition is, the Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by the learned Mr. Murdoch : an abstract of which account we shall lay before our Readers.

In the year 1700, then, we find that Scotland had the honour of producing this excellent moral Poet ; the purity of whose Writings is thus beautifully asserted by Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to Mr. Thomson's *Coriolanus* :

For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying, he could wish to blot.

But to come to Mr. Murdoch's Narrative. Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh. His father was minister of that place, and was highly respected for his piety and diligence in the pastoral duty.

After the usual course of school-education, at Jedburgh, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh. " About this time (says our Biographer) the study of Poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English Authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison had displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work ; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best Poets and Critics." —

After mentioning the several causes which conspired to obstruct Mr. Thomson's views of engaging in the sacred function, or of being otherwise encouraged to fix in Scotland, where the first fruits of his genius were not so favourably received as they deserved to be ; Mr. Murdoch conducts the young Bard to London, where works of genius (says he)
" may

"may always expect a candid reception, and due encouragement."—A handsome compliment, and, we believe, a sincere one, as it certainly is not groundless; for what kind of merit do we see remaining long undistinguished, or unrewarded, in this great emporium? which an eminent Satyrift, however, has the ill-nature to stigmatize, as

"The common shore of Paris, and of Rome."

LONDON, a *Satire*.

Nor were the hopes which Mr. Thomson had conceived, from his journey to London, in the least disappointed. Mr. Forbes, afterward Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of his Poetry, in Scotland, recommended him to some of his friends;—and the reception he met with, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet, then private tutor to the Duke of Montrose. This piece was published in 1726; and from the universal applause it met with, Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of rank became his declared patronesses. But the chief advantage which his *Winter* procured him, was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterward Bishop of Derry; "who, finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a Poet, introduced him to the late Lord Chancellor Talbot: and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him."

The expectations which his *Winter* had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publications of the other Seasons: of *Summer*, in the year 1727; of *Spring*, in the following year; and of *Autumn*, in a Quarto Edition of his *Works*, in 1730. Beside the *Seasons*, and his Tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written and acted with applause in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his Poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton; containing a deserved encomium on that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries: in which he was assisted by his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian Philosophy.

"That same year (says Mr. Murdoch) the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it, and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation

nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject is but accidental and temporary; the spirited, generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the Public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself."

With the Hon. Mr. Charles Talbot, Mr. Thomson "visited most of the courts and capital cities in Europe, and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, and of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his Poem of Liberty, begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his care of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy, well-poss'd government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow subjects with the like sentiments, and shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost, he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work: upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

Immediately on his return to England with Mr. Talbot, (who soon after died) the Chancellor made him his Secretary of Briefs; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell when death, not long after, deprived him of his noble patron—to his unspeakable loss, and that of the public. "Mr. Thomson, beside his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependance, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward Islands*, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord Lyttelton."

His genius, however, could not be suppressed by the reverse of fortune, on the death of the great Chancellor Talbot. "He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated

abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his Tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum.—— But his chief dependance was upon the late Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, settled on him a handsome allowance, and honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence.

“ It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was, in one instance, of some prejudice to our Author; in the refusal of a licence to his Tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The Reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still fore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act, and as little satisfied with some parts of the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eyes, and, they might probably think, by his command?”—

Mr. Thomson's next performance was the *Masque of Alfred*, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, by the command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court, at *Clifden*, his summer-residence, in the year 1740.

In 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda* was performed with applause; and still continues to draw crowded houses.

From the account given by our ingenious Life-writer, of Mr. Thomson's Poem, entitled *The Castle of Indolence*, we learn that it was at first little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them equally liable to the same charge. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.— This was the last work Mr. Thomson himself published, his Tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best of men and best of Poets.

“ He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are
con-

continually passing : so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond*, with any acquaintance that offered, with whom he might chat, and rest himself, or perhaps dine by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammer-smith, he had over-heated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew : apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kew-Lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But now, the cold had so seized him, that the next day he found himself in a high fever, and so much the more to be dreaded, that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger ; till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure.—His lamented death happened on the 27th of August, 1748.

“ His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttelton, whose care of our Poet’s fortune and fame ceased not with his life ; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendship, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the Orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage, to the best advantage ; from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters.—His remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription.”

The learned Writer of this Life remarks, that Mr. Thomson himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising, his make being rather robust than graceful ; though, in his youth, he had been thought handsome. We suppose the passage here hinted at, is that in the *Castle of Indolence*, where the Author is thus described :

*A Bard here dwelt, more fat than Bard seems,
• Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature’s pleasing themes,
Pour’d forth his unpremeditated strain :*

* We are told, in a Note, that the following lines were written by a friend.

The

The world forsaking, with a calm disdain,
 Here laugh'd he, careless in his easy seat ;
 Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

“ His worst appearance (says Mr. Murdoch) was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood ; but, let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company ; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure : but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share.—The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies ; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near the next morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out the next day. The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure.—Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would listen a full hour at his window, to the nightingales in Richmond gardens.—His taste was exquisite in the arts of *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Architecture*. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art ; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the Poem of *Liberty*, we have the masterpieces there mentioned, placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes ; at least more justly delineated, than in any other account extant : so superior is a natural taste of the *Grand* and *Beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *Virtuoso*.

“ As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his Writings, than they can be by the pen of any Biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country, and of his friends ; his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation : judge what it must have been
 towards

towards his own species ! He took no part in the poetical squabbles, [there were always poetical squabbles] which happened in his time, and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides :—nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he heard or read of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty.——

“ These amiable virtues did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardor, and lamented * his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory.”—*Peace be to his honest gentle shade ! May his laurels bloom ; may his fair fame flourish, while the love of TRUTH, of CANDOR, and of BENEVOLENCE, continue to warm the hearts of the virtuous, the ingenious, and the generous part of mankind !*

G

A second Argument in Defence of Christianity, taken from the antient Prophecies, applied to the most remarkable Events in the Life and Character of Jesus Christ. By the Author of “ An Argument taken from the Concessions of the most antient Adversaries.” 8vo. 5s. Newbery.

THE character and merit of this learned Author are sufficiently known to those who have read his former pieces. Beside the proofs of erudition in the historical, chronological, and critical notes which he added to his Translation of Baron Holberg's Introduction to Universal History, and in his Dissertations upon the Origin, &c. of Languages, which the public received with great regard, we also refer our Readers to our account (in the Review for September, 1755) of *The Argument in Defence of Christianity, taken from the Concessions of its most antient Adversaries, Jews and Pagans, Philosophers and Historians.*

The second Argument exhibits a well-digested system of judicious and pertinent observations, relative to a subject

* By this our Biographer does not mean, lamenting him, as the custom is, in regard to eminent Poets, in Odes and Elegies sacred to the memory of the deceased ; for he takes notice that the Poets did not at all exert themselves on this occasion. “ Only *one* Gentleman, says he, (Mr. Collins) wrote an Ode to his memory.” We remember another performance, however, on Mr. Thomson's death, entitled, *Musidorus, an Elegy, &c.* by Robert Shiells, a young North-Briton ; bred a mechanic, and destitute of education, but not destitute of genius. He adored Thomson, and studied his manner.

REV. April, 1762.

X

which

which hath much engaged the attention of the public; and which is here treated with accuracy and candor: the Author justly disclaiming all attachment to particular hypotheses and parties.

The work is divided into ten Chapters, to which is prefixed, a suitable Introduction, to give an idea of those general principles of moral and religious truth, which are the basis and support of the Argument. From the reasonable, social, and religious character of man; his confessed relation to God, and dependence upon his protection; his capacity for contemplating the Author of his existence, and acquiring by the exercise of reason, and the discipline of virtue, a fitness for happiness;—is inferred, the probability of his existence in a future state, where the mind may reasonably expect a more perfect knowledge of those great objects, God and Nature: of which, in the present state, it can obtain only very inadequate and imperfect apprehensions. He observes, that the mind does not arrive at its full perfection in this world, which is with great propriety to be regarded as an introductory scene of Being, in a state of probation. Man is capable of immortality; but the noblest faculties of his immortal spirit are by few cultivated as they ought to be, and by none so fully improved or exerted as not to be still capable of much greater improvements and productions. The heart of man, and his history and association, prove the truth, reasonableness, and necessity of religion. Our hopes and fears, our natural conscience, founded on the essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong; our power of acting with or against truth and reason, and the acknowledged certainty that we are accountable for our conduct, though only a very small share is accounted for in this brief state of trial, are strong arguments for a future state of retribution. And there seems to be much weight in the summary connected view he hath given of the moral evidence—“The sufferings of men prove the present life to be a state of DISCIPLINE, and DISCIPLINE infers PROBATION; for men are proved by the exercise of patience, and every other virtue: and a state of PROBATION necessarily infers a future state of RETRIBUTION. In this world FOLLY, VICE, and MISERY prevail; in the next, therefore, we may reasonably expect WISDOM, VIRTUE, HAPPINESS.”

Our Author, in the former Essay, vindicates the cause of Christianity upon the evidence of the Adversary only, whose Concessions are admitted as sufficient to ascertain the principal facts.

facts in the gospel. This (says he) is human evidence; but the argument in the present performance is divine. The same facts which were before proved from history, are here shewn to be accomplishments of antient prophecies. But the most remarkable events only are insisted upon, such as the time of Christ's appearing, his birth, his forerunner, his character, life, death, burial, and resurrection, with the consequences of this his victory over sin and death, to himself and all who believe in him, and the great effusion of the holy spirit upon his disciples on the day of Pentecost; after which event, the oracles delivered by them bear sufficient testimony in favour of all they relate. If these most important facts are shewn to be foretold by the prophets, the argument from prophecy must be allowed to be conclusive. In the prosecution of this argument, Dr. Sharpe shews great caution and prudence, as he hath no where presumed to alter the original text, in order to give any force to his criticisms or reasonings. He hath attempted to make his Translation as literal as possible, and always conformable to the rules of the language from which it is made: all is plain, simple, and natural; no double senses, no double accomplishments, no accommodations are contended for, nothing is left unaccounted for, or uninterpreted. The Author professes as much freedom in thinking as any one can pretend to; accepts the Adversary's challenge upon his own terms; and declares that he is a Christian, because he thinks the Evidence produced for Christianity unanswerable. He also freely confesses, that he hath neither learning nor ingenuity enough to discover any fallacy in the proof he has offered. He makes no particular answer to the Writings of Mr. Anthony Collins, because he apprehends that Gentleman did not understand the Argument from Prophecy; and though he hath neglected the trifling productions of modern infidels, who have never read the Jewish books, nor understand their language, or history, he hath fully examined and refuted the arguments and objections of the Rabbins, and particularly of the Author of *Nizzachon*, who claims by his title, the victory over Christians, in opposition to Jesus as the Messiah.

Our Author, in executing his scheme of reconciling the Prophecies of the Old Scriptures, which materially regard the New, with the facts contained therein, hath endeavoured to elucidate what is dark, and explain what is difficult; and to manifest the whole to be a system worthy of the sacred character impressed upon it: what no believer ought to be ashamed of, nor at a loss to defend, against any attack.

In the first chapter he distinctly represents the character and function of the Prophets, whose predictions concerning the future state of God's people, the Jews, he observes are alone sufficient to establish the divine authority of the Holy Writings; as the promises made to them are literally fulfilled, and the vengeance denounced against them is literally inflicted. The antient Jewish Prophet was a sacred monitor to the Kings of Israel and Judah, whom he admonished, in the name of God, to adhere to his laws as delivered by Moses. The invariable sense of the word prophecy, in the Old and New Scriptures, is either immediately, or by means of another, to relate what the Lord hath spoken. The Lord is said to put his words into the mouth of his Prophet *; but when these words are recited by another, he also may be said to prophecy. As in Nehemiah it is said, *Thou hast appointed Prophets to preach.* † Every one, who instructed others in the word of God, was a Prophet at Jerusalem; and a Preacher, who recited from the Scriptures spiritual affairs, to the edification and comfort of others, was a Prophet in the sense of St. Paul. ‡ They who gave thanks and praised the Lord with a harp, are said to prophecy. When the company of Prophets met Saul, they had a psaltery, a tabret, a pipe and harp before them, and they prophesied, and he prophesied among them. § The Prophets in Naioth, near Ramah, prophesied with their musical instruments, under the conduct of Samuel, their chief, when Saul's messengers joined them as himself had done. || It hath been suggested by the adversaries of revelation, that the schools of Prophets were places in which Prophecy, as an immediate communication from God was taught; but this our Author rejects as an impious and absurd supposition. The real truth is, in these schools the sons or disciples of the Prophets were trained up for the service of the temple, and were taught to play on musical instruments, and to accompany the voice with them; and because they sung the hymns of inspired men, and so delivered unto others the commands and words of God, they are also said to prophecy.

Having remarked that the communication between God and Man is by prayer, by the word of God, and by his works, the Doctor proceeds to give his sentiments concerning the communication of the Divine Will by the breast-plate

* Jerem. i. 9. † iv. 7. ‡ 1 Cor. xiv. 14. § 1 Sam. x. 10—12.
|| xix. 20—24.

of judgment, called urim and thummim. He allows that it is not easy to discover in what manner the answer was delivered, when the priest enquired of the Lord; but thinks it probable that the frequent enquiries or consultations of the Lord by David, were by the priest with his ephod, and that the answer was given in words by a voice; that the Lord made use of the voice of his priest, who appeared before him, cloathed with his proper habit, and enquired with the breast-plate of judgment.

Having mentioned Elifha as one of the Prophets, he enters into a thorough discussion and refutation of the charge of cruelty against him, on account of his conduct towards the little children, that is, young men, of Bethel. His character as good, merciful, and compassionate, appears from a connected series of undoubted facts: the citizens of Bethel, he observes, were obstinate idolaters. One of Jeroboam's golden calves was erected at Bethel, as symbols of the Gods which brought Israel out of the land of Egypt; and the priests which served that idol were made of the lowest of the people. The men of Bethel looked upon the Prophet as their special Adversary, and pursued him with hatred and persecution; and their obstinacy was incurable by the miracles which Elifha had wrought: and it is likely that those young men who came out of Bethel to insult the Prophet and his God, would have added violence to their mocking, if the extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence had not prevented them. But the Prophet of Jehovah was preserved; idolatry, a crime utterly subversive of all true religion, severely and justly punished; and the honour of God's service properly asserted by the destruction of his idolatrous enemies, who may have been the sons of the priests of the high places, or perhaps some of the priests themselves, as Jeroboam made no distinction of persons.

In-taking a view of the Jewish Prophets whose Writings are still extant, he endeavours to place them in due chronological order. Jonah, he considers, as the first in order of time; and observes, that the sending a Jewish Prophet to Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, was a remarkable instance of the goodness of God, as it prepared them for a more kind reception of Israel, when removed into that country from Samaria, by Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria. Amos, though the Jews have placed him after Hosea, our Author says, comes in the second place; then Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Nahum, Habbakuk, Zephaniah, Joel, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, Obadiah,

Obadiah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi: and observes, that a good critical commentary upon the book of Zechariah would be the best key to the opening all the rest; and speaks with approbation of the proposal made by Samuel Torshill*, of disposing the Bible into a method and harmony, by transposing the order of books and chapters in sections. An additional authority, he justly hints, was reflected on the Prophecies; as by the law of Moses, received from God, the Prophet who pretended to Divine inspiration, without being inspired, was to be put to death: for under such a sentence it is not easy to imagine, that any man in his senses would obtrude himself upon his sovereign, as a sacred monitor commissioned by the God of Israel, to foretel events, the success of which he must answer for with his life. And the liberty they took in reproving princes, and opposing false Prophets, who flattered them, and approved of measures disapproved by God, ought to be received as another mark of the true Prophet, and of the credit and authority due to him and his oracles.

As to the great end and design of all Prophecy, this, he observes, is to make all men happy in the union of Jew and Gentile, and in the restoration and eternal happiness of mankind by the coming of Christ. This great event, he attempts to shew, hath been foretold by the Prophets, in such manner and at such periods, as to afford incontestable evidence that Jesus is the Christ; for the Argument from Prophecy he justly recommends as an evidence not inferior to demonstration.

In the second Chapter the Doctor treats of the Messiah. As under the law, the prophet, the priest and the king, and consecrated persons and things, were anointed to give them a lustre, and denote and publish the separation of them from common men and common use; it follows that the expected King of the Jews, their greatest Prince, Prophet, Legislator, Priest, each of which offices alone would have entitled him to the name of Messiah, or Anointed, should most eminently be called by the Jews, the Messiah, that is, the Christ. Some of his august characteristic titles, which distinguish him from all other beings, the Doctor delineates with great judgment

* He had been a preceptor in the Royal Family; and this piece of his (which is to be found in a collection of tracts called the *Phoenix*) is addressed to the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament.

and

and propriety, and takes notice that as we often find the Prophets inspired by the Lord, often representing, often speaking in the character of the Lord—hence it also is that the Lord, (when he became manifest in the flesh) and his disciples, apply many things, as said by the Jews in their days, which he had before said to them, the same circumstances occurring, by the declarations of the Prophets; for the spirit of Christ was in them. They often represent him as the Captain, the Prince, the Leader of God's people. Though Zerubbabel brought back the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, though he was the visible commander, it was THE WORD who influenced and directed. The same must be said of Judas Maccabeus, and other conquerors. Grotius, indeed, every where affects to represent the prophetical predictions, as accomplished in their primary sense when applied to Zerubbabel, Judas Maccabeus, or any other Prince, or leader of the people of Israel; and to be applicable to the Messiah only, when interpreted in a secondary and subordinate sense: whereas, on the contrary, it is most evident that the Messiah, as the Captain of the Lord's Hosts, the Angel of his Presence, the Prince and invisible Leader of his People, is the person to whom, in a primary and most eminent sense, those predictions certainly relate; for the great actions, apparently done by the visible human leader, were directed by the counsel, and invigorated by the energy, of the invisible Divine Commander. He was the Prince of God's People in every age; the Redeemer, the Saviour of the World, and is appointed to be the Judge of it.

The third Chapter treats of the latter, or last times; which the Jews in general refer to the times of the Messiah. But the expression in some passages of the Old Scriptures evidently denotes other periods. Some, the Doctor intimates, have interpreted the end of days and the last times, both in the Old and New Scriptures, of the end of the world; but the Doctor hath clearly shewn that these phrases signify the end of the Jewish state, the times of the Messiah, the fulness of time, or the end of the dispensations by revelation from heaven: or rather, the whole Christian period passeth under the denomination of the latter, or last times; which sentiment he confirms and illustrates by various passages of Scripture.

In the fourth Chapter we have some judicious criticisms on the proper signification of Shilo, and also remarks serving to point out the period of time when the Messiah was expected. In illustrating the blessings predicted by the aged

patriarch, Jacob, as designed for his descendents in succeeding times, according to which Prophecy the tribe of Judah was to be great, to bear the rod of justice, to have a sceptre, and a law-giver, and a prince and ruler was not to fail in that tribe, under its banner, or from the loins of Judah, till SHILO, the peace-maker, or the Deliverer from death and destruction, should come, to whom should be the gathering of the nations, and their homage paid. The entire dissolution of Judah, as a tribe, did not happen till Jesus came, and the Gentiles were called,

The fifth Chapter is employed in considering the place where the Messiah was to be born; and after some proper observations on the Concessions of the Rabbins, the Doctor makes several pertinent and judicious remarks upon the passage in Micah's Prophecy, which determines the place of Christ's birth; (viz. Chap. v. 2.) and in shewing who the Ruler, Prince, or King is, who should come out of Bethlehem? He takes notice that this is determined by this description of his appropriate character, that his "goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." It is he who so often went forth in the name of the Lord, who conversed with Abraham and Moses, who was before the foundation of the earth was laid, and who at last was made manifest in the flesh, and came forth from Bethlehem, the King of the Jews. Of no person whatever can it be said, that he appeared or came forth from the beginning, from days of eternity, as it is well rendered by the *Seventy*; he who was afterwards, in some period of time subsequent to this oracle by Micah, to come forth out of Bethlehem as a Prince or a Governor in Israel, UNTO ME, or before God. These proceedings or goings forth as of old, he was not to give up or surrender, but to give or continue, or to accomplish, until he should be born of the Virgin, or until she which travaileth hath brought forth; for then, as it follows, he shall STAND and feed in the strength of the Lord; he who, according to Isaiah *, is said to bear and carry them, (the people of Israel) all the days of old. The critical observations which Dr. Sharpe hath made upon the fifth and sixth verses of the chapter already referred to, are worthy of the closest attention; as the Prophecy, if his interpretation be admitted, is so unanswerable an argument in favour of Christianity. The seven Shepherds, the Doctor apprehends, are the seven Maccabees, namely, Mattathias and his five sons, with Hyrcanus, son of Simon, and the eight

* lxi. 9.

princes of the Asmodean race, beginning with Aristobulus, (who is said by Josephus to have been the first who wore the diadem, with his brother Antigonus) and ending with Mariamne, who was married to Herod: for when that cruel tyrant had put her and her two sons, together with their uncle Aristobulus, to death, that race became extinct. The literal accomplishment of this Prophecy, in connection with a judicious abstract of the history which evidently corresponds with the prediction, we recommend to the strictest examination both of the friends and enemies of Christianity; who, we apprehend, will also perceive with what cogent evidence the Doctor hath invalidated and refuted the different interpretations which Tarnovius, Grotius, and Calmet, have given of the place.—The difference between Dr. Sharpe's interpretation and that by Grotius, is, that the former is a literal translation of the original, giving the proper and most obvious sense of the words, consistent with the context, and confirmed by events. The other is not a translation, but a paraphrase, in which almost every word is wrested from its true sense and proper application, to figurative and improper purposes. The rules of language are not observed, the context is disregarded, and the history of events confounded. We therefore cannot but assent to the Doctor's conclusion, that this oracle is applicable to Jesus Christ, and to him ONLY.

[To be concluded in our next.]

F

The Ghost. By C. Churchill. 4to. 2s. Flexney.

THE ingenious Author of the Rosciad hath here taken the opportunity, afforded him by a late absurd imposture, to indulge his satyric vein, by rallying the credulity of the town, and particularly of some well-known characters, on that ridiculous occasion. He gives a humorous sketch of the history of Superstition and Credulity, which he deduces from the Chaldeans, tracing it through Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to this island.

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,
Where Follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size;
ENGLAND, a fortune telling host,
As num'rous as the stars could boast,
MATRONS, who toss the Cup, and see
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea,

Who

Who vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
 Can a lost Maidenhead restore,
 Or, if their Pupils rather chuse it,
 Can shew the readiest way to lose it;
 GYPSIES, who ev'ry ill can cure,
 Except the ill of being poor,
 Who charms 'gainst Love and Agues fell,
 Who can in Henroost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
 To catch all feet except their own,
 Who as to Fortune can unlock it,
 As easily as pick a pocket;
 SCOTCHMEN, who in their Country's right
 Possess the gift of *second-sight*,
 Who (when their barren hearths they quit
 Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
 Which reputation to maintain,
 They never venture back again)
 By lies prophetic heap up riches,
 And boast the luxury of breeches.

The Satyrist particularizes the famous Duncan Campbell,
 and ludicrously describes many others, who,

Seated in Garret, for you know,
 The nearer to the stars we go,
 The greater we esteem his art,
 Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.
 The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
 And those who could not walk, were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
 By *Chamber-Maid* or *Cook-Maid* led,
 Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
 He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.

THE COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
 Who, to approve her disposition,
 As much superior, as her birth,
 To those compos'd of common earth,
 With double spirit must engage
 In ev'ry folly of the age)
 The *honourable* arts would buy,
 To pack the Cards, and cog a Die.

The PARSON too (for now and then,
 PARSONS are just like other men,
 And here and there a *grave* DIVINE
 Has Passions such as yours and mine)
 Burning with *holy* lust to know
 When FATE Preferment will bestow,

'Fraid

'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
 With circumspection sneaking in,
 To *Conjurer*, as he does to *Witches*,
 Thro' some bye Alley, or Back-door,
 With the same caution, *Oribodox*,
 Consults the *Stars*, and gets a *Pox*.

The art of Fortune-telling, in time, however, growing out of reputation,

——When the prudent Laws thought fit
 To curb this insolence of Wit;
 When Senates wisely had provided,
 Decreed, enacted, and decided,
 That no such vile and upstart elves
 Should have more knowlege than themselves;—
 Affrighted SAGES were perforce,
 Oblig'd to steer some other course.
 By various ways these *Sons of Chance*
 Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
 Well knowing, by unerring rules,
 KNAVES starve not in the *Land of Fools*.

The arts they took up in consequence of being obliged to quit their old one, are humorously enumerated; the Poet ascribing to this revolution, our many self-made Physicians, Critics, Magazine-Writers, Journalists, and the various impostures that have for many years come in to their assistance. With respect to that imposture which gave immediate occasion to this Poem, he is not more ludicrous in relating its circumstances, than severe in describing some of the most distinguished personages that played the principal parts in the farce. A third book, however, is promised, by which the general design of the work may perhaps farther appear. In the mean time we shall close this article with the following sensible lines:

Whilst, in contempt of all our pains,
 The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
 Imperious in the heart of man,
 And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
 Whilst fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
 The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
 To Reason and herself unjust,
 Takes all things blindly up on trust;
 Whilst CURIOSITY, whose rage
 No mercy shews to Sex or Age,
 Must be indulg'd at the expence
 Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Sense*;
 Impostures cannot but prevail,
 And when old *Miracles* grow stale,
 JUGGLERS will still the art pursue,
 And entertain the world with *Nonsense*.

The

The British Lion rous'd: Or, Acts of the British Worthies. A Poem, in nine Books. By James Ogden. 8vo. 5s. Printed at Manchester.

IT was the custom of a late celebrated Protestant Divine, to include in his public prayer, a clause against the Anti-Christian Church of Rome; and one day it chanced that, by a *lapsus linguæ*, he prayed for our deliverance from the errors and delusions of *Poetry*. * He immediately perceived and corrected his mistake; but had he been a Reviewer, and observed so many poor souls as we have seen possessed by the raging Dæmon of Rhyme, he might have let the petition stand:—lesser evils having often been the subject of many a circumstantially pious address to Heaven.

It is a sad thing, courteous Reader! to be bitten by a mad Poet; for though the slaver be not mortal, it produces melancholy effects. When this misfortune happens to honest pains-taking people, what a change is wrought in them! how do they disdain their lawful callings, set at nought the good opinion of their neighbours, and, vainly thinking to immortalize their names, become universally ridiculous!

Ecce signum! the unfortunate Author of the *British Lion rous'd*; bred, we are told, to the laudable occupation of *Fustian-weaving*: but, seized with this terrible malady, none but *poetic fustian* weaves he now! And alas! such stuff does he manufacture, that it is matter of astonishment to many how he could think of bringing such goods to market! 'Tis true he has had great encouragement for the first produce of his jingling-loom; having, we cannot conceive by what means, procured a very considerable number of subscribers for it. But this, instead of curing, will only serve to increase his disorder; so that his friends may write over his door, as in the time of the plague, MISERICORDIA! If, however, the symptoms of his malady still continue, and he should chance to get another set of subscribers as far gone as himself, the L—— have mercy on the poor man indeed!—for, after all, as it is probable that this is far from being the best kind of *fustian* that has passed through his hands, it may be apprehended, that, on the whole, he will not find it turn to the most valuable account.

This Rhyme-weaver seems to have taken it into his head to versify all the news-paper accounts relating to the present

* Meaning Popery.

war

war with France, in order to turn them into an Heroic Poem. His exordium sets forth, that he *sings*

Great-Britain's Worthies, an illustrious train,
Who prop the throne in George the Second's reign.

These *illustrious props* he celebrates, from the breaking out of the war to the pursuit of the remains of Conflans' vanquished fleet into the river *Vilaine*; and if this *Homer* of the *North* carries on the work till he lulls his lion to sleep again, he may have an opportunity of making them serve to *prop* the throne of George the Third.

But our Lion-rouzer is not so dreadfully hag-ridden by that witch of Endor who passes herself upon him for a Muse, but that he can be a little comical now and then; perhaps rather more so than is consistent with *Epic* dignity. Thus, toward the conclusion of the Episodical story, which the Pilot relates to General Wolfe and Admiral Boscawen, when he comes to recite the rigors of the climate at Hudson's Bay,

Here paus'd the Pilot, in his tale perplex;
Well, said the Brigadier, what follows next?
Hold, I intreat you, cries the Admiral, hold,
Our liquor stands—you hear the Climate's cold.
However glad to see you entertain'd,
I'll get another bowl, let this be drain'd:
The Captain, just refresh'd and breath'd the while,
Then ends his tale—all nod, assent, and smile.

So will thy Readers nod, O James Ogden!—so will thy subscribers smile as oft as they view their own names, ranged in such goodly order, in thy well-fill'd list;—and in return for the honour thou and thy performance have done them, may they, *nemine contradicente*, elect thee Poet-laureat of Lancashire!



MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For APRIL, 1762.

POLITICAL.

Art. 1. *An Answer to the Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain.* 8vo. 1s. Hinxman.

This Writer fairly acknowledges his production to be the “work of a few hasty hours, and of a person whose total unacquaintance with every measure and motive of Government, allows him no other lights than what must necessarily strike every one, whose political curiosity

curiosity is sufficient to engage him to an examination of matters of this kind."—As such, and in no other view, we recommend this Pamphlet to the notice of our Readers.

Art. 2. *Remarks on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, occasioned by the Observations on the same.* 8vo. 1s. Cooke.

The Remarker is severer than the Answerer; and what he advances seems more to the purpose, than any thing we have observed in the performance of the last mentioned Writer: but it is all severe animadversion on the late Secretary.

Art. 3. *The Political Testament of the Marshal Duke of Belleisle.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Vaillant.

It has been the fashion to write the *political Testaments* of eminent statesmen in France; and it has been found, in *this way*, as well as on *other occasions*, that money was most easily, if not honestly, to be gained, by putting the pen into a *dead man's hand*: which, in the present instance, is supposed to have been guided by one Ch——r, a man of lively parts, who has been employed as an Amanuensis by some great men abroad. He has here collected a number of entertaining anecdotes, and connected them with suitable reflections, with which he makes the late M. de Belleisle figure away in this posthumous manner—to the great edification of all credulous Readers, and even to the not disagreeable amusement of those who may have penetration enough to see through the fallacy.—But we cannot help viewing all these Author-tricks in a serious and unpleasing light, as they have so manifest a tendency to the discredit and decay of literature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 4. *The late Tumults in Ireland considered, and the true Causes of them impartially pointed out, with their respective Remedies.* 8vo. 1s. Nicoll.

Offers some reasonable conjectures relating to the late Disturbances in our Sister Kingdom, and shews that the poor people who have so rashly engaged in these Riots, had but too much reason to be discontented; although, as in all popular commotions, they have taken very improper methods for procuring redress. It is, however, the duty of Government, to enquire impartially into their Causes of Complaint, and to take the most effectual measures, in order to prevent such unhappy Tumults for the future.

Art. 5. *A Collection of ridiculous Stories.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. Hinxman.

Ridiculous Stories indeed!—We never saw or heard any worse told.

Art. 6. *The Life and Gallantries of Lewis XV.* 8vo. 2s. sewed. Thrush.

An old thing, formerly published under the title of *Memoirs of Zerkhinzul, King of the Kasfrans.*

Art. 7.

Art. 7. *The Art of Poetry, on a new Plan. Illustrated with a great Variety of Examples from the best English Poets, and of Translations from the Antients; together with such Reflections and critical Remarks, as may tend to form in our Youth an elegant Taste, and render the Study of this Part of the Belles Lettres more rational and pleasing.* 12mo. 2Vols. 6s. bound. Newbery.

Byſſe's Art of Poetry, and ſome other compilations of that kind, are well known; but they ought rather to be called Poetical Dictionaries: and we recollect that a work with this title was lately published. [See Review, Vol. XXV. p. 231.] But the preſent performance is preferable to any thing of the ſort that hath yet appeared, the Compiler having ſhewn more taſte in the choice both of the *Critical Obſervations*, and of the *Poetical Examples*, which he has ſelected from the beſt modern Writers; adding here and there a few judicious reflections of his own.—Mr. Newbery, in his prefatory Adverſement, begs leave to recommend theſe and the ſubſequent volumes, to the young Gentlemen and Ladies who have read his little books. [and many *grown Gentlemen*, too, there are, who may profit by looking into them] “ In thoſe he attempted to lead the young pupil to a love of knowledge; in theſe he has endeavoured to introduce him to the arts and ſciences, where all uſeful knowledge is contained.”——This ingenious and induſtrious cultivator of young minds ſeems to have prudently followed the Poet's maxim:

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves

Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.

ARMSTRONG.

But we could have wiſhed that he had been leſs influenced by good nature, or private friendship, in regard to a few of the examples he has cited, as models of excellence in poetical compositions. Such names as ****, *****, or *****, ought not, as we apprehend, to have appeared as authorities, in company with thoſe of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomſon, Akenſide, &c. However, it is but juſtice to add, that inſtances of this ſort in the work before us, are very rare; and moreover, ſomething muſt be allowed to difference of taſte, and ſentiment. Every one that walks in the garden, will not cull the ſame ſpecies of flowers for a noſegay.

Art. 8. *All for Love; or, the World well loſt, a new Romance, founded on Fiction.* 12mo. 2s. Freeman.

Founded entirely on Fiction, ſay you, Mr. Freeman? We underſtand you. *Ware ſcandalum magnatum!*

Art. 9. *Four genuine Letters, which lately paſſed between a noble Lord, and a young Woman of Faſhion.* 4to. 2s. Williams.

We refer the Reader to the following article.

Art. 10.

Art. 10. *A full Vindication of the Conduct of the Earl of ———, in a late Love-Affair. In a Letter from a Gentleman at Aix-la-Chapelle, to his Friend in London.* 8vo. 1 s. Dawe.

As this Gentleman seems to speak for himself and Co. and to talk very honestly and intelligibly concerning the publications to which L— P——'s Elopement with Miss H—— has given birth, let us hear what he has to say.

“What a fund of matter (says this supposed Letter-writer of *Aix*) will this be to your *Grubstreet* Garetteers!” [we hope there is no such place as *Grubstreet* at *Aix-la-Chapelle*] “What *forgeries*, what *inventions*! what *nonsense* will issue from the press upon this occasion. The English love to be amused, and their *hireling* Writers take care to please them.” If this *honest* Gentleman happens to be successful in the care he has taken to please the Public, Mr. Dawe will, doubtless, know whom to hire, on the next promising occasion.

Art. 11. *The Injured Lady. Containing some Particulars of a late Elopement, &c.* 8vo. 6 d. Sympson.

We beg the injured Lady's pardon; she should have stood first in this honourable list, as having first appeared on this worthy subject: but, perhaps, it may be as well to croud her in the rear, and thereby save her blushes.

Art. 12. *Day, an Epistle to C. Churchill.* By G. Freeman, Esq; of the Inner Temple. 8vo. 1 s. 6 d. Williams.

A great deal of *portic* dirt has lately been flung about by the sculions, grooms, and link-boys of Parnassus; but this is *prose* dirt.

P O E T I C A L.

Art. 13. *The Recruiter for Germany.* 4to. 6 d. Williams.

The reluctance lately shewn by some of our soldiers, when invited to go *voluntarily* to recruit the regiments in Germany, seems to have given the hint to a ballad-maker, to express his dislike of the war in that part of the world; which warfare he ridicules to the tune of *a begging we will go*.

Art. 14. *A Pindaric Ode on Beauty, occasioned by the late Royal Nuptials.* 4to. 6 d. Worcester printed by Butler.

This Author has given one proof of his judgment, in secreting his name;—we wish he had given us one proof more, in secreting his *Pindaric* Poem, as he calls it.

•• The Remainder of this Month's Catalogue, containing a great Number of Articles, is deferred to our next.

T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For M A Y, 1762.



Notæ, five Lectiones, ad Tragicorum Græcorum veterum, Æschyli, Sophoclis, Euripidis, quæ supersunt Dramata, deperditorumque Reliquias. Auctore Benjamine Heath. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano. 4to. 14 s. in Sheets. T. Payne.

THE task of the Commentator is the most tedious and toilsome of any within the province of literature. The eternal drudgery of collating Manuscripts and Editions; of tracing the Proteus, Conjecture, through all his evasive forms; and wading through the vast Profound of Batavian erudition; is dreadful even to think of; insomuch that, when we meet with any of these heroic martyrs of literary patience, we cannot help crying out with the Poet,

— O Te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem dixi!

This painful application is the more surprizing, as the labours of the philologist are seldom rewarded with praise.

But as there is a secret delight even in the pursuit and discovery of geometrical truths, so we suppose some solitary pleasure of the same kind may accompany the wandering Commentator through the barren deserts that have been travelled by his predecessors.

With this persuasion, we sit down to the work before us; and hope, gentle Reader, we shall not be entirely disappointed.

In justice to Dr. Heath, it will be necessary to quote the following passages from his Preface:

“ Scias igitur annum jam *duodecimum* procedere, ex quo primum horas aliquas subsecivas, graviorum studiorum inter
REV. May, 1762. Y capedinem

capedinem captans, *Græcorum Tragicorum* Lektioni impenderim. Cum vero mihi vel leviter eos pertractanti haud pauca occurrerent loca ab interpretibus hætenus parum intellecta, sæpissime etiam Scriptura vulgata manifestissime esset depravata, quod ex mediocri quam mihi paraveram rei metricæ notitiâ facilius deprehendebam; operæ pretium esse duxi, privatæ tantum oblectationis gratia, neque editionem futuram ne in somniis quidem meditans, explicationes atque emendationes nostras, prout e re nata sese offerebant, scriptis mandare. Porro, cum illecebris hisce magis, magisque irritus certam aliquam Poetæ uniuscujusque editionem semper adhibuerim, editionis istius quasi supplementum quoddam notulas nostras reputare, iisque adeo criticorum quorumque observationes, prout ultro mihi aliud agenti sese offerebant, interferere, paulatim assuevi, ita tamen ut propriis auctoribus omnia fideliter et nominatim ascriberentur. Cum Poetas tres tandem pervolutassem, ecce annotationes nostræ in molem satis amplam jam excreverant. Minimè igitur mirum, si, prout hominibus naturâ inlitum est ut cuique sua quadantenus, interdum etiam plus iusto, placeant ac blandiantur, mihi etiam mea operis haud prorsus contemnendi speciem præ se ferre viderentur, atque utilitatem saltem aliquam poetarum horum quenquam imposterum edituro ex iis accidere posse iudicarem. Hæc spe maxime excitatus laborem in me suscipere, non detrectabam opus denuo accuratius recensendi, errores quos ex familiaritate, cum his Scriptoribus penitus contractâ indies detegerem corrigendi, et ea denique intermiscendi quæ aut memoria, aut tumultuaria Lectio ad rem nostram spectantia suppeditaret. Nam adversaria quidem congerendi, aut indices verborum conficiendi, nunquam mihi hætenus aut otium ad fuit, aut libido.

“ Restat jam ut editiones istæ quibus annotationes nostræ accommodatæ sunt, et quarum ut supplementum quasi quoddam habeantur velim, sigillatim designentur.

“ Quod igitur ad Euripidem attinet, operum ejus omnium adhibui Editionem *Barnejianam*, Hecubæ, Orestis et Phænissarum, Editionem *Kingianam*, Hippolyti *Musgravianam*, Alcestidis *Morellianam*, Fragmentorum *Grotianam*, in Excerptis suis et *Stobæo*.

“ Quod ad Sophoclem, Editionem Græcam *Henrici Stephani*, cum Notis *Camerarii*, Græco Latinam etiam *Johnsoni*, et eorum qui ejus vestigiis insistentes eam abolverunt; in Fragmentis vero *Grotianam* supra memoratam.

“ Quod

“ Quod ad Æschylum, Editionem *Stanleianam* nuper à *Pauwio* propriis additis annotationibus renovatam, et in Fragmentis Editionem itidem *Grotianam*. Cæterarum Æschyli Editionum, præter *Turnebianam* parvam, nullam oculis usurpare contigit; cum igitur *Aldinæ*, *Robortellianæ*, *Stephanianæ*, Scripturas varias in notis nostris allegavimus, id omne ex fide *Stanleii* et *Pauwii* pendere intelligendum est.”

We could not but smile at our Author's serious asseverations, towards the conclusion of his Preface, that, in his annotations, he has borrowed nothing but what he has acknowledged. Nay, as if it were a case of life and death, he produces the strongest and most incontestible instances of his honesty in this respect. “ When Musgrave's edition of Euripides's *Hippolytus* came into my hands, and I found that many readings, of which I had given emendations, were confirmed by respectable copies, I struck out all my own alterations at one dash. Nay, when in rummaging my library, I met with a *Basilian* edition of Euripides, on the margin of which were several valuable notes, written by some ingenious gentleman unknown to me, though I could have put them off as my own, snug and safe, without the least danger of detection, I most religiously ascribed them to their Author.”

We think the Doctor has done extremely well to defend his readings by similar expressions taken from the same or different Authors; but sometimes his quotations of this kind are superfluous, particularly where the text he exhibits or maintains is sufficiently confirmed by the consistency of the sense, or a natural probability: as in the following instance in the *Prometheus vinculus* of Æschylus, Act 1. v. 91. *Και τον πανοπτην κυκλον ηλιος καλω. Πανοπην* (says he) should by all means be retained——there is not the least doubt that it should; but then was it necessary to quote Sophocles to convince us that the epithet *all-beholding* may with propriety be applied to the sun? We are the more offended by these superfluous quotations, because it is usual with commentators to fill whole pages with them, while they answer no end but a vain display of erudition.

We cannot agree with our learned Critic in support of the following reading in the same play. Act 1. v. 157.

Νον δ' αιθριον κυνημα' ο ταλας.

“ It is easy to believe (says he) that whatever was elevated by way of spectacle, was called *κυνυγμα*, on account of its being exposed to the agitation of winds. Such are ale-house

signs, and rogues that are hung in chains among us. Prometheus complains that he shall now be made such a spectacle to his enemies; and therefore without any impropriety, or any violent *catachresis*, he uses the word *κινυγμα* to express the cruelty of his punishment. For though his body, being rivetted to a rock, could not in fact be agitated by the wind, yet, as he was in an elevated situation, he had sufficiently the appearance of a *κινυγμα*. Besides, it is well known that an exact resemblance of objects is not necessary in these kind of figurative expressions. But in what sense Prometheus could call himself *κινυγμα*, that is, an empty shadow, a spectre, or a phantom, I do not apprehend."—Thus far the Doctor. But neither do we apprehend how Prometheus, *naked and rivetted to a rock*, could more properly call himself a *dangling object in the air*, than a *speetre*. Therefore read *κινυγμα*; *nostro periculo*.

With respect to the famous question, Whether Iö appeared on the stage in the real figure of a cow, as Dacier supposes, or in her identical person without any brutal characteristics, according to Father Brumoy, we think our Author's opinion, which is a medium of the others, the least exceptionable. He supposes that Iö retained her original form, but that her head was distinguished by the horns of a heifer; which last supposition is justified by the following verse:

Τας βουκις προσηγγμα παρθου κλυεις.

Prom. vinct. Act. 4. v. 590.

It is observable that almost every Commentator, from flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbald, has had a strange antipathy to some particular name among his predecessors, which he has abused and persecuted with unremitting fury. We are sorry to say that this too is the case with our learned Doctor. Poor *Pauwius*, as he calls him, who published a new edition of Stanley's *Æschylus* with several annotations of his own, is the everlasting butt of the Doctor's rage, ridicule, and resentment. Scarce is there a page, nay scarce a column, through all these annotations on *Æschylus*, in which this unhappy *Pauwius* is not either whipped, or kicked, or cuffed, in a most unmerciful manner indeed. It is true he appears in some places to be ignorant, and in others impertinent; but, what is very hard upon a man who seldom happens to be right, the Doctor will rarely give him his due when he has made a good observation. For instance, in the *Prometheus vinctus. Act. iv. v. 718*.

Πηται πρὸς αὐτὸν Καννασον μολὸς ἔστιν
ἐλπίων.

Without

Without doubt ὁρὸν ὑψίστην is a good emendation, being more easy and obvious than ὁρῶν ὑψίστην; yet the Doctor will not allow it, because it belongs to poor *Pauwius*.

It is with pleasure, however, we recollect that our Author seems to have had some little stings of conscience concerning his treatment of this unhappy victim; for in his Preface he attempts to apologize for this conduct. But his apology is surely a most unfortunate one. The reason, he says, of his abusing *Pauwius* was, that *Pauwius* had been abusive. With the same propriety, therefore, may some future Critic fall upon the Doctor, *quod Dii avertant!*

Would these Commentators take it into their heads to enliven their works with sentimental as well as verbal observations, they would be more honourable and more useful; but it is all measuring lines, and weighing syllables. They content themselves with cleaning and scrubbing the picture, without once remarking its peculiar beauties, or teaching the less skilful beholder the *criteria* which he wants. These sentimental Comments would be extremely useful in forming the taste of the young Reader, who alone can be supposed to stand in need of a Commentator. We cannot indeed but wonder that a person of Dr. Heath's erudition should pass silently over so many beautiful scenes without one *euge Poeta!* How could you, Doctor, over-look that animated scene in the first Act of the *Septem apud Thebas*, where the Spy describes the appearance and sacrifice of the enemy, without erecting one note of admiration? Not so the acute *Longinus!*

Τὴδ' Αἰσχυλῆς φαντασίαις ἐπιλομῶνός τε κριτικαῖς.
ἄσπερ οἱ Ἐπὶ τῇ Θήβῃ παρ' αὐτῷ,

Ἀνδρες, φησιν, ἐπὶ τῷ θύρῳ λοχαγείται,
Ταυροσφαγῆς εἰς μηλάρδιον σάκος,
Καὶ διηγῶντες χερσὶ ταυρίῳ φύον,
Ἀρῆν τ' ἔνυδον, καὶ φιλαίμακον Φύβον
Ὀρκωμετῶσαι,

Longin. de sub. Sec. 15.

But though our Commentator has seldom taken notice of the defects or beauties of his Authors, he has been industriously attentive to the *minutiae* of the reading and construction; sometimes, perhaps, unnecessarily. Thus, in the following line,

Ζυγοῖσι δαλίσις μήπις σκίδιον

Septem ap. Theb. Act. i. v. 75.

What can be more obvious than that the infinitive mood is here put imperatively; and who can want to be informed that the Greeks use this *enallage modi* very frequently?

Of that difficult passage in the *Septem ad Thebas*, v. 167, &c. the Doctor has, in our opinion, given the most rational exposition; and, instead of *καὶ διοδεῖν*, we would by all means read *ὦ διοδεῖν*. This and many more of our Author's most valuable observations Dr. Burton has taken into his *Pentalogia*, published in the year 1758. To convince Dr. Heath that we would do every thing to place his reputation, as a Commentator, in the fairest point of view, we shall here quote the testimony which Dr. Burton has given of him in his Preface to the *Pentalogia*.

“Mecum adeo intelligat [Lector] viro in literis humanioribus universis, et præcipue in Græcorum re metricâ, verfatissimo *Benjam. Heath Exoniensi* quantæ et à me, et à republica literariâ gratiæ debeantur: quem virum negotiis publicis curisque forensibus usque districtum quis non jure miretur ita studiis liberalioribus vacare potuisse, ut [nequid hic loci de descriptionibus cæteris commemorem] *Æschyli, Sophoclis, et Euripidis* Tragædias omnes continuo justoque Commentario illustraverit? A nobis certè pro merito vix satis prædicari potest illa animi benevolentia et liberalitas, quæ pretiosam hanc suppellectilis literariæ copiam desiderantibus adeo non invidit, ut etiam publicos in usus libenter communicaverit; unde quæcunque ad rem nostram maxime pertinerent, sive ad metra restituenda, sive ad verborum, sententiarum, rerumque memorabilium explicationem, excerpta depromimus.”

In the following passage of the *Septem ad Thebas*, v. 225, &c.

μὲν' ἐπιδοίμ' τα—
Δ' αὖτ' ὀρμηθεὶς πόλιν, καὶ στρατεύμ' ἀ—
Πτομένον πυρὶ δάω—

We cannot by any means agree with the Doctor that *στρατεύμ' ἀπτομένον* should be rendered *hostem invadentem*. *στρατεύμ'* here signifies the people of the city, as the word *στράτες* does, v. 308.

——— πόλιν καὶ γένιον
Καδμογενὴ ρυσθῆ.

i. e. Deliver the city and the offspring of Cadmus. So *στρατεύμ' ἀπτομένον* should, without doubt, be rendered *populum incendendum*, by which means *ἀπτομένον* will be taken as a passive participle

participate in conjunction with *αυθρομυμεναν*; and the construction of the whole passage will be much easier. This is so very obvious that we are surprized Dr. Burton should adopt *Hostem invadentem, or incendientem*.

The animated and picturesque description of Tydeus in the second scene of the third act, (*Sept. ad Theb.*) puts us in mind of the Scout's account of Swaran, in *Fingal*. (See Review, Vol. XXV. p. 50.) Thus the reconnoitring messenger informs Eteocles of what he had seen :

“ Tydeus rages before the gates of Proetus. His indignation is roused. He burneth for the battle. He crieth aloud like the dragon at noon-day. He shaketh the three shadowy crests that adorn his head. Terrible is the clang of the brazen bells of his shield. Great are the figures on his shield. There burn the stars in the vault of heaven. The full moon blazeth on the centre of the shield. Brightest of planets is she, the eye of the night. On the banks of the river he shouteth for the war; like the warrior horse that despiseth the rein, when he heareth the trumpet of the battle blown. Whom wilt thou oppose to him, son of Œdipus? Who shall go to the gates of Proetus?”

There is something supremely grand in the above passage, to which the elegant simplicity of the answer of Eteocles is a fine contrast.

“ I fear not (said the prince) the trappings of a man. It is not the engraving on his shield that can wound: and what are his crests and bells without a spear? As lightly do I think of that image of night blazing with the stars of heaven, which, thou sayest, is upon his shield.”

* * * * *

“ To Tydeus I will oppose the illustrious son of Astacus. He shall defend the gates. He is nobly born. He reveres the throne of modesty, and despiseth proud words. He is virtuous, and cannot do a base act. Menalippus is a branch of those illustrious Spartans whom the sword of Mars has spared. He will fight to defend her that bore him, from the spear of the enemy.”

If we have any Readers that are as yet strangers to Æschylus, we hope these quotations will make them solicit his acquaintance. Yet, whether they may answer that end or not, we must acknowledge that we could not pass them without notice.

But to proceed with our Author's Criticisms. *Æschyl*,
Perf. v. 786—7—8.

Εὐ γὰρ σαφὺς τοδ' ἴς' ἱμοὶ ξυνηλικίς,
Ἀπαίς, ἡμῖς, οἱ κραίη ταδ' ἔσκομεν,
Οὐκ αἰ φανήμεν πημαί' ἐξαίς τοσα.

“ The learned Dawes, (says he) in his *Miscellaneous Criticisms*, p. 334, has vainly attempted to mend this passage; for the place is quite well, and wants no physick. The reading he proposes is as follows :

Εὐ γὰρ σαφὺς τοδ' ἴς' ἱμοὶ ξυνηλικίς,
Ἀπαίς, ἡμῖς, εἰ κραίη ταδ' ἔσκομεν,
Οὐκ αἰ φανήμεν πημαί' ἐξαίς τοσα.

“ Now as to this amendment, in the first place *απαίς* joined to *ξυνηλικίς*, is cold and languid, and hangs to it, dangling like an idle tail. In the next place, how could Darius say *εἰ κραίη ταδ' ἔσκομεν*, had I had the empire; for he certainly had it: without doubt he ought rather to have said *εἰ κραίη ταδ' ἔτ' ἔσκομεν*, had I yet had the empire. Lastly, observe also how frigid, with all this parade, would this speech of Darius be, ‘ Had I been in the place of Xerxes, and then held the sceptre of this empire, ye should not have suffered these evils from me.’ Thus far our Commentator on this emendation of Dawes. But notwithstanding all he has advanced against it, we believe the learned and judicious Reader will perceive, that it has much more force and propriety than the usual text; that the *physic* has been very successfully administered, and that the *tail* hangs not ungracefully.

We are much obliged to our learned Commentator, and so is every Reader of *Æschylus*, for his explication and emendation of the following difficult passage in *Agamemnon*, v. 104—113.

Κυρίος εἰμι θροεῖν ὁδὸν κραίος
Αἰσίου ἀνδρῶν
Εἰλέων (ὅτι γὰρ θεοὶ καλαπτεῖν)
Πιθῶ μολπα)
Ἀλκαν συμφύλον, αἶων
Ὀπῶς, Ἀχαιῶν,
Διθροεῖν κραίος, Ἑλλάδος ἥσαν
Εὐμφροτα τὰ γέν,
Περμπι συν δούρι δικας πρακτορι
Θυμῖος οἷς Τενκιδ' ἐπ' αἶαν.

*Verte, idoneus sum enarrare victoriæ omen faustum in itinere
oblatus viris principibus (adhuc enim divinitus inspirat fiduciam
vaticinium)*

patricinium) audiens quo facto avis impetuosa mittit robur cognatum
achivorum, geninum imperium (i. e. Agamemnonem et Me-
nelaum) Græciæ Pubem eadem cum ducibus sentientem, cum hasta
pænarum exaltore Trojanam ad terram.

The Reader will perceive that it is not with this, as with
most difficult passages of the ancient Writers, upon which, if
their Commentators do not pass them over *sacro silentio*, they
generally heap one difficulty on another, and in the end, *ex
nihilò nihil fit*.

The following verses, in the same *Agamemnon*, have been still
less understood than those we have already quoted. The
Interpreters and Commentators have concluded, all alike
mistakenly, that the word *σπιδων*, in the last line, referred to
the omen of the eagle mentioned before, but without doubt it
alludes to the well-known story, in Homer, of the sparrow
and her young ones being eat up by the serpent. (See the
Iliad, b. v. v. 300—330.)

Τοσσοι περ ευφρων α̃ καλα
Δρῶσιν αἰπλοῖσι ματερων οὐλῃσι,
Παλίων Ἰαγρονόμων φιλομασῶις
Θηρεῖ οὐρικαλοῖσι, τιρπηρῇ
Τέλει αἰὴ ζυμβόλα φανερῇ,
Διξία μιν, καλῶν——
Μομφα δὲ φασμαλὰ γρυθῶν.

Thus our Author thinks it should be read, and thus trans-
lated :

“*Quanquam tantopere benevola sit pulchra illa Dea pullis
nondum volare valentibus (aut, si mavis *, pullis immaturis)*
omnium quæcunque sint matres (vel, omnium imbecillum)
et omnium agrestium ferarum, Catulis mammas amantibus
(id est, teneris) jucunda horum quæ dixi præfagia ipsa osten-
dit, fausta illa quidem, sed culpanda ostenta passerulorum.”

We never thought the following passage so exquisitely dif-
ficult as our Author has represented it to be ; but, as it has
not been generally understood, we shall quote his translation
of it for the benefit of such of our Readers as may not have
an opportunity to consult his book : on which account also
we desire it may be observed, that we make many other quo-
tations.

Πολλῶν παλίσμων δ' ἱμαλῶν αὖ ευξέμων,
Δομοῖσι προνεχθῆνός ἐν χρηστηρίῳ,
Ψυχῆς κομῶντα τῆςδε μετ' αὐτῶν.

Agam. v. 972—3—4.

¶ For this construction *αἰπλοῖσι* should be put for *αεπτοῖσι*.

Instead

Instead of *μηχανωμενης*, Dr. Heath reads with Stanley *μηχανωμενη*, which, in our opinion, is right; as *ψυχης* most probably refers to Agamemnon, and not to Clytemnestra. For *ευξαμην* he reads *νυξαμην*, and translates the passage thus: "Plura vero vestimenta conculcanda vovissem, si reditus tuus prius domui tuæ in oraculis fuisset denuntiatus, præmia ob animam hanc tuam servatam rependere moliens."

Verses 1437—8—9, in Agamemnon, as they have hitherto stood, have always to us been unintelligible. Some light has, however, been thrown upon them by the Translation and Emendations of our Author. Thus he reads and construes the passage:

Λιπὸς ἐπ' οἰμαλίων
Αἱμαλὸς ἢ περὶ αἰτίστοι' αἰεὶ σε χρεῖ
Φίλῳ γυρομένη
Τυμμά τυμμάτι τίσσα.

"Unctio sanguinea circum oculos non præbet speciem impunitatis; adhuc oportet te amicis orbatam plagam plagâ rependere."

Choephoræ, v. 273.

Ἀποχρημα τοῖσι ζήμαις ταυρουμνοῖ,
Αὐλοῖ διφασκετὴ φίλῃ ψυχῇ ταδὶ
Τίσιν μ' ἐχούσιν πολλὰ δυστιρπητὰ κακὰ

"In vain (says the Doctor) would you try to scratch any proper sense out of this passage as it stands. Thus, I suppose, it should read:

Ἀποχρῶν δὲ τασδὲ ζήμαις, ταυρουμνος
Αὐλὸς γὰρ φασκετὴ φίλῃ ψυχῇ ταδὶ
Τίσιν μ' ἐχούσιν πολλὰ δυστιρπητὰ κακὰ

"*Verte*, oraculo vero denuntians hæc pœnas, ipse quidem exasperatus dixit me eas anima propria luiturum, multa hæcce sustinentem injucunda mala."

The Emendation and Explication of the following passage, in the *Eumenides*, deserve attention. v. 361—365.

Σπειδομένοι δ' ἀφελὲν
Τίνα ἰασδὶ μίμνας
Θίω δ' ἀλγίσταν ἐμαί—
Σὶ λυταῖς ἐπικρανεῖν,
Μηδ' εἰς ἀγκυρῶν εἰλθεῖν.

"In his *Construptionem* non absolvi, sed *imperfectam et suspensam* relinqui, nemo non videt. Expendat lector annon forsitan ita scripserit Poeta.

Σπειδομένοι

Σπουδαίαν δ' αἶψαν
Δια τασθε μεμνησας
Θιοι γ' αἰδέσθαι εἶμαι—
Σι δὲ λίσσας επικρατοῦσι,
Μηδ' εἰς ἀγκιστρὴν εἰθίη.

“*Verte*, Dii vero Jovem hisce curis levare studentes immunitatem ab omni alia jurisdictione meis precibus concesserunt, et ut rationem cuiquam reddere non tenerent.”

Would our limits allow us, we could with pleasure point out many more passages in Æschylus, which Dr. Heath has happily illustrated. Without doubt his critical labours on the works of this Author are very valuable, and deserve the thanks of all the literary world, as Æschylus is by far the most difficult and abstruse of the Greek Poets. But the Doctor will pardon us if we give it as our opinion that he has sometimes made too free with the text of his Author; though it must be owned he has in general only proposed alterations in such passages as were otherwise hard to be understood.

These Emendations are much more excusable than such as are made merely for the sake of the metre, the rules of which are so extremely vague and various, as they are laid down by the metrical Critics, that we will venture to say any chapter in *Robinson Crusoe* might be reduced to measure by them. This is not conjecture; the thing shall be proved.

As I was rummaging about her,	<i>Iambicus dimeter hypercatalectus</i>
I found several	<i>Dochmaicus</i>
Things that I wanted,	<i>Dactylicus dimeter</i> [syllaba
A fire-shovel and tongs,	<i>Dochmaicus ex epitrito quarto et</i>
Two brass kettles,	<i>Dochmaicus</i>
A pot to make chocolate,	<i>Periodus brachycatalectus</i>
Some horns of fine glaz'd powder,	<i>Euripideus</i>
A gridiron, and seven	<i>Dactylica pentbimimeris</i>
Ral other necessaries.	<i>Basis anapæsticum syllaba.</i>

Enough for a specimen. For our strictures on Dr. Heath's Annotations on Sophocles and Euripides, we must refer the Reader to our next Review.

La:

A Discourse upon the Origin and Foundation of the Inequality among Mankind. By J. J. Rousseau, Citizen of Geneva. 8vo. 5 s. Doddsley.

THE very favourable idea, which the English Reader must have formed of Mr. Rousseau, from such of his Pieces as have already appeared in our language, will, no doubt, excite

excite his curiosity to peruse this performance. The gratification of this curiosity seems, indeed, to be the most commendable motive for the present Publication; for, in justice to this elegant Writer, we must observe, that the Translation is by no means equal to the Original.

It is now several years since the Academy of Dijon proposed the following prize-question to the philosophical world: "What is the Origin of the Inequality among Mankind? and whether such Inequality is authorized by the law of nature?" The discourse before us was designed as an answer to this question, and was honourably distinguished by obtaining the prize. How far it may be a satisfactory solution, however, of the difficulties that occur in reflecting on the question, we do not take upon us fully to determine; contenting ourselves with giving a short abstract of the Author's design, and making a few animadversions on the most remarkable passages we meet with.

Our Philosopher sets out with distinguishing two species of Inequality among Men. The one he calls a natural, or physical Inequality, consisting in the difference of age, health, bodily strength, and the qualities of the mind. The other he terms a moral, or political Inequality, depending on a kind of convention, and established, or at least authorized, by the common consent of mankind. This species of Inequality consists in the different privileges which some men enjoy, to the prejudice of others, such as that of being richer, more honoured, more powerful, and even that of exacting obedience from them. "It were absurd to ask, (says he) what is the cause of natural Inequality, as the definition of the term answers the question: again, it would be still more absurd to enquire, if there might not be some essential connection between the two species of Inequality, as it would be asking, in other words, If those who command are necessarily better than those who obey; and if strength of body, or of mind, wisdom or virtue, are always to be found in individuals, in the same proportion with power, or riches? A question fit perhaps to be discussed by slaves in the hearing of their masters, but unbecoming free and reasonable beings in quest of truth."

With our Author's leave, however, we cannot see the object of the latter enquiry in so absurd a light as he has placed it. It were absurd, indeed, at this time of day, to draw the conclusion he exposes; but in a professed investigation of the Origin and Foundation of the Inequality introduced

roduced by society among Mankind, it is certainly no impertinent part of the enquiry. It is very true that, in the present state of things, wealth and power are so much owing to the accidents of birth, favour, caprice, and other adventitious circumstances, that a superiority in this respect is no proof at all of superiority in corporeal or mental faculties: but the case was otherwise in the earliest ages and the infant state of society. Superior natural parts, particularly those of the mind, were undoubtedly the frequent, if not the certain, cause of pre-eminence. It is notoriously so, at this day, among the savage nations, with whom the strongest arm, the most valiant heart, or the wisest head, is a sufficient title to honour and command. Nay even in the present corrupt and vitiated state of great societies, eminent abilities have their weight; and, if they are not always duly preferred to wealth and power, it is because, however ornamental they might be to high stations, they are not so necessary to society in its present state. There may be times and circumstances in which long-established and flourishing governments will be so critically situated, as to require men of the greatest parts and abilities to save them from utter destruction; but, in the general course of things among civilized nations, the administration of human affairs requires fewer talents than is commonly imagined. Nay, greater talents in the persons of such administration would sometimes endanger the peace of society, and be apt to throw all into disorder and confusion. Men of great parts are generally enterprising; and salutary enterprises seldom offer themselves, and are not every day to be prudently undertaken. It is the province of men of quick and great parts to project schemes of government, draw the out-lines, and carry unprecedented designs into execution. It is that of slow parts, and a mediocrity of talents, to preserve things in their wonted channel, and plod on in that track, which experience, a surer guide than ingenuity, hath long and safely beaten.

But our Author proceeds—"What therefore, is precisely the subject of this Discourse? It is to point out, in the progress of things, that moment, when, right taking place of violence, nature became subject to law; to display that chain of surprizing events, in consequence of which the strong submitted to serve the weak, and the people to purchase imaginary ease at the expence of real happiness." This is, it is true, precisely the subject of Mr. Rousseau's Discourse; but it is far from being precisely the subject laid down in the question proposed by the Academy of Dijon. Indeed the

whole piece is rather declamatory than argumentative, rather persuasive than convincing. By the manner in which the Writer's notions of the matter in question are explained, does it not seem that he thought a state of violence preceded that of right, and that the former was a state of nature, and the latter of policy? The terms *right* and *law*, are here certainly used in a political sense; and hence we should justly enough infer he must think there was no such thing as natural right or natural law: in which case, what could he understand by an Inequality authorized by the law of nature? He goes on actually to censure those philosophers who have talked of man's natural right, and tells us, "Some of them have not scrupled to attribute to man, in a state of nature, the ideas of justice and injustice, without troubling their heads to prove that he really must have had such ideas, or even that such ideas were useful to him; others have spoken of the natural right of every man to keep what belongs to him, without letting us know what they meant by the word *belong*; others, without farther ceremony, ascribing to the strongest an authority over the weakest, have immediately struck out government, without thinking of the time requisite for men to form any notion of the things signified by the words Authority and Government. All of them, in fine, constantly harping on wants, avidity, oppression, desires and pride, have transferred to the state of nature ideas picked up in the bosom of society." We do not controvert this. Many philosophers have talked idly, and without due consideration, on these subjects; but we are afraid Mr. Rousseau has not much mended the matter in the Dissertation before us. If they, as he says, in speaking of savages have described citizens, he, in speaking of citizens, has described something worse than savages, and hath used the word Nature in as unphilosophical a sense and manner, as any of his predecessors have done any word of equal import in all their writings. He complains that others have perceived the necessity, in examining the foundations of society, of tracing it back to a state of nature, but that not one of them has ever arrived there. Our Readers will judge for themselves whether he recurs farther back, or advances more satisfactorily, than other Writers may have done, in treating this subject. "If I consider man (says he) such as he must have issued out of the hands of nature, I see an animal less strong than some, and less active than others; but, upon the whole, the most advantageously organized of any: I see him satisfying the calls of hunger under the first oak, and those of thirst at the first rivulet: I see him laying himself down

down to sleep at the foot of the same tree that afforded him his meal; and behold, this done, all his wants are completely supplied.

“ The earth left to its own natural fertility, and covered with immense woods that no hatchet ever disfigured, offers at every step food and shelter to every species of animals. Men, dispersed among them, observe and imitate their industry, and thus rise to the instinct of beasts; with this advantage, that, whereas every species of beasts is confined to one peculiar instinct, Man, who perhaps has not any that particularly belongs to him, appropriates to himself those of all other animals, and lives equally upon most of the different aliments which they only divide among themselves; a circumstance which qualifies him to find his subsistence with more ease than any of them.

“ Men, accustomed from their infancy to the inclemency of the weather, and to the rigour of the different seasons; inured to fatigue, and obliged to defend, naked and without arms, their life and their prey against the other wild inhabitants of the forest, or at least to avoid their fury by flight, acquire a robust and almost unalterable habit of body; the children bringing with them into the world the excellent constitution of their parents, and strengthening it by the same exercises that first produced it, attain by this means all the vigour that the human frame is capable of. Nature treats them exactly in the same manner that Sparta treated the children of her citizens; those who come well formed into the world she renders strong and robust, and destroys all the rest; differing in this respect from our societies, in which the state, by permitting children to become burthensome to their parents, murders them all without distinction, even in the wombs of their mothers.

“ The body, being the only instrument that savage man is acquainted with, he employs it to different uses, of which ours, for want of practice, are incapable; and we may thank our industry for the loss of that strength and agility, which necessity obliges him to acquire. Had he a hatchet, would his hand so easily snap off from an oak so stout a branch? Had he a sling, would it dart a stone to so great a distance? Had he a ladder, would he run so nimbly up a tree? Had he a horse, would he with such swiftness shoot along the plain? Give civilized man but time to gather about him all his machines, and no doubt he will be an over-match for the savage;

savage ; but if you have a mind to see a contest still more unequal, place them naked and unarmed one opposite to the other, and you will soon discover the advantage there is in perpetually having all our forces at our disposal, in being constantly prepared against all events, and in always carrying ourselves, as it were, whole and entire about us."

"Hobbes (continues our Author) would have it that man is naturally void of fear, and always intent upon attacking and fighting. An illustrious philosopher thinks on the contrary ; and Cumberland and Puffendorff likewise affirm it, that nothing is more fearful than man, in a state of nature ; that he is always in a tremble, and ready to fly at the first motion he perceives, at the first noise that strikes his ears." This, Mr. Rousseau thinks, may be very true, in regard to objects with which man in such a state may not be acquainted ; and doubts not of his being terrified at every new sight that presents itself, as often as he cannot distinguish the physical good and evil which he may expect from it, nor compare his forces with the dangers he has to encounter." For our own part, we can subscribe neither to one opinion nor the other. We see no reason why man in a state of nature, as it is here called, should be either so timid on the one hand, or so fearless on the other. Why is every object that presents itself to appear necessarily in a hostile or a friendly light ? There are doubtless some lights very terrific, and sounds as tremendous, from their mechanical effect on our senses, such as a flash of lightening, or a clap of thunder ; such the furious look or hideous roaring of some wild beasts : these may not unreasonably be supposed to affect the man with astonishment and fear, though ignorant of their good or evil consequences. But should one savage see another come smiling towards him, or behold a strange beast, of a benign aspect, stalk tamely by ; wherefore should we suppose him inclined either to attack or to fly from such objects ? We dare say an Indian, who might be entirely ignorant of the effect of fire-arms, would be no more irritated or afraid, at having a musket presented, than if a common walking cane was levelled at him in the same manner. Mr. Rousseau indeed conceives that, with respect to familiar objects, man would lose this supposed natural timidity. For, living among other animals, without any society or fixed habitation, and finding himself under a necessity of measuring his strength with theirs, he soon makes a comparison between both ; and, finding that he surpasses them more in address, than they surpass him in strength,

strength, he learns not any longer to be in dread of them. "Turn out a bear, or a wolf, (says he) against a sturdy, active, resolute savage, provided with stones and a stick, and you will soon find that the danger is at least equal on both sides; and that after several trials of this kind, wild beasts, who are not fond of attacking each other, will not be very fond of attacking man, whom they have found every whit as wild as themselves." Thus our Author intimates it to be a mighty advantage, and a great part of that happiness which man enjoyed in his state of nature, and which he is deprived of by society, that he could be better able to cope naked with a wild beast than he can now. Another great advantage which Mr. Rousseau attributes to man in a savage state, is an exemption, in a great degree, from sickness, which chiefly attends him in a state of society. "In regard to sickness, (says he) I shall not repeat the vain and false declamations made use of to discredit medicine by most men, while they enjoy their health; I shall only ask if there are any solid observations from which we may conclude that in those countries, where the healing art is most neglected, the mean duration of man's life is shorter than in those where it is most cultivated? And how is it possible this should be the case, if we inflict more diseases upon ourselves than medicine can supply us with remedies! The extreme Inequalities in the manner of living of the several classes of mankind; the excess of idleness in some, and of labour in others; the facility of irritating and satisfying our sensuality and our appetites; the too exquisite, and out of the way aliments of the rich, which fill them with fiery juices, and bring on indigestions; the unwholesome food of the poor, of which even, bad as it is, they very often fall short, and the want of which tempts them, every opportunity that offers, to eat greedily and overload their stomachs; watchings, excesses of every kind, immoderate transports of all the passions; fatigues, waste of spirits; in a word, the numberless pains and anxieties annexed to every condition, and which the mind of man is constantly a prey to; these are the fatal proofs that most of our ills are of our own making, and that we might have avoided them all by adhering to the simple, uniform, and solitary way of life, prescribed to us by nature. Allowing that nature intended we should always enjoy good health, I dare almost affirm that a state of reflection is a state against nature, and that the man who meditates is a depraved animal." Thus our Author considers man as a mere animal, and makes no manner of distinction between the natural state of the man

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and the brute.* He might almost as well join the animal and vegetable creation together, and reason accordingly. If health

* The Author of *Epistles Philosophical and Moral*, makes the following remark on the above passage from Rousseau: "What use is here made of the word *Nature*? I would ask, If mankind even were in this state of solitude, how came it about they are united in a social one?—Were they led to it by inclination, or necessity? If by inclination, nature evidently prescribed it; if by the necessities peculiar to their species, a state of society was not only prescribed but enforced by nature. Indeed, whoever before doubted of man's being, by nature, a social animal?" The same Writer thus replies to this kind of reasoning:

Let rash Polemicks idly prate
Of NATURE and a NATURAL STATE,
The arts of social life despise,
And think that brutes are only wise;
Pretending better had it been
If Kings and Priests we ne'er had seen;
If lawless, ignorant, and wild,
Man had been left, while yet a child,
With brutes to share a common fate,
More blest than in his present state.
Go, thou, and act a social part;
Man's natural state's a state of art.
'Twas NATURE, when the world was young,
That loos'd our first, Great Grandfire's tongue;
Taught his wild sons the force of speech,
And gave the human power to *teach*;
To social converse tun'd the ear,
Gave mutual love and mutual fear;
Inspir'd the hero, warm'd the friend,
And bade the strong the weak defend.
'Twas NATURE gave *Religion's* rule,
And bade the wise conduct the fool;
In justice gave the *Law*, to save
The weak and honest from the knave.
'Twas NATURE rais'd our thoughts on high,
In contemplation to the sky;
Taught us to beat the wilds of space,
And worlds on worlds in æther trace;
Planets and Suns unknown explore,
And hence their Maker, God, adore.
All this you *artificial* call:
I heed not empty terms at all.
'Twas NATURE *Knowledge* did impart,
Which time has ripen'd into *Art*:
But call it *Art*, or what you will,
'Tis NATURE, HUMAN NATURE still.

be natural, he dares almost affirm that reflection is unnatural, and a thinking man is a depraved animal.

Would it not be thought very strange should we take upon us to affirm health and reflection to be incompatible, and that man hath derived the faculty of thinking from the depravity of society? Yet our Author's assertion is tantamount to this. We cannot impeach the wisdom of nature so much, however, as to suppose the exertion of our mental faculties inconsistent with the corporeal functions of the human frame. The state of nature he describes, is, therefore, a state of brutality; the state of the *animal* before the distinguishing faculties of the *man* had time and opportunity to expand themselves, and display a superior being, formed for reflection and society. Indeed our Author pretends that man has no instinct peculiar to his species; that he has no natural curiosity; that the progress of his reason is owing entirely to his passions, and that he covets knowledge only because he covets enjoyment. It is impossible to conceive, he says, why a man, exempt from fears and desires, should take the trouble to reason. Perhaps so; but is it not equally impossible for us to conceive why many other things are done, that we daily see actually are done, from the effect of instinct? We do not suppose, however, that man reasons immediately from instinct: but may he not covet knowledge from instinct? And may not that passion be as essential to man as any other? In which case he will receive pleasure even in the mere gratification of it; and as the exertion of the rational faculties furnishes the means of such gratification, he will naturally be induced to exert them. The immoderate gratification of this passion may, like that of all others, be prejudicial to health, as long application and intense study are known to be; but it is certainly more noble to sacrifice the animal to the man, than, as our Author seems to advise, the man to the animal. The best Writers on the subject are now pretty generally agreed, as to the reality of a moral instinct in human nature; and as they are better philosophers than to carry it so far as the advocates for innate ideas formerly did, the arguments they bring, in support of the doctrine of moral sentiment, are in some measure unanswerable. Our Author would find no little difficulty also to prove, that curiosity, or a desire of knowledge, tending to the invention of speech and the communicative disposition of society, is not instinctive, and peculiarly so to the human species.

But we can easily account for Mr. Rousseau's mistakes on this subject. Philosophers have been long accustomed to call the primitive state of man, when they supposed him unsocial as well as uncivilized, a state of nature. We have no more authority, however, to call civilized man the creature of society, than to call society the state nature dictated to uncivilized man. It is something very strange and singular, nevertheless, that, after describing man in his supposed natural state, and placing him on a level in his enjoyments with the brutes, our Author should call such a state, a state of real happiness, and that of society, a state of imaginary ease. "Civilized man (says Mr. Rousseau) is a mischievous being; a lamentable and constant experience makes the proof of it necessary: Man, however, is naturally good; I think I have demonstrated it: what then could have depraved him to such a degree, unless the changes that have happened in his constitution, his improvements, and the lights he has acquired? Let us cry up human society as much as we please, it will not be the less true that it necessarily engages men to hate each other in proportion as their interests clash; to do each other apparent services, and in fact, heap upon each other every imaginable mischief. What are we to think of a commerce, in which the interest of every individual dictates to him maxims diametrically opposite to those, which the interest of the community recommends to the body of society; a commerce, in which every man finds his account in the misfortunes of his neighbour? There is not, perhaps, a single man in easy circumstances, whose death his greedy heirs, nay and too often his own children, do not secretly wish for; not a ship at sea, the loss of which would not be an agreeable piece of news for some merchant or another; not a house, which a debtor would not be glad to see reduced to ashes with all the papers in it; not a nation, which does not rejoice at the misfortunes of its neighbours. It is thus we find our advantage in the disasters of our fellows, and that the loss of one man almost always constitutes the prosperity of another. But, what is still more dangerous, public calamities are ever the objects of the hopes and expectations of a multitude of private persons. Some are for sickness, others for mortality; these for war, those for famine. I have seen monsters of men weep for grief at the appearance of a plentiful season; and the great and fatal conflagration of London, which cost so many wretches their lives or their fortunes, proved, perhaps, the making of more than ten thousand persons. I know that

Montaigne

Montaigne finds fault with Demades the Athenian for having caused a workman to be punished, who, selling his coffins very dear, was a great gainer by the deaths of his fellow citizens: but Montaigne's reason being, that by the same rule every man should be punished, it is plain that it confirms my argument. Let us therefore look through our frivolous demonstrations of benevolence at what passes in the inmost recesses of the heart, and reflect on what must be that state of things, in which men are forced with the same breath to caress and curse each other, and in which they are born, enemies by duty, and knaves by interest. Perhaps somebody will object that society is so formed, that every man gains by serving the rest. It may be so; but does he not gain still more by injuring them? There is no lawful profit but what is greatly exceeded by what may be unlawfully made; and we always gain more by hurting our neighbours than by doing them good. The only objection therefore, that now remains, is the difficulty which malefactors find in screening themselves from punishment; and it is to accomplish this, that the powerful employ all their strength, and the weak all their cunning.

“ Savage man, when he has dined, is at peace with the whole creation, and the friend of all his fellows. Does a dispute sometimes happen about a meal? He seldom comes to blows without having first compared the difficulty of conquering with that of finding a supply in some other place; and, as pride has no share in the squabble, it ends in a few cuffs: the conqueror eats, the conquered retires to seek his fortune elsewhere, and all is quiet again. But with man in society the case is quite different; in the first place, necessities are to be provided, and then superfluities; delicacies follow, and then immense riches, and then subjects, and then slaves. He does not enjoy the least relaxation; what is most extraordinary, the less natural and pressing are his wants, the more headstrong his passions become, and what is still worse, the greater is his power of satisfying them; so that after a long series of prosperity, after having swallowed up immense treasures and ruined thousands, our hero closes the scene by cutting every throat, till he at last finds himself sole master of an empty universe. Such is in miniature the moral table, if not of human affairs, at least of the secret pretensions of every civilized heart.”

“ We leave our Readers to judge whether this be a fair and impartial representation of human society. That many of those evils here enumerated may be exemplified among individuals,

viduals; cannot be doubted; but the veriest Tyro in morals and politics, cannot be ignorant of the fallacy of his maxim, that "we always gain more by hurting our neighbours than by doing them good." If there were still more exceptions than there are to our old English proverb, *Honesty is the best policy*, it would yet remain a maxim founded in nature, and established on truth.

Our Author goes on to enumerate the calamities of war, and the ruinous effects of luxury and disease; declaiming violently against society as the cause of their production. He hath many reflections on this subject deserving the notice of the politician, though few worthy the serious consideration of the philosopher.

The vices of man, in a state of society, are doubtless more flagrant and manifold than they could possibly be in a state of simplicity, wherein he ran wild in the woods; but what virtues could he then boast equal to the social virtues practised in a civilized state? It is in society only we behold the man; in Mr. Rousseau's state of nature, we see only a mere animal, a brute! And as to happiness, it is absurd to pretend to it. If savage man hath fewer wants, he hath fewer enjoyments; if he be subject to fewer diseases, he hath not the same opportunity of indulging the passions and appetites of health. What is granted him in the article of pain, is denied him in that of pleasure; and all his pretended superiority of virtue and happiness, consists in unconscious innocence and stupid insensibility.

The inference our Author draws, therefore, from this ingenious piece of declamation, is, in our opinion, unphilosophical and absurd. It is this; that, supposing man a being whose views are confined to this life, a state of society is unnatural, and he would be happier to live wild among the brutes; and that nothing but religious motives can make society eligible, or even supportable. Now, though we readily and joyfully admit, that the social disposition of man, and the faculties he displays in the midst of society, are eminent and convincing proofs of the superior destination of the human species; yet, were it otherwise, and should we even admit that man dies like the brute, we cannot be persuaded he ought, or would be happier, to live so.

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The Scripture Account of Prayer, in an Address to the Dissenters in Lancashire; occasioned by a new Liturgy some Ministers in that County are composing for the Use of a Congregation at Liverpool. By John Taylor, D. D. late Professor of Divinity and Morality at the Academy in Warrington. *The second Edition. To which is added, an Appendix, containing Remarks on the Christian Common Prayer Book *, or Universal Liturgy, and its Preface.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Waugh.

OUR Readers were apprized of the Publication of the first Edition of this Address to the Dissenters in Lancashire, in the Review for August, 1761, p. 124.

We mention the second Edition on account of the *Appendix*, wherein the Editor of Dr. Taylor's Tract has thrown out some Remarks on the *Christian Common Prayer Book*, which may deserve the attention of the Compiler of that well-intended, though not faultless performance. That Gentleman would do well to attend to every hint, which may assist him to render any future impression of his work more perfect, and unexceptionable——*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: at the same time we wish him a mind superior to that unmerited rudeness and indecency, with which his opponents seem too much disposed to treat him. These are marks of an illiberal and unchristian spirit, and should be always treated with the disregard they deserve.

Devotional compositions are, of all others, the most difficult; not only on account of the propriety of the sentiments, but the manner in which they are to be expressed. To support that gravity and dignity which should always appear in the offices of religion, and at the same time to retain that plainness and simplicity, which are necessary to render them easy to the understandings of mankind; (and which, after all, will be acknowledged the best proofs of a good taste, and the most natural expressions of a devout heart) will be found upon trial to be a task which requires very sound judgment and attentive consideration: and therefore every attempt of this kind should at least be received with candor and good manners, though it may not arrive at the perfection which is to be wished. — But our Remarker, not contented with his strictures on the *Universal Liturgy*, discovers a strange and unaccountable impatience to be exercising his critical acumen

* For an Account of this Work, see Review, Vol. XXV. p. 285.
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upon a work of the same kind, said to be drawing up at the request, and intended only for the use, of a private congregation in Liverpool; a work, as we are informed, yet unfinished, and never intended to be made public. What the Remarker has to do with a design of this kind, or how he can possibly be interested in it, we are at a loss to conceive. He surely does not mean to dictate to a free society in what manner they shall worship the Deity!—A *Deacon* of one Church seems to have no more right to interfere in the business of another Church, than the *Constable* of one Township has to act within the limits of another.

Upon the whole, we by no means approve the acrimonious spirit of opposition, which, on this occasion, manifests itself amongst some Dissenters; and are surprized, and concerned too, that they, who are so happily tolerated by the present Establishment, should be preparing weapons of war, and eagerly waiting to animadvert upon the expected Liturgy, with so much severity: this is unmanly, ungenerous, and unchristian.—In what consistency of character must that set of men appear, who enjoying the great blessing of Toleration themselves, are unwilling to allow the same to their fellow Nonconformists? How much better would it become them to exercise the benevolent disposition of the Gospel; to follow the milder example of our wise and happy government; and permit their brethren to worship God in their own way, without attempting to deprive them of their liberty, or casting reproach and calumny upon them for that use of it, which they have the justest title to? Better, far better were it, to acquiesce in what God permits, and continue, as he commands, in a course of friendly forbearance, and charitable disposition towards all our fellow Christians.—

Dissenters should, of all men, be attentive to the great first principles, on which, not only their Dissent, but the Reformation itself was founded, and on which alone either of them can be supported. If they have forgotten what these are, let them again turn to Mr. Locke's excellent Letters upon Toleration, in which they are represented with the greatest clearness, and supported with the strongest arguments. And let them recollect, that they are not now debating the lawfulness or unlawfulness of *Habits, Modes, and Forms*, which are inferior circumstances left in a state of indifference; but ought at least to appear in the more respectable light of friends to the liberties of mankind at large: and, as such, asserting the right of every man to judge for himself; and that not only

in speculative principles and doctrines, but in regard to the methods of conducting the solemn services of Divine Worship, in which, it is apprehended, Christians are left equally at liberty by the first founder of our holy religion.



A Treatise on the Art of Dancing. By Giovanni-Andrea Gallini, Director of the Dances at the Royal Theatre in the Hay-Market. 6s. bound. Doddsley and Becket.

AS Logic is termed the Art of Thinking, so Dancing may be called the Art of Gesture; and *Burgundiscius's* definition of a syllogism may well be applied to a Step, in *quâ quibusdam positis, diversum quid à positis, propter ea quæ posita sunt, necessariò sequitur.* Logic teaches us so to order and arrange our thoughts, as to give them perspicuity and propriety of connection; and by Dancing we are taught to direct our motions in such a manner, as to give them gracefulness, harmony and ease. But the art of Dancing is even more necessary to Gesticulation, than the art of Logic is to Thinking. To think elegantly and sublimely is the effect of genius alone, and the art of Thinking clearly and justly, may be attained by habit and observation; but it is questionable whether an elegant and graceful carriage was ever obtained without the aid of Dancing. Mechanical, however, as this art may seem, genius is far from being out of the question. We have elsewhere observed that the imitative arts were alone the province of genius, and no art can with more propriety be called imitative than Dancing. It is a copying of those ideas of gracefulness and harmony, which we borrow from nature; and in this, as in the other imitative arts, the closest imitation of graceful nature is the happiest execution. But it may then be asked, if Dancing be nothing more than copying the native beauties of motion, why is not nature left to itself? The reason is, that art hath borrowed various graces from various forms; and in this, as in other cases, by combination, hath reduced them to a systematic science.

Could any art or science derive importance from its antiquity, Dancing might stand in the first rank for this claim. The accounts of it run almost as high as any thing we find upon authentic record. Nothing particular, indeed, concerning this art hath descended to us, except the tracts of *Lucian* and *Athenæus*. But *Plato* and *Xenophon* have made honourable mention of it; and no wonder, since their master *Socrates* thought

thought it worth his while to learn it at an advanced time of life. It was probably on account of its being a religious ceremony that this wise and pious philosopher applied himself to it; but however that might be, it is a proof of the great esteem in which it was held in the most enlightened age of Greece.

Whether Dancing owed its origin to military or religious ceremonies, will admit of a dispute, in which great erudition might be displayed on both sides of the question, and nothing determined. We look upon it to have been a natural consequence of the invention of music; for it has been observed that the Indian Savages, upon hearing the sound of any musical instrument, could not forbear throwing themselves into antic postures and capers, rapid or slow, in proportion to the time of the music. Thus, as Dancing was originally the effect of music, it continued to accompany that art, on all occasions; whether in religious ceremonies, festivals, or public rejoicings upon the acquisition of victory.——

*Nunc est saltandum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.——*

From being used in the religious ceremonies of Pagans, Dancing, like many other of their customs, was retained in the Christian church, during its infancy. Hence the space before the altar came to be called the choir, being originally appropriated to the Dancers. It would have been impolitic, and perhaps impossible, in the first promoters of Christianity, to have stripped Pagan idolatry of all its ceremonies at once. By only changing the object of adoration, and by leaving the people in possession of their superstitious customs, they were more easily drawn over to a new system of faith, and were weaned, by degrees, from the absurd rites of their ancient worship.

But though Dancing, considered as a religious ceremony, appears extremely ridiculous; yet, applied to harmonize the motions of the body, to teach an easy gesture, and a graceful attitude, it is highly useful. A Dancing-Master, in this respect, should have the genius of a statuary, and know exactly the proper attitudes of every sentiment and passion.

Mr. Gallini has formed a right judgment of his art, and is well apprized in what its chief excellence consists. He has not puffed it with the vanity of a Dancing-Master, but has treated it with the candour of good sense, and the acuteness of good taste. Page 72, he gives us an account of the dif-

ferent styles of dancing. " There are, (says he) properly speaking, four divisions of the characters of Dances ; the Serious, the Half-serious, the Comic, and the Grotesque : but for executing any of them with grace, the artist should be well grounded in the principles of the serious Dance, which will give him, what may be called, a delicacy of manner in all the rest.

" But as one of these divisions may be more adapted to the humour, genius, or powers of an artist, than another, he should, if he aims at excellence, examine carefully for which it is that he is the most fit.

" After determining which, whatever imperfections he may have from nature, he must set about correcting, as well as he can, by art. Nothing will hardly be found impossible for him to subdue, by an unshaken resolution, and an intense application.

" Happy indeed is that artist, in whom both the requisites of nature and art are united ; but where the first is not grossly deficient, it may be *supplemented* by the second. However well a beginner may be qualified for this profession by nature, if he does not cultivate the talent duly, he will be surpassed by another, inferior to him in natural endowments, but who shall have taken pains to acquire what was wanting to him, or to improve where deficient. The experience of all ages attests this.

" The helps of a lively imagination, joined to great and assiduous practice, carry the art to the highest perfection. But practice will give no eminent distinction without study. Whoever shall flatter himself with forming himself by practice alone, without the true principles and sufficient grounds of the art, can only proceed upon a rote of tradition, which may appear infallible to him. But this adoption of unexamined rules, and this plodding on in a beaten track, will never lead to any thing great or eminent. It carries with it always something of the stiffness of a copy, without any thing of the graceful boldness of originality, or of the strokes of genius.

" I have before observed that the grave, or serious style of Dancing, is the great ground-work of the art. It is also the most difficult. Firmness of step, a graceful and regular motion of all the parts, suppleness, easy bendings and risings, the whole accompanied with a good air, and managed with
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the greatest ease of expertness and dexterity, constitute the merit of this kind of Dancing. The soul itself should be seen in every motion of the body, and express something naturally noble, and even heroic. Every step should have its beauty.

“ The painter draws, or ought to draw his copy, the actor his action, and the statuary his model, all from the truth of nature. They are all respectively professors of imitative arts, and the Dancer may well presume to take rank among them, since the imitation of nature is not less his duty than theirs ; with this difference, that they have some advantages of which the Dancer is destitute. The painter has time to settle and correct his attitudes, but the Dancer must be exactly bound to the time of the music. The actor has the assistance of speech, and the statuary has all the time requisite to model his work. The Dancer's effect is not only that of a moment, but he must every moment represent a succession of motions and attitudes, adapted to his character, whether his subject be heroic or pastoral, or in whatever kind of Dancing he exhibits himself. He is, by the expressiveness of his dumb show, to *supplement* the want of speech, and that with clearness ; that whatever he aims at representing may be instantaneously apprehended by the spectator, who must not be perplexed with hammering out to himself the meaning of one step, while the Dancer shall have already begun another.

“ In the Half-serious style we observe vigor, lightness, agility, brilliant springs, with a steadiness and command of the body. It is the best kind of Dancing for expressing the more general theatrical subjects. It also pleases more generally.

“ The grand pathetic of the serious style of Dancing is not what every one enters into. But all are pleased with a brilliant execution, in a quick motion of the legs, and the high springs of the body. A Pastoral Dance, represented in all the pantomime art, will be commonly preferred to the more serious style, though this last requires, doubtless, the greatest excellence ; but it is an excellence of which few but the connoisseurs are judges, who are rarely numerous enough to encourage the composer of Dances to form them entirely in that style. All that he can do is to take a great part of his attitudes from the serious style, but to give them another turn and air in the composition, that he may avoid confounding the two different styles of Serious and Half-serious. For this last it is impossible to have too much agility and briskness.

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“ The Comic Dancer is not tied up to the same rules and observations, which are necessary to the Serious and Half-serious Styles. He is not so much obliged to study what may be called nature in high life. The rural sports and exercises; the gestures of various mechanics or artificers will supply him with ideas for the execution of characters in this branch. The more his motions, steps, and attitudes are taken from nature, the more they will be sure to please.

“ The Comic Dance has for its object the exciting mirth; whereas, on the contrary, the Serious style aims more at soothing and captivating by the harmony and justness of its movements; by the grace and dignity of its steps; by the pathos of the execution.

“ The Comic style, however its aim may be laughter, requires taste, delicacy, and invention; and that the mirth it creates should not even be without wit. This depends not only upon the execution, but on the choice of the subject. It is not enough to value one's self upon a close imitation of nature, if the subject chosen for imitation is not worth imitating, or improper to represent; that is to say, either trivial, indifferent, consequently uninteresting, or disgusting and unpleasing. The one tires, the other shocks. Even in the lowest classes of life, the composer must seize only what is the fittest to give satisfaction, and omit whatever can excite disagreeable ideas. It is from the *animal* joy of mechanics or peasants in their cessations from labour, or from their celebration of festivals, that the artist will select his matter of composition; not from any circumstances of unjoyous poverty, or loathsome distress. He must cull the flowers of life, not present the roots with the soil and dirt sticking to them.

“ Even contrasting characters, which *are* so seldom attempted on the stage in theatrical Dances, might not have a bad effect; whereas most of the figures in them are symmetrically coupled. Of the first I once saw in Germany a striking instance; an instance that served to confirm that affinity between the arts which renders them so serviceable to one another.

“ Passing through the Electorate of Cologne, I observed a number of persons of all ages, assembled on a convenient spot, and disposed, in couples, in order for dancing; but so oddly paired, that the most ugly old man had for his partner the most beautiful and youngest girl in the company: while,

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on the contrary, the most decrepid, deformed old woman, was led by the most handsome and vigorous youth. Inquiring the reason of so strange a group of figures, I was told that it was the humour of an eminent painter, who was preparing a picture for the gallery at Dusseldorp, the subject of which was to be this contrast; and that in order to take his draught from nature, he had given a treat to this rustic company, in the design of exhibiting at one view, the floridness of youth contrasted to the weakness and infirmities of old age, in a moral light, of exposing the impropriety of those matches, in which the objection of a disparity of years should not be duly respected.

“ I have mentioned this purely to point out a new resource of invention, that may throw a pleasing variety into the composition of Dances, and save them from too constant a symmetry, or uniformity, either of dress or figure, in the pairing the Dancers; by which I am as far from meaning that that symmetry should be always neglected, as that it should be always observed.

“ The Comic Dance having then the diversion of the spectator, in the way of laughing, for its object, should preserve a *moderately* buffoon simplicity, and the Dancer aided by a natural genius, but especially by throwing as much nature as possible into his execution, may promise himself to amuse and please the spectator; even though he should not be very deep in the grounds of his art, provided he has a good ear, and some pretty or brilliant steps to vary the Dance. The spectators require no more.

“ As to the Grotesque style of Dance, the effect of it chiefly depends on the leaps and height of the springs. There is more of bodily strength required in it than even of agility and flight. It is more calculated to surprize the eye than to entertain it. It has something of the Tumbler's or Wire-Dancer's merit of difficulty and danger, rather than of art. But the worst of it is that this vigour and agility lasts no longer than the season of youth, or rather decrease in proportion as age advances; and, by this means, leave those, who trusted solely to that vigour and agility, deprived of their essential merit: whereas such as shall have joined to that vigour and agility a proper study of the principles of their art, that talent will still remain as a resource for them. Commonly those Dancers who have, from nature, eminently those gifts which enable them to shine in the grotesque branch,
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do not chuse to give themselves the trouble of going to the bottom of their art, and acquiring its perfection. Content with their bodily powers, and with the applause their performances actually do receive from the public, they look no further, and remain in ignorance of the rest of their duty. Against this dissipation then, which keeps them always superficial, they cannot be too much, for their own advantage, admonished. They will not otherwise get at the truth of their art, like him who qualifies himself for making a figure in the Serious and Half-serious styles, which also contribute to diffuse a grace over every other kind of Dancing, however different from them.

“ But though the Grotesque may be a caricature of nature, it is never to lose sight of it. It must ever bear a due relation to the objects of which it attempts to exhibit the imitation, however exaggerated. But in this it is for genius to direct the artist. And it is very certain that this kind of Dancing, well executed, affords to the public great entertainment in the way of what may be called broad mirth, especially where the figure of the Grotesque Dancer, his gestures, dress, and the decorations, all contribute to the creation of the laugh. He must also avoid any thing studied or affected in his action. Every thing must appear as natural as possible, even amidst the grimaces, contortions, and extravagancies of the character.”

From these accounts of the different styles of Dancing we suppose our Readers will form no unfavourable opinion of Mr. Gallini's abilities in his art. He appears to have studied it with great attention, and in all the parts of it he very judiciously refers to nature, as the fountain of the graces. He frequently exhorts the artist in particular not to content himself with mediocrity, but to labour for such an excellence in his art as may both distinguish him from the croud, and afford him a less precarious dependence. This admonition he enforces by the following story :

“ A celebrated female Dancer in Italy, designing to perform at a certain capital, wrote to her correspondent there to provide her an apartment suitable to the genteel figure she had always made in life. On her arrival, her acquaintance, seeing she had brought nothing with her, but her own person and two servants, asked her when she expected her baggage? She answered, with a smile, ‘ If you will come to-morrow morning and breakfast with me, you, and whoever you will ‘ bring

‘ bring with you, shall see it ; and I promise you it is worth
 ‘ your seeing, being a sort of merchandize that is very much
 ‘ in fashion.’

Curiosity carried a number early to the rendezvous, where, after an elegant breakfast, she danced before them in a most surprizingly charming manner.

‘ These, said she, (pointing to her legs) are all the baggage I have left ; the Alps have swallowed up all the rest.’ The truth was, she had been really robbed of her baggage in her journey, and the merchandize on which she now depended, was her talent at Dancing.’ Nor was she deceived, for her inimitable performance, joined to the vivacity with which she bore her misfortunes, in the spirit of the old Philosopher, who valued himself upon carrying his all about him, made her many friends, whose generous compassion soon enabled her to appear in her former state.”

In treating of Pantomimes, our Author has greatly availed himself of a French Dissertation on the art of Dancing, by M. Cahufac. Of the expressive powers of the antient Pantomimes, he gives us the following extraordinary account : “ It may appear incredible (says he) that on the theatre of Athens, the Dance of the Eumenides, or Furies, had so expressive a character as to strike the spectators with irresistible terror. The Areopagus itself shuddered with horror and affright ; men grown old in the profession of arms, trembled ; the multitude ran out ; women with child miscarried ; people imagined they saw in earnest those barbarous Deities, commissioned with the vengeance of Heaven, pursue and punish the crimes of the earth.

“ This passage of History is furnished by the same Authors, who tell us, that Sophocles was a genius ; that nothing could withstand the eloquence of Demosthenes ; that Themistocles was a hero ; that Socrates was the wisest of men ; and it was in the time of the most famous of the Greeks, that even upon those highly-privileged souls, in sight of irreproachable witnesses, the Art of Dancing produced such great effects.

“ At Rome, in the best days of this art, all the sentiments which the Dancers expressed, had each a character of truth, so great a power, such pathetic energy, that the multitude was more than once seen hurried away by the illusion, and mechanically to take part in the different emotions presented to them by the animated picture with which they were struck.

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In the representation of *Ajax in a Phrenzy*, the spectators took such violent impressions from the acting Dancer who represented him, that they *perfectly* broke out into outcries; stripped, as it were, to fight, and actually came to blows among each other, as if they had caught their rage from what was passing on the theatre.

"At another time they melted into tears at the tender affliction of Hecuba.

"And upon whom were these lively impressions produced? Upon the Contemporaries of Mecenas, of Lucullus, Augustus, Virgil, and Pollo; upon men of the most refined taste, whose criticism was as severe as their approbation was honourable; who never spared their censure or their applause where either was due. How, especially under the eyes of Horace, could any thing pass the approbation of the public, unless under the seal of excellence in point of art and good taste? Would Augustus have declared himself the special patron of a kind of entertainment, that had been deficient as to probability and genius? Would Mecenas, the protector of Virgil, and of all the fine arts, have been pleased with a sight that was not a striking imitation of beautiful nature?"

In this place our Author has unhappily taken up arms against his own argument. Pantomimes were indeed greatly encouraged in the time of Horace, but that Critic was so far from affording them any countenance, that he condemns the reigning depravity of taste which had substituted these to oral entertainments.

—*migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.

This the Poet scruples not to say to that very Augustus whom Mr. Gallini affirms to have been the great patron of the Pantomime Art. It is true that Pantomimes were not altogether discouraged by Augustus and Mecenas, more particularly the latter, whose freedman was Bathyllus, the principal of the Pantomimes. But the countenance, or rather the connivance, which these great men shewed to this art, proceeded most probably from a political view. While the attention of the people was taken up with bulls and bears and Pantomimes, arbitrary power was fortifying herself unnoticed. Nay, the very conductors of the Pantomimes seem to have been sensible to what they owed their encouragement; for when their party-quarrels had made great disturbance

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among the people, and Augustus had sentenced Pylades, a principal of one of the Pantomime parties, to banishment, "Why, said the Dancer to the Emperor, do not you let the people amuse themselves with our quarrels?"

It must be owned, however, in favour of these Pantomimes, that they had brought their theatrical dumb-show to a perfection scarce conceivable to us. It is even astonishing, if it be true, what Athenæus tells us, that Memphir, a Pythagorean philosopher, expressed by Dancing all the excellence of the philosophy of Pythagoras, with more elegance, more clearness, and energy, than the most eloquent Professor of Philosophy could have done: but surely this was impossible!

Nay, we are told, that even the rigid Cynic, who came with an intention to damn their performances, was so overpowered by the expressive force of their action, that he joined in applauding them.

"It was in the reign of Nero that a Cynical mock-philosopher, called Demetrius, saw, for the first time, one of these Pantomime compositions. Struck with the truth of the representation, he could not help expressing the greatest marks of astonishment; but whether his pride made him feel a sort of shame for the admiration he had involuntarily shewn, or whether naturally envious and selfish, he could not bear the cruel pain of being forced to approve any thing but his own singularities. He attributed to the music the strong impression that had been made upon him. As in that reign a false philosophy very naturally had a greater influence than the real, this man was, it seems, of consequence enough for the managers of the Dances to take notice of his partiality, or at least to be piqued enough, for their own honour, to lay a scheme for undeceiving him. He was once more brought to their theatre, and seated in a conspicuous part of the house, without his having been acquainted with their intention.

"The Orchestra began; an actor opens the scene; on the moment of his entrance the symphony ceases, and the representation continues. Without any aid but that of the steps, the positions of the body, the movements of the arms, the piece is performed; in which are successively represented the amours of Mars and Venus, the sun discovering them to the jealous Husband of the Goddess, the snares which he sets for his faithless Spouse and her formidable Gallant; the quick effect of the treacherous net, which, while it compleats the revenge of Vulcan, only publishes his shame, the confusion

of Venus, the rage of Mars, the arch mirth of the Gods, who came to enjoy the sight.

"The whole audience gave to the performance its due applause; but the Cynic, out of himself, could not help crying out in a transport of delight, *No! this is not a representation; it is the very thing itself.*"

The following little story will give our Readers a still more agreeable idea of that perfection to which the Ancients had brought the Pantomimic Art.

"Pylades had been publicly challenged by Hylas, once a pupil of his, to represent the greatness of Agamemnon. Hylas came upon the stage with buskins, which, in the nature of stilts, made him of an artificial height; in consequence of which he greatly over-topped the crowd of actors who surrounded him. This passed well enough till Pylades appeared, with an air stern and majestic. His serious step, his arms a-cross, his motion sometimes slow, sometimes animated, with pauses full of meaning, his looks now fixed on the ground, now lifted to heaven, with all the attitudes of profound pensiveness, painted strongly a man taken up with great things, which he was meditating, weighing, and comparing, with all the dignity of kingly importance. The spectators, struck with the justness, with the energy, and real elevation of so expressive a portraiture, unanimously adjudged the preference to Pylades, who coolly turning to Hylas, said to him, *Young man, we had to represent a King, who commanded over twenty Kings; you made him tall, I shewed him great.*"

But notwithstanding all that may be said in behalf of the ancient Pantomimes, we must own that we should be sorry to see them encouraged to any great degree in our own times, and in our own country; for we could not help looking upon such an event as ominous of the total decay of letters and good taste. However, in a country where opulence has diffused luxury through all ranks of people, the mob will generally direct the taste of public diversions. Hence our numerous ridiculous Farces! And hence, in process of time, it is possible that Shakespear may be driven off the stage, to make way for a Greenland Bear!

The accounts which our Author has given us of the different kinds of Dances, in different countries, are not unenterprising.—But the spirit of Dancing, it seems, prevails nowhere so much as in Africa.

“ Upon the Gold-Coast especially, the inhabitants are so passionately fond of it, that in the midst of their hardest labour, if they hear a person sing, or any musical instrument played, they cannot refrain from dancing.

“ There are even well-attested stories of some Negroes flinging themselves at the feet of an European playing on a fiddle, entreating him to desist, unless he had a mind to tire them to death; it being impossible for them to cease dancing whilst he continued playing. Such is the irresistible passion for dancing among them.”

The Americans too have their peculiar Dances. “ In Peru the manner of dancing has something very particular. Instead of laying any stress on the motion of the arms, in most of their Dances, their arms hang down, or are wrapped up in a kind of mantle, so that nothing is seen but the bending of the body, and the activity of the feet. They have, however, many Figure Dances, in which they lay aside their cloaks or mantles; but the graces they add are rather actions than gestures.

Among the Savages of North America, we are told, there are various Dances practised, such as that of the Calumet, the Leader's Dance, the War-Dance, the Marriage-Dance, the Sacrifice-Dance, all which respectively differ in the movements; and some, amidst all the wildness of their performance, are not without their graces. But the Dance of the Calumet is esteemed the finest; this is used at the reception of strangers whom they mean to honour, or of Ambassadors to them on public occasions. This Dance is commonly executed in an oval figure.

Thus far we have attended Mr. Gallini in his ingenious Treatise on Dancing, partly from our own real estimation of the art, but more out of complaisance to our Fair Readers; on whose account we have not been afraid of giving some propriety to that curious line of the present Laureate,

“ —learn to DANCE from Journals and Reviews.”

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An Elegy, written among the Tombs in Westminster Abbey. 4to.
6d. Doddsley.

IT has been truly observed, that there never was a good Poet who did not make a multitude of bad ones. The success of genius in any particular species of writing, sets all the little Wits

Wits at work ; and, like the Frog in the Fable, they strut and swell their tiny Beings with the most ridiculous emulation. No one has done more harm in this respect than the ingenious Author of the Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. An Undertaker was never followed by a more numerous or a more ridiculous tribe of mourners, than he has been ; nor is the procession yet over, for, behold, here is another Gentleman in black, with the same funereal face, and mournful ditty ; with the same cypress in his hand, and affecting sentence in his mouth, viz. *that we must all die !* Hark ! the Dirge begins. He speaks to the Abbey.

Hail, hallow'd Fane ! amid whose mould'ring Shrines
Her Vigils musing Melancholy keeps,
Upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
And o'er the spoils of human Grandeur weeps.

This image of Melancholy is well designed ; but hark ! again he addresses the Abbey.

Hail, awful Edifice ! thine ayles along,
In Contemplation wrapt, O let me stray !
And, stealing from the idly busy throng,
Serenely meditate the moral Lay.

How serenely soft ! how calm and gentle ! how pure and placid ! But hold ! we are going to rise ; and, in a lofty strain—humbly—to celebrate *Jehovah's Praise*.

Far hence be banish'd every note profane,
Where Heaven-inspir'd Devotion loves to raise
Her Voice seraphic to each lofty strain,
Attun'd to celebrate Jehovah's Praise.

Stay ! we have spoke to the Abbey ; but we have forgot to call upon the Muse, No making a Poem without that ; d'ye see !

Come, heavenly Muse, awake the plaintive string,
Each vagrant Motion of the Mind controul ;
Exalt my Fancy on thy soaring wing,
And with thy Pathos pure possess my soul.

So the Mind, it seems, is not to have one vagrant Motion ; and yet the Fancy must be exalted the Lord knows whither. But the Muse is now here, and we shall grow very *solemn* and elegiac presently.

What pleasing Sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
Whene'er my steps these vaulted Mansions trace ;
Where, in their silent Tombs for ever rest
The honour'd Ashes of the *British Race*.

British Race! Well, this is very pitiful, to be sure; but we shall weep bye and bye,

What Eye can read without a starting Tear,
What Heart reflect without a pensive Sigh?

On the same story every Marble here
Relates of wretched Man's Mortality.

So the Eye must shed a *starting* Tear, and the Heart must heave a *pensive* Sigh at every Stone we come to, because every Stone we come to tells us, what is very little known, that we must die. But why should we weep, my good Elegiographer, when in the next Stanzas you tell us, that

Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes,
The Syren Pleasure here allures no more;
Here grov'ling Avarice drops her golden dreams,
And Life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.

No furious passions here the bosom rend,
Here the true Mourner's poignant Sorrows cease;
Here hopeless Love and cruel Hatred end,
And the world-weary Traveller rests in peace.

All the rest of the Poem is employed to tell us, what has a thousand and a thousand times been told, that neither Fame, Honour, Virtue, Genius, Wit, Birth, Beauty, nor, in short, any thing else can avert the stroke of that pale tyrant, Death; and that therefore we ought to provide for another state of being.

Take warning from this, all ye that design to publish your late or future excursions to Parnassus, that something more is necessary to poetical Excellence than common-place thoughts and smooth numbers, and that he who can neither strike out any thing new, nor recommend a known sentiment by the elegance or novelty of its dress, had better sleep than write.

L^a

The Nunnery. An Elegy, in Imitation of the Elegy in a Church-Yard. 4to. 6d. Doddsley.

WHAT, another Elegiac Bard!—Well, this performance, however, must be allowed to be a good Parody, whatever may be thought of it as a Poem. Every stanza, nay almost every line, echoes its correspondent line in Mr. Gray's Elegy. Where the Parody, as in the following stanza, is so very close, it is not unentertaining.

Within

Within those antient Walls, by moss o'erspread,
Where the relenting Sinner learns to weep,
Each in her narrow bed, till mid-night laid,
The gentle Daughters of Devotion sleep.

The description of the monastic Life of the Nuns is poetical and harmonious.

Far from the Bustle of the splendid Throng,
They tread Obscurity's sequester'd Vale,
Where the white hours glide silently along,
Smooth as the stream, when sleeps the breezy gale.

Yet tho' they're sprinkled with ethereal dew,
With blooming wreaths by hands of Seraphs crown'd;
Tho' Heaven's eternal splendors burst to view,
And harps celestial to their ear resound;

Still grateful Memory paints the absent Friend,
Not even the World to their Remembrance dies;
Their midnight Orisons to Heaven ascend,
To stop the Bolt descending from the Skies.

For who, entranc'd in Visions from above,
The thought of Kindred razes from the mind?
Feels in the Soul no warm-returning Love
For some endear'd Companion left behind?

From Friendship's breast reluctant they withdrew,
And with a sigh forsook their native air:
To their fond Parents, when they bade, adieu,
Gush'd from their eye the tender filial tear.

And in another place,

Th' endearing scenes of Life they all forego,
Even Hymen's Torch for them must never blaze,
The Husband's fond Embrace they ne'er shall know,
Nor view their Image in their Children's Face.

The glistening eye, the half-seen breast of snow,
The coral lip, the clear vermillion bloom,
Await alike th' inexorable Foe,
The Paths of Pleasure lead but to the Tomb.

These Stanzas are not only remarkable for their close Imitation of the Elegy in the Church-Yard, but have also much merit of their own. It must be observed, nevertheless, that the Piece is unequal, some of the Verses being feeble, and others quaint and inelegant. The concluding Letter, in particular, is so much inferior to the rest of the Performance, that one would not imagine it to have been written by the same Author.

Poems on several Occasions. By David Mallet, Esq; 8vo. 2s, Millar.

BEFORE we enter upon a Review of these Poems, we must take the liberty to animadvert on those arts of Publication, which have often been practised, to the prejudice of Literature, the abuse of the Public, and the disgrace of Individuals. As soon as a set of Pamphlets have had their day, nothing is more usual than to re-publish them, together with a new piece or two, to give the Book some *little* air of originality, under the title of Poems, or Essays, on several occasions; and if the title induces you to purchase, you have the mortification to find that you have been paying your money over again, for what you had already bought.

Were such Collections only to be bought up by persons of opulent fortunes, who could afford to pay as dear for their literary entertainment as they do for their other pleasures, these money-making schemes might admit of some excuse. But the case is far otherwise; for as all persons of distinction are not persons of taste, so neither are all men of taste men of fortune. It is therefore our duty, as Reviewers, to expose every imposition of this kind, to prevent the complaints of the Public, and to defend the interests of Learning.

The Collection of Poems before us consists only of eighty Pages, near fifty of which are taken up with pieces that have been already published, viz. *Tyburn to the Marine Society*, for an account of which see Review, Vol. XX. p. 474; *Edwin and Emma*, Vol. XXII. p. 514; *Truth in Rhyme*, Vol. XXV, p. 79.

We cannot but observe the following extraordinary instance of vanity, in the *Imprimatur* prefixed to *Truth in Rhyme*:

“ It has no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
“ It is all Beauty, or all Blindness I.”

Imprimatur, meo periculo CHESTERFIELD.

If this noble Lord, so justly celebrated for the elegance of his taste and wit, still retained so much of the Courtier, as to give such a testimony to Mr. Mallet's Poem as no Poem ever deserved, surely a modest man would rather have suppressed than produced it,—or would not, at least, have been so far transported by it as publicly to triumph in so extravagant a compliment, even admitting that, with respect to his Lordship, the compliment was sincere; which some may possibly question

question. Others perhaps may suspect that the humorous transcriber of this couplet intended to try how far such high-praise of Mr. M——'s offspring would work upon the fond affections of a parent; and without doubt he was not a little entertained when he beheld his name, like that of old *Pontificalibus*, pompously posted under an IMPRIMATUR.

The first original piece that appears in this Volume is *The Discovery*: upon reading some Verses, written by a young Lady at a boarding-school, September, 1760.

Apollo lately sent to know,
If he had any Sons below;
For, by the Trash he long has seen
In Male and Female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The Race must be extinct, he thought.

His Messenger goes to enquire at Court, but there, alas!

Augustus* knit his Royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor Poetry nor Poet.

His next adventure was in the Park, where he hears nothing but the language of gaming. The stage he finds possessed by mere *Durfey's*.

Slow to the City last he went,
There all was Prose of Cent per Cent.
There Alley-omnium, Scrip, and Bonus,
(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the Messenger was just about to return, when he accidentally spies a young Lady writing, at a boarding-school in Queen's Square. Our arch Mercury steals her Paper, and conveys it to Apollo, who gives it his *Imprimatur*, and so ends the ditty.

This Poem is followed by an Epigram, written at Tunbridge Wells; which, as it terminates with a beautiful compliment to a much-injured Lady, we shall make more public by quoting it.

When CHURCHILL led his Legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shon.
And are those triumphs with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled?

* H^{is} late M——y.

N^og

Not so: by softer, suter arms,
 They yet survive in Beauty's charms;
 For, look on blooming FAMBROKE's face,
 Even now he triumphs in his Race.

Zephyr, or the Stratagem, is a licentious Tale, told with ease and humour. The subject of it is a young Lady's being surprized on horse-back, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the South-West, which made her dismount somewhat precipitately. There is some wit and spirit in this Tale, but it is unfit for a modest ear.

But the Poem which does the Author the greatest honour of any in this little Collection, and which still keeps up his claim to that reputation he has already acquired in the poetical world, is that on the Death of Lady Anson, addressed to her Father. As it is but short, we shall give it our Readers, as well for their entertainment, as to confirm their good opinion of Mr. Mallet's poetical abilities.

O crown'd with Honour, blest with length of days,
 Thou, whom the Wise revere, the Worthy praise,
 Just Guardian of those Laws thy voice explain'd,
 And meriting all Titles thou hast gain'd.—
 Tho' still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow,
 For good and great no Monarch can bestow:
 Yet thus, of Health, of Fame, of Friends posses'd,
 No Fortune, HARDWICK, is sincerely blest.
 All Human-kind are sons of Sorrow born:
 The Great must suffer, and the Good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's Self, what late was thine,
 Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?
 Ah, no! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
 O'er the cold Urn consenting Mourners stand,
 The firmest heart dissolves to softness here;
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
 Adorn the Living, while they grace the Dead.
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw
 By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's Law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman* cou'd not save,
 Immortal Tully! from an early Grave;
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
 The Sage, the Patriot, in the Parent, wept.
 And O, by Grief all'd, as join'd in Fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial Piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of Knowledge and polite Letters.

She,

She, whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Even she, thy Pride and Pleasure, is no more.
 In bloom of years, in all her Virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy Hopes, and silent in the Tomb.

O Season, mark'd by Mourning and Despair!
 Thy Blasts how fatal to the Young and Fair?
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted wings came pregnant with Disease:
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd Fever, Agony, and Death!
 What Funerals has thy cruel Ravage spread!
 What Eyes have flow'd! what noble Bosoms bled!

Here let *Reflection* fix her sober view:
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you.
 See, rudely snatch'd in all her pride of Charms,
 Bright GRANBY from a youthful Husband's arms!
 In Climes far distant see that Husband mourn,
 His Arms revers'd, his recent Lawrels torn!
 Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming LINCOLN fall!
 See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend!
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest Friend,
 Thy PELHAM turn on Heaven his streaming eye;
 Again, in *Her*, he sees a *Brother* die!

And *He*, who long unshaken and serene,
 Had Death, in each dire form of terror seen;
 Thro' Worlds unknown, o'er unknown Oceans tost,
 By Love subdu'd, now weeps a Comfort lost:
 Now, sunk to Fondness, all the Man appears,
 His Front dejected, and his Soul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the Muses' Voice disdain,
 Who fondly tries to sooth a Father's pain —
 Let thy calm eye survey the suffering Ball;
 See Kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
 What Spring had promis'd and what Autumn yields,
 The Bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
 See Youth and Age, th' Ignoble and the Great,
 Swept to one Grave, in one promiscuous Fate!
 Hear EUROPE groan! hear all her Nations mourn!
 And be a private wound with patience borne,

Think too, and Reason will confirm the thought;
 Thy Cares for her are to their period brought.
 Yes, she, fair Pattern to a failing age,
 With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage;
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,
 Whom all became, Wife, Sister, Daughter, Friend;
 Unwarp'd by Folly, and by Vice unstain'd,
 The prize of Virtue has, for ever, gain'd!

From

From Life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore,
Where Sin, and Pain, and Error are no more,
She now no change, nor you a fear can feel;
Death, to her Fame, has fix'd th' eternal Seal.

The Reader will perceive that in the above Poem the distress of Cicero, for the Death of Tullia, is happily introduced, and rendered very applicable by a similitude of some circumstances. If we mistake not, the Poet had in view the consolatory Epistle of Servius Sulpitius to Cicero, on the Death of his Daughter. There is, at least, a great similarity of thought in the following Verses, and the passage we have translated from Sulpitius's Epistle.

Let thy calm eye survey the suffering Ball,
See Kingdoms round thee verging to their Fall.—

“ In my return from Asia, as I sailed from Ægina to Megara, I amused myself with the prospect of the countries that lay on every side. Behind me lay Ægina, Megara before me, Piræus on the right, and Corinth on the left; all which were once flourishing cities, but now lie prostrate and demolished. Thus then I reflected with myself: “What! shall a man be impatient for the loss of a fellow creature, when he sees before him such vast ruins of existence? Wilt not thou, Servius, restrain thy passions, and remember that thou wert born a man?” Believe me, this reflection afforded me no small consolation; let me, therefore, recommend it to you.”

This Collection of Poems is closed by a Funeral Hymn, which opens with a becoming solemnity and grandeur of expression, but is totally spoiled by a number of short Rhymes, which are so far from conveying any idea suitable to the solemn dignity of a Funeral Hymn, that they turn the whole into a burlesque. Dr. Young followed Dryden in some chiming Odes of that sort, because Dryden, he said, had made use of short Rhymes to express the Sublime, in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

La

The Works of Henry Fielding, Esq; with the Life of the Author.
4to. 4 Vols. 5l. 5s. bound and gilt, and in 8 Vols. 8vo.
2l. 12s. 6d. in the same Binding. Millar.

AS most Readers are desirous of possessing all the Writings of a favourite Author, the Proprietor of the Works of our ingenious Fielding has endeavoured to gratify the admirers of this celebrated Wit, by a Collection of his various
Pro-

Productions, printed in an uniform and elegant manner*. The Quarto Edition is, indeed, a very handsome one; but those who may think the price too high, will probably content themselves with the Octavo. The pieces in both Editions are the same, and both are embellished with a Print of the Author, by Mr. Hogarth.

The Life of Fielding is written by Mr. Murphy, Author of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, and of several Dramatic Pieces, which have been well received by the Public; but this is the first specimen of his talent at Biographical Writing.

Some extracts from his copious *Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*, cannot but prove entertaining to the majority of our Readers.

In this attempt to gratify the Curious with an account of so remarkable a person as our Author, Mr. Murphy professes that it was no part of his intention "to disturb the *manes* of the dead, as has been practised by certain Biographers; to insult his memory with an unnecessary detail of his distresses, and the actions which resulted from them; to infer the character of his heart from the overflowings of sudden and momentary passions; to tear off ungenerously the shroud from his remains, and pursue him with a cruelty of narrative, till the Reader's sense is shocked, and [he] is forced to express his horror, like Virgil's *Æneas*, when he meets in the regions of the dead the shade of his mangled friend.

*Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto à sanguine Teucri,
Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?
Cui tantum de te licuit?—*

It will, it is hoped, (adds the Writer) be sufficient for the Reader's curiosity, if the principal features of this Author's mind are delineated; if his temper be shewn, as much of it, at least, as he transfused into his writings; if some account be given of his family, and of the various situations in life which his fortune allotted him. For more than this the Essayist has determined not to ransack; for it is not the entire history of the man, but the memoirs of an author, which he proposes to offer to the public.

"Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park in Somersetshire near Glastonbury, April 22, 1707. His father, Ed-

* Except his *Verses*; these are discarded out of this Edition, as crude and unfinished productions, which had been disapproved by Mr. Fielding himself.

mund Fielding, served in the wars under the Duke of Marlborough, and arrived to the rank of Lieutenant-General at the latter end of George I. or the beginning of George II. He was grandson to an Earl of Denbigh, nearly related to the Duke of Kingston, and many other noble and respectable families. His mother was the daughter of Judge Gold, the grandfather of the present Sir Henry Gold, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. *By these his Parents he had four sisters, Catherine, Ursula, Sarah, and Beatrice, and one brother, Edmund, who was an officer in the marine service.* Sarah Fielding, his third sister, is well known to the literary world by the proofs she has given of a lively and penetrating genius in many elegant performances, particularly *David Simple*, and the letters, which she afterwards published, between the characters introduced into that work.* The Reader will see a very just criticism on these performances at the end of the second Volume of these Works; where, though the affection of the brother appears, yet the Author shews himself the friend of truth as well as of his sister. Our Author's mother having paid her debt to nature, Lieutenant-General Fielding married a second time, and the issue of that marriage were six sons, George, James, Charles, John, William, and Basil, all dead, excepting John, who is at present in the commission of the peace for the counties of Middlesex, Surry, Essex, and the Liberties of Westminster, and has lately been raised to the honour of Knighthood.

“ Henry received the first rudiments of his education under the care of the Rev. Mr. Oliver, to whom, we may judge, he was not under any considerable obligations, from the very humorous and striking portrait given of him afterwards under the name of Parson Trulliber, in *Joseph Andrews*. From Mr. Oliver's care he was removed to Eton school, where he had the advantage of being early known to Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the late Mr. Winnington, &c. At this great seminary of education he gave distinguishing proofs of strong and peculiar parts; and when he left the place, he was said to be uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics: for both which he retained a strong admiration in all the subsequent passages of his life. Thus accomplished he went from Eton to Leyden, and there continued to shew an eager thirst for knowledge, and to study the

* This ingenious and learned Lady has also just published a Translation of XENOPHON'S *Memorabilia*, of which we shall give an account in a future number.

Civilians

Civilians with a remarkable application for about two years, when, remittances failing, he was obliged to return to London, not then quite twenty years old.

“ It is to be lamented that an excellent course of education was thus interrupted, as there is no manner of doubt but with such excellent endowments from nature, as he certainly possessed, he might, by a continuance at a seat of learning, have laid in a much ampler store of knowledge, and have given such a complete improvement to his talents, as might afterwards have shone forth with still greater lustre in his writings; not to mention that in a longer and more regular course of study, he might have imbibed such deep impressions of an early virtue, as would have made him less accessible afterwards to those allurements of pleasure, which, though they could not suppress the exertion of his genius, yet retarded its true vigour, and, like clouds around the sun, made it seem to struggle with opposing difficulties, instead of throwing out at once a warm, an equal, and an intense heat. At this period, however, our Author had provided himself with a fund of more solid learning than usually is the portion of persons of his age, and his mind was at least so seasoned with literature, that amidst his wildest dissipations afterwards, nothing could subdue the love of reading which he had so early contracted. It appears from a Preface to one of his Plays, that he had conceived an early inclination for Dramatic composition, the Comedy called *Don Quixote* in England having made part of his literary amusement at Leyden; though, by his own account, it should seem that what he executed of it there, was little more than his canvass in a more advanced age, when he gave it to the stage with additional strokes of humour, and higher colourings than his inexperience had bestowed upon it at first. The Play contains a true vein of good sense and satire, though his usual hurry in the production of his pieces did not afford him leisure, when he once determined to offer it to the public, to give it all the dramatic finishings requisite in a complete piece. Mr. Fielding's case was generally the same with that of the Poet described by *Juvenal*; with a great genius he must have starved, if he had not sold his performance to a favourite actor.

Efurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.

To the same motive we must ascribe the multiplicity of his Plays, and the great rapidity with which they were produced; for we find that though such a Writer as Mr. Congreve was
content

The Works of HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

content in his whole life to produce four Comedies and one Tragedy, yet the exigence of our Author's affairs required at his hand no less than eight entire Plays, besides fifteen Farces, or pieces of a subordinate nature. It has been often a matter of wonder that he, who most undoubtedly possessed a vein of true and genuine humour, should not have proved more successful in his theatrical productions, that is to say, should not in some legitimate Comedy have discovered the future father of JOSEPH ANDREWS, TOM JONES, and AMELIA. This, however, from what has been premised, seems pretty fairly accounted for; but yet, for the real cause of this inequality, we must still go somewhat deeper than this remark, which lies too palpable upon the surface of things." The enquiry is not incurious, and it is pursued in its due place, when Mr. Murphy comes to analyse our Author's genius, and determine its nature and quality.

" At the age of twenty years Fielding returned from Leyden to London, in the fullest vigour of constitution, which was remarkably strong, and patient of fatigue; still unshaken by excesses of pleasure, and unconquered by midnight watchings, till frequent returns of the gout attacked him with a severity, that made him, in the latter part of his days, a melancholy repentant for the too free indulgencies of his youth, and drove him at length to Lisbon, in the hopes of lingering a little longer in life. From the account of his voyage* to that place we may judge of the activity of his mind, and the strenuous flow of his spirits, which, under a complication of infirmities, could yet prompt him to the exercise of his wit and the fallies of his imagination. What then must have been the gaiety and quickness of his fancy, when his strength was yet unimpaired by illness, and when young in life curiosity was eager to know the world, and his passions were ready to catch at every hook pleasure had baited for them? It is no wonder that, thus formed and disposed for enjoyment, he launched wildly into a career of dissipation. Though under age, he found himself his own master, and in London: *Hæc fonte derivata clades!* From that source flowed all the inconveniencies that attended him throughout the remainder of his life. The brilliancy of his wit, the vivacity of his humour, and his high relish of social enjoyment, soon brought him into high request with men of taste and literature, and with the voluptuous of all ranks; to the former he was ever attentive;

* See Review, Vol. XII. p. 234.

and

and gladly embraced all opportunities of associating with them; if the latter often ensnared him, and won from him too great a portion of his time, it cannot be wondered at, considering the greenness of his years, the sensibility of his temper, and the warmth of his imagination. His finances were not answerable to the frequent draughts made upon him by the extravagance which naturally followed. He was allowed two hundred pounds a year by his father, which, as he himself used to say, 'any body might pay that would.'

"The fact was, General Fielding, with very good inclinations to support his son in the handsomest manner, very soon found it impracticable to make such appointments for him, as he could have wished. He had married again soon after the death of our Author's mother, and had so large an increase of family, and that too so quick, that, with the necessary demands of his station for a genteel and suitable expence, he could not spare out of his income any considerable disbursements for the maintenance of his eldest son. Of this truth Henry Fielding was sensible, and he was therefore, in whatever difficulties he might be involved, never wanting in filial piety; which, his nearest relations agree, was a shining part of his character. By difficulties his resolution was never subdued; on the contrary, they only roused him to struggle through them with a peculiar spirit and magnanimity. When he advanced a little more in life, and his commerce with mankind became enlarged, disappointments were observed by his acquaintance to provoke him into an occasional peevishness, and severity of animadversion. This, however, had not a tendency to embitter his mind, or to tinge his general temper, which was remarkably gay, and for the most part overflowing into wit, mirth, and good humour. As he disdained all littleness of spirit, wherever he met with it in his dealings with the world, his indignation was apt to rise; and as he was of a penetrating discernment, he could always develope selfishness, mistrust, pride, avarice, interested friendship, the ungenerous, and the unfeeling temper, however plausibly disguised: and, as he could read them to the bottom, so he could likewise assault them with the keenest strokes of spirited and manly satire. Amongst the many fine traits of description in that character, which TACITUS has left us of AGRICOLA, there is a very delicate touch, which occurs to me at present, and seems applicable to the temper of our Author; his reproof was sometimes thought to carry with it a degree of asperity; as to the good and amiable,

able, he was polite; to the unworthy, he was rather harsh; but his anger, once vented, there remained no trace of it: from his secrecy and silence you had nothing to apprehend. *Apud quosdam acerbior in conviciis narrabatur; ut bonis comis, ita adversus malos injucundus. Ceterum ex iracundia nihil supererat: secretum & silentium ejus non timeres.* Disagreeable impressions never continued long upon his mind; his imagination was fond of seizing every gay prospect, and in his worst adversities filled him with sanguine hopes of a better situation. To obtain this, he flattered himself that he should find his resources in his wit and invention; and accordingly he commenced a Writer for the Stage in the year 1727, being then about twenty years of age.

“ His first dramatic piece soon after adventured into the world, and was called *Love in several Masques*. It immediately succeeded the *Provoked Husband*, a play, which, as our Author observes, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights received as great and as just applauses, as ever were bestowed on the English stage. *These*, says Mr. Fielding, *were difficulties, which seemed rather to require the superior force of a Wycherley or a Congreve, than a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early on the stage.)* Notwithstanding these obstacles, the play, we find, was favourably received. His second play, the *Temple Beau*, appeared the year after, and contains a great deal of spirit and real humour. Perhaps in those days, when audiences were in the æra of delicate and higher comedy, the success of this piece was not very remarkable; but surely pieces of no very superior merit have drawn crowded houses within our own memory, and have been attended with a brilliancy of success: not but it must be acknowledged that the picture of a Temple Rake since exhibited by the late Dr. Hoadly in the *Suspicious Husband*, has more of what the Italians call *Fortunato*, than can be allowed to the careless and hasty pencil of Mr. Fielding. It would lead a great way from the intention of this Essay, should we attempt to analyse the several dramatic compositions of this Author; and, indeed, as he confessedly did not attain to pre-eminence in this branch of writing, at least was unequal to his other productions, it may be sufficient to observe that from the year 1727 to the end of 1736, almost all his plays and farces were written, not above two or three having appeared since that time: so that he produced about eighteen theatrical performances, plays and farces included, before he was quite thirty years old.

No selection has been made of those pieces, but they are all printed together in this Edition, that the Public might have the *entire Theatre* of Henry Fielding. For though it must be acknowledged that in the whole collection there are few plays likely to make any considerable figure on the stage hereafter, yet they are worthy of being preserved, being the works of a genius, who in his wildest and most inaccurate productions, yet occasionally displays the talent of a master. Though in the plan of his pieces he is not always regular, yet he is often happy in his diction and style; and in every groupe, that he has exhibited, there are to be seen particular delineations that will amply recompense the attention bestowed upon them. The comedy of the *Miser*, which he has mostly taken from Moliere, has maintained its ground upon the stage ever since it was first performed, and has the value of a copy from a great painter by an eminent hand. If the comedy of *Pasquin* were restored to the stage, it would perhaps be a more favourite entertainment with our audiences, than the much admired *Rehearsal*; a more rational one it certainly would be, as it would undoubtedly be better understood.——

“ The *Pasquin* of Fielding, though its success was considerable, never shone forth with a lustre equal to its merit; and yet it is a composition that would have done honour to the Athenian stage, when the Middle Comedy, under the authority of the laws, made use of fictitious names to satyrize vice and folly, however dignified by honours and employments. But the Middle Comedy did not flourish long at Athens; the archness of its aim, and the poignancy of its satire, soon became offensive to the officers of state: a law was made to prohibit those oblique strokes of wit, and the comic muse was restrained from all indulgencies of personal satire, however humorously drawn, under the appearance of imaginary characters. The same fate attended the use of the Middle Comedy in England; and it is said that the wit and humour of our modern *Aristophanes*, Mr. Fielding, whose quarry in some of his pieces, particularly the *Historical Register*, was higher game than in prudence he should have chosen, were principal instruments in provoking that law, under which the British theatre has groaned ever since. But the minister was fore, and in his resentment he struck too deep a blow. Had he considered that by the bill, which afterwards passed into a law, he was entailing slavery on the muses, and that a time might come, when all dramatic genius should thereby be led a vassal in the train of the managers of the

the theatre, to be graciously fostered, or haughtily oppressed, according to their caprice and prejudice; perhaps then, as he was himself of a large and comprehensive understanding, and possessed besides the virtues of humanity, he might have been contented with milder restrictions, and not have made the remedy almost worse than the disease*. But licentiousness was to be retrenched, and liberty received a stab in the operation; luxuriant branches, that were extravagant in their growth, were to be lopped away; and, to make short work of it, the woodman in a fit of anger applied his axe to the root of the tree.—

But it may be asked, are the Players to be judges of the King's Ministers? Shall grimace and mimicry attack the most exalted characters; and must the great officers of state be, at the mercy of the actors, exhibited on a public stage? Why no;—except in a Coronation, I think, his Majesty's servants should not be made ridiculous; and the dangerous tendency of this buffooning kind of humour is strongly marked by a learned Writer†, when he observes that ‘This weapon, in the dissolute times of Charles II. compleated the ruin of the best Minister of that age. The Historians tell us, that Chancellor Hyde was brought into his Majesty's contempt by this court argument. They mimicked his walk and gesture, with a fire-shovel and bellows for the mace and purse. Thus it being the representation, and not the object represented, which strikes the fancy, vice and virtue must fall indifferently before it.’

“If such were the effects of private mimicry, public drolls would undoubtedly be found of more pernicious consequence. Away with them therefore; they are illiberal, they are unworthy; let licentiousness be banished from the theatres, but let the liberty of the free-born muse be immortal! The true idea of liberty consists in the free and unlimited power of doing whatever shall not injure the civil and religious institutions of the state, nor be deemed invasive of the peace

* If it behoved the Minister to consider the liberty of the Press, and the independency of the Muses, smarting and sore as our Biographer confesses him to have been, under the lash of a licentious Satyrist, it was certainly much more incumbent on the Satyrist himself to have taken these circumstances under consideration, and not to have wantonly provoked that resentment which proved so fatal to Letters. If those who are inspired by the Muses, are imprudent enough thus to endanger the cause of literature, who can we expect will take it under their protection?

† The Author of the Divine Legation of Moses:

and

and welfare of our fellow subjects ; but Dramatic Authors are so circumstanced at present, that this invaluable blessing is withdrawn from them : the Muses are enslaved in a land of liberty, and this at least should excuse the Poets of the age for not rising to nobler heights, till the weight is taken off, which now depresses their strongest efforts. It must be allowed, that in restraining the licentiousness of the theatre our legislature very wisely imitated the good sense of the Athenian magistracy, who by law interdicted the freedoms of the MIDDLE COMEDY ; but it is to be wished that they had also imitated the moderation of the Greek law-givers, who, when they resolved to give a check to indecorum, yet left a free and unbounded scope to the *New Comedy*, which consisted in agreeable and lively representations of manners, passions, virtues, vices, and follies from the general volume of nature, without giving to any part of the transcript the peculiar marks or singularities of any individual. Thus Poets were only hindered from being libellers, but were left in full possession of useful and general satire, and all avenues of access to the public were generously thrown open to them. As we have at present the happiness of living in a reign, when Majesty condescends to look with a favourable aspect on the liberal arts, many are sanguine enough to entertain hopes that the Muse may be released from her fetters, and restored to the free exercise of the amiable part of her province. When a bee is deprived of its noxious sting, it may be safely permitted to rove at large among all the flowers of a garden ; and it will be no inconsiderable addition to the lustre of the crown, if with an AUGUSTAN REIGN of equity, moderation, victory, and wisdom, which every Briton promises himself, there be also revived an AUGUSTAN AGE OF LETTERS.

“ Though the foregoing observations may appear digressive from the main design of this Essay, yet as the subject is important, and took its rise in a great measure from the Writings of Mr. Fielding, to advert a while to the consequences which flowed to the community from his actions, cannot be deemed altogether impertinent. It is only like going out of the way a little to trace a rivulet in its progress, to mark its windings, to observe whether it bestows fertility on the neighbouring meadows, and then returning to the straight road, to pursue the regular tract of the journey.

“ In the Comedy called *Rape upon Rape*, or *the Coffee-house Politician*, we have an admirable draught of a character very common in this country, namely, a man who is *smitten* with

an insatiable *thirst* for news, and concerns himself more about the balance of power than of his books. The folly of these statesmen out of place is there exhibited with a masterly ridicule; and indeed in all the Plays of our Author, however in some respects deficient, there are strokes of humour and half-length paintings, not excelled by some of the ablest artists. The Farces written by Mr. Fielding were almost all of them very successful, and many of them are still acted every winter with a continuance of approbation. They were generally the production of two or three mornings, so great was his facility in writing; and to this day they bear frequent repetition, at least as well as any other pieces of the kind.—

“The mock Tragedy of TOM THUMB is replete with as fine parody as perhaps has ever been written; the LOTTERY, the INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID, and the VIRGIN UNMASKED, besides the real entertainment they afford, had on their first appearance this additional merit, that they served to make early discoveries of that true comic genius, which was then dawning forth in Mrs. Clive; which has since unfolded itself to a fulness of perfection, and continues to this day to be one of the truest ornaments of the stage.”

As this Essay promises to treat of the Genius, as well as the Life of Henry Fielding, the Writer deemed it not improper to pause here for an enquiry into his talents, though we are not arrived at that period of his Life, when they displayed themselves in their full warmth and splendour. And here, says he, it is necessary to caution the Reader not to confine his idea of what is intended by the word *genius*, to any one single faculty of the mind; because it is observable that many mistakes have arisen, even among Writers of penetrating judgment, and well versed in critical learning, by hastily attaching themselves to an imperfect notion of this term so common in literary dissertations. That invention is the first great leading talent of a Poet has been a point long since determined, because it is principally owing to that faculty of the mind that he is able to create, and be, as it were, a MAKER, which is implied in his original title given to him by the consent of Greece. But surely there are many other powers of the mind as fully essential to constitute a fine Poet, and therefore, in order to give the true character of any Author's abilities, it should seem necessary to come to a right understanding of what is meant by GENIUS, and to analyse and arrange its several qualities. This once adjusted, it

might prove no unpleasing task to examine what are the specific qualities of any Poet in particular; to point out the talents of which he seems to have the freest command, or in the use of which he seems, as it were, to be left-handed. In this plain fair-dealing way the true and real value of an Author will be easily ascertained; whereas in the more confined method of investigation, which establishes, at the outset, one giant-quality, and finding the object of the enquiry deficient in that, immediately proceeds to undervalue him in the whole, there seems to be danger of not trying his cause upon a full and equitable hearing. Thus, I think, a late celebrated Poet is likely to suffer an unjust sentence from a gentleman, who has already obliged the Public with the first volume of an Essay on his Life and Genius*. The common assertion which has been in every Half-critic's mouth, namely, that Mr. Pope had little invention, and therefore has but a bad claim to the name of Poet, seems to be unguardedly adopted in the very beginning of that ingenious and entertaining work; and from that principle the conclusion will probably decide against our English Homer. In defence of Mr. Pope's fame, however, our present Biographer stands forth, in opposition to Mr. Warton's opinion. He enters pretty deeply into the enquiry, *What Invention is?* And, in our opinion, has clearly shewn that Pope was (particularly in respect to the *Rape of the Lock*) as much a POET, as manifestly a MAKER, as the great Father of the Epic Fable. This disquisition may, at first sight, appear somewhat digressive from the Life of Henry Fielding; but it was not an unnecessary excursion. It was expedient, as Mr. Murphy himself observes, for the true delineation of an eminent Writer's character, to remove difficulties out of the way, and to explain the terms of art used by Critics. And thus having shewn the different provinces of Invention, we arrive at a juster idea of what is meant when we talk of an Author's *Genius*.

* See Review, Vol. XIV. p. 528, and Vol. XV. p. 52; where the Reader will find an ample account of this elegant and truly critical performance.



[*This Article will be concluded in our next.*]

ACCOUNT of FOREIGN BOOKS.

De la Nature: Or,

A Philosophical Essay on the System of Nature. Concluded.

OUR Author, in the third part of this work, wherein, as was before observed, he treats of Moral Instinct, attributes to our age and nation the honour of this important discovery. "The Ancients (says he) appeared to be ignorant of a Moral Sense, to which ignorance I readily attribute the changes so frequently introduced in their science of manners. Cicero has indeed asserted an innate, grateful, disinterested probity in the heart of man. The discovery of a Moral Instinct may nevertheless be justly attributed to the Moderns, from the great lights which have been thrown on this subject by two Philosophers of the present age." These Philosophers are Hutcheson and Hume, whose theory he adopts and endeavours to confirm and elucidate, by a method of reasoning perhaps too mechanical for the subject.

The Author of our Being, says he, hath implanted in us an innate disposition, to approve certain actions and qualities, and to blame others; whence we are led to perceive justice and injustice by a natural impulse, in the same manner as the palate perceives the difference of tastes, totally independent of reflection. The beauty and deformity of moral actions, thus, are as perceptible as the beauty and deformity of faces; their distinctions, founded on a natural sensibility of the same kind, being intimated to us in the same manner. Hence, comparing the moral sense, in its nature and operations, to the other senses of hearing, seeing, &c. he proceeds to enquire into the existence and nature of its organ. In this enquiry, however, having proved from analogy the use and necessity of such an organ, he is reduced to confess the want of experiments to lead us to the discovery of it. But on the supposition of there existing a system of nerves, which, leading from the sensorium, extend themselves as far as some certain points of the internal frame of the brain, that communicate with other analogous external filaments; he conceives the moral object may act upon those nerves, in such a manner as to excite in the soul the perception of its qualities of Good and Evil.

"If we examine into the mechanism of the other sensations, we shall trace (he says) clearly the type of this. Material

terial objects carry with them their colour, flavour, &c. or rather that which excites such sensations in the soul. Thus every action or quality carries with it its moral tincture, or at least that which excites a sense of its morality in the soul. When an object is painted on the retina, it is always accompanied by its colour and figure; when a sound strikes the ear, it is ever of some particular tone, grave or acute: thus when I am an eye-witness of an action, I see it with all its moral qualities; if I hear it related, the words convey through my ear, at the same time, the moral character of the action they express. It is true, the moral Good or Evil of actions is not visible to the eye, nor palpable to the touch; nor do I pretend they are to be touched or felt by means of the organs of vision or feeling: but this does not hinder them from being perceived by their proper organs. Sound is neither visible nor tangible; but is it therefore less perceptible to the soul by means of the auditory nerves? Thus, though moral objects are not perceived as if painted on the eye, nor as impinging on the olfactory nerves, yet they become sensible by the impression they make on the organs of their particular sense, called for that reason the moral sense. What leaves this operation in some obscurity is, that we cannot particularly determine what those organs are. Two things, however, respecting this subject, are certain, viz. that the morality of actions and characters is something sensible, and that there is no sensation excited in the soul, but by some mechanism corresponding to it in the organical system of the body."

There is yet another obscurity to which this Writer does not at all attend; and that lies in what relates to the moral qualities which, he supposes, every action or character, when seen or heard, carry along with them, to this moral sense. If this sense be, as he calls it in some places, an Instinct, whose discernment is prompt, easy, and infallible, something that presupposes *no idea, no knowledge, no reasoning*, it must certainly be conceived to discover, at first sight, the Moral Good or Evil of every such action or character. But, what is generally understood by the Moral Good or Evil of an action, and Moral Virtue or Vice in the agent, are distinct things. Actions of generosity, humanity and the like, universally called so, and confessedly good, may be performed from motives neither generous nor humane; is it then the virtuous quality of the action, or the agent, that is discovered by this Instinct, or conveyed with such action, to this Moral Sense? As our Author does not pretend that conscience is any thing more than

than a monitor to ourselves, or that it is capable of reading the hearts of others, he must certainly allow that it is the quality of the action only. Now this quality must depend either on the motives that inspired it, or on the effects that follow it. The former more properly belong to the agent, and should characterize rather the design than the fact. Indeed our Philosopher appears to admit, that the consequence of actions should distinguish their quality. "Men (says he) are by nature rather friends than enemies, a state of warfare being unnatural. An innate sentiment of benevolence makes them find a pleasure in doing each other good, and a repugnance to see each other suffer: this Instinct strongly induces them to approve all that is useful to mankind, and to blame every thing that is prejudicial to them." Here we see, that the utility and prejudice to mankind, are made the criterion of the Good or Evil of those things, which the Moral Instinct is said to approve or blame. Hence the natural consequences of the action, independent of the design of the agent, must denominate its quality; for though, speaking of this Instinct, our Author says elsewhere, *Rien n'est bon que par lui*, he certainly can mean no more, than that it must necessarily approve every thing that is good, and not that its approbation constituted that goodness. — Might we not ask him now, how this infallible Instinct appears to be innate, and how it operates in man? Will an action, naturally tending to the utility of mankind, and consequently such as the Moral Instinct must approve, make its utility known merely by its being seen or related to the spectator or auditor? Or will the Moral Instinct of either immediately discover it? If not, will the sight of such an action, or the hearing of it related, as our Author supposes, excite the Moral Sense to approbation? Surely no: that Instinct, or Sense, may compel us to approve, and take pleasure in actions or characters, that, we conceive, tend to the Good of our fellow creatures; but it is by other means we must form such conceptions of them, and not merely by Moral Instinct. There is, therefore, in man no such *infallible* Instinct, as our Philosopher supposes, capable of rightly approving or disapproving a moral action or quality, at first sight. Children and fools (he says) know very well when they do amiss. In some things probably they may; but we believe never till they are told, or have learned by experience the good or ill effects of their actions; which effects are not always mechanically impressed on any sense, at the time the actions are committed, but are discovered afterwards and connected by the association of ideas with such actions. Thus

a deed, that might strike us with horror did we know the natural or usual consequences of it, might be looked on with indifference, such consequences being unknown. It is not therefore the action that carries with it the impression of its Morality or Immorality, but it is the memory, or the understanding, operating in conjunction with the perception of such action, that must represent its moral quality to its proper sense.

It is said our emotions, in favour or detestation of moral actions, are frequently sudden and involuntary, and therefore cannot be owing to the operations of our reason, to any deliberate examination into the good or ill qualities, or effects of those actions. This is very true: the Moral Sense, like all others, is acted on by appearances, and by our already-acquired notions of things, and does not wait for the assistance of reason. Hence it is that we are so frequently deceived in these emotions, and conscientiously detest an action as vicious; which, when we come to know its motives and consequences, the same Instinct, which moved us to detest, excites us to applaud or approve.

Virtuous actions, we are told, give pleasure, and vicious ones pain, to the Moral Sense; which pleasure and pain are in both cases purely organical, and are the simple effect of the impression made on that sense by the object, in the same manner as a fine scent delights, and a rank one offends the smell. But here we would ask, Whether that approbation which the conscience (supposed to be this Moral Sense, or immediately under the direction of it) bestows on good actions, arises from, and is proportionable to, the pleasure such actions give that sense? Or whether it arises from a consciousness or conception of the utility, of which such actions might prove to mankind? In other words, is the pleasure we take, in seeing or contemplating virtuous actions, the cause or the consequence of that approbation? Doth this Moral Sense delight in what gives it pleasure, merely for its so doing; or doth it feel pleasure from the fact, in consequence of the good it promises to be of to others? If the former be the case, it appears to be that only of a selfish appetite, not taking pleasure in virtue for the sake of virtue, but for the sake of its own gratification, which is as well served by the appearance of a good action as by the reality. And, if it be the latter, it is evidently necessary that this sense should be directed to its proper object, by reason or information, as it cannot otherwise

wife discern the good or ill consequences of actions, on which depends their morality.

But this Philosopher has made an egregious blunder, in not properly distinguishing between such an infallible Instinct, as he supposes in one place, and such a sense in all respects like the other senses, in another. The Creator (he says) would not trust our preservation to our reason, but has committed it to the care of our senses; in the fidelity of whose operations he knew there was a greater security than in the caprices of the understanding: and that by so much as reflection is slower in its operations than the mechanical motions accelerated by sentiment.——We know not how far Instinct or Sentiment, might be a better preservative of the animal than reason, in a savage and solitary state; but certainly in such a state the Moral Instinct, our Author contends for, could be of little use. And in the present situation of man, though it must be owned the operations of reason in matters quite novel and abstruse are slow; yet those ideas, which are immediately necessary to preservation, are so readily gained, and, when gained, are so ready for use at the command of the senses, that we find no occasion to prefer the office of mere sentiment. Our Author is surely the first Philosopher that ever so strenuously maintained the Infallibility of Perception, and at the same time declaimed against the Caprices of Reason. But this is owing to his want of making a proper use of the latter, and his mistaking the operations of one for the other. Of this we might give more than one instance. In order to illustrate the manner, in which, he conceives, moral actions operate on their respective sense, by comparing it with that of the other senses, he tells us that every object carries with it its qualities, such as colour, figure, taste, &c. of which qualities a sensation is excited, at the same time, with the sensation of such object. We must remind him, however, that objects, abstracted from their qualities, are ideal and not perceptible; they are not perceived by any sense, but formed by the imagination, or inferred by the understanding, in consequence of the perceptions excited by their qualities. The allusion, therefore, which our Author here makes between moral and physical objects can never hold good.

On the whole, however, we admit, with this Philosopher, that the idea of moral relations does not necessarily affect the heart; we conceive, nevertheless, that the heart could never be affected by moral actions, if the understanding had formed no idea of those relations.

With

With regard to the fourth part of this work, wherein our Author treats of the Soul, it may be sufficient just to remark, that he considers it as distinct and separate from the Body; a distinction which, however just and proper to be made, we are very little qualified, as Physiologists, to make. This Philosopher, indeed, considers the Soul as an organical being, only more diminutive and of a finer substance than the grosser Body; on its union with which, nevertheless, the development of its organs depends. But we must here take leave of this performance, with observing that, throughout the whole, there is discovered more ingenuity than sound reasoning; and that we cannot help applauding the fertility of the Writer's imagination, even where we are obliged to censure the inaccuracy of his judgment.

K-n-k

Briefe von den Herrn Gellert und Rabener.

Letters that passed between Messieurs Gellert and Rabener.
Leipfic, 1761.

THE publication of these Letters, which are only four in number, has, it seems, been made without the privacy or consent of the Writers; on which account those Gentlemen may probably be displeased, notwithstanding the very favourable reception they have met with from the public. Several Editions have already been printed, to some of which is annexed a real or pretended conversation between Mr. Gellert and his Prussian Majesty. They are, on the whole, we are assured, not unworthy their Authors, although not of sufficient merit to authorize those lavish encomiums bestowed on them, or the avidity with which they have been bought up and read in Germany.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the horrors of war, amidst which this literary correspondence was carried on, should not have deprived it of that spirit and pleasantry with which these Letters abound; especially as the parties themselves were considerable sufferers in their private fortunes, from the circumstances attending the common calamity. As for poor Rabener, he had the mortification of seeing his house, his books, manuscripts, and all his other effects burnt and destroyed; an account of which accident he gives to his friend in the following manner:

“ A

“ A shower of bullets and shells, pouring about my house, I left it, and took sanctuary with the Governor; whither, about five o'clock, my honest Valet came to acquaint me that my house was levelled with the ground; that the bombs had made their way into the vaults, and had burnt every thing I had placed there. To my comfort, indeed, he told me, the cellar was not damaged, but that it was very carefully pilaged by the soldiers who were sent to put out the fire. This was a terrible stroke, my dear friend, a cutting blow, indeed! My furniture, cloaths, linnen, provision, all my books and manuscripts, together with your letters, which I ever carefully preserved, all were lost. Of effects, to the amount of three thousand rixdollars, I have not saved to the value of ten. An old furtout, which I put on to assist in preventing the fire; an old peruke, picked up for the same purpose; a little linnen, so much worn as to have been already consigned to the use of my servant; and a night-gown: these are all the remains of my wardrobe. To the great consolation also of all fools that came after me, those valuable manuscripts which should have been printed when I was dead and gone, are all gone before me! Alas, every single sheet of them burnt to ashes! So that at present it is hardly worth while for me to die at all, since I have no posthumous piece to bequeath to the world. Before this fatal accident, indeed, I had some consolation in the thoughts of dying, from the noise my Writings would make after my decease; but now I am fully determined to live as long and as commodiously as I can. My heart, indeed, bleeds within me when I think of my darling books; the loss of which I should never cease to regret, did not a thread-bare furtout and a dirty shirt put me in mind of the comforts of a good coat and clean linnen. In short, my dear friend, I am reduced even to the beggary of a Poet.”

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O CÆSAR! **K-n-k**

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For MAY, 1762.

POLITICAL.

Art. 1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of E——t: Or, Considerations on sending Land-Forces to Portugal.* 8vo. 6d. A. Henderson.

Disapproves of our being so alert to defend the Portuguese, whom the Letter-Writer deems more able to cope with the Spaniards, than

than they are generally supposed. He thinks a Land War in Portugal must be as fatal to British forces, as the War in Germany hath proved; and he apprehends that it may cost us 100,000 men in five year's time. Our Readers will be the less surprized at this Pamphleteer's ability to ascertain the number so long before hand, when they are informed that he is a second-sighted Scotsman.

Art. 2. *The Causes of the War between Great-Britain and Spain, as they appear from the Papers that passed between both Courts, impartially considered.* 4to. 1s. Griffiths.

This is a sober performance, penned with good sense and decency; but neither is the matter new, nor is the manner sufficiently striking, to engage attention on a beaten subject.

R-d

Art. 3. *The Constitutional Querist. Containing the Sentiments of an impartial Englishman on the present Rupture with Spain; its political State, internal Weakness, and best Method of attacking her.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

As our Readers may be somewhat *put to it*, as the phrase is, to make out the sense of this Author's Title-page, it may not be unnecessary to inform them, that, from a perusal of the Pamphlet itself, we have discovered the meaning. By the words *present Rupture with Spain, its political State, &c.* we are not to understand the political State of the Rupture, but of the Kingdom. This is, indeed, partly ascertained by his "best method of attacking *her*;" by which he obviously intends the Spanish nation: for nations are always spoken of in the *feminine*, but who ever heard of the *Sex* of a Rupture?

Having settled the meaning of the Title-page, it remains that we mention a word or two concerning the rest of the work; but, after the specimen we have given of the Author's manner of writing, little more need be said about him, or his performance. In brief, then, the man talks like a good, honest sort of a body, and what he says may pass very current among our Coffee-house Politicians; Mr. *What d'ye call him*, at the *Somerset*, will certainly deem him an Oracle,—he talks so much in Mr. *What d'ye call him's* own way.

Art. 4. *A full Exposition of a Pamphlet, entitled, Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain*. In which the Charge, in respect to a criminal Concealment of those Papers, is refuted; the Unreasonableness of such a Rupture, at the Time of Mr. Pitt's Resignation, is demonstrated; and the pretended Procrastination of that Measure, vindicated. In an Answer from the Country-Gentleman to the Member of Parliament's Letter.* 8vo. 1s. Williams, Fleetstreet.

The Country-Gentleman seems to be a match for the Town-Politician. His remarks on the above-mentioned topics are spirited, and, we think, much to the purpose.

* See Review for March, p. 230.

Art. 5.

ART. 5. *A Treatise upon perennial Ways and Means, with other political Tracts. Inscribed to the King.* By T. Brecknock. 4to. 3s. Becket.

When we saw the Advertisement of this Treatise, under the title of *Brecknock's Ways and Means*, we could not but admire the generosity and public spirit of a private Subject, who kindly condescended to relieve the *Committee of Supplies* from the weight of providing for the public necessities. Whether he was a pupil and assistant of the industrious *J. Massie*, or of the more industrious *J. Henriques*, we were, and still are, at a loss to determine; but we do not hesitate to affirm, that the best of their works, or, in other words, the finest of their frenzies, are not superior to this production of Mr. Timothy, or Timoleon, Brecknock.

We advise him, however, to check the rapidity of his composition; for the laws of the land, and the regulations of a certain assembly, are great enemies to the bold exertion of political genius: and there have been times, when the following paragraph might have been thought too full of spirit.

"The Brewers (says this incomparable Writer) have a bill of the most dangerous tendency now depending in Parliament; the Commons, without one single debate about it, or without once enquiring into the political rectitude, or turpitude of it, will probably have given their consent to it before the publication of these sheets. The *Piers*, most likely, will throw it out of their house; but *ex majori Cautela*, I thought it, Sir, my duty thus humbly to advertise your Majesty of it, that by so *timely* an intelligence your Majesty might, by virtue of your Royal Prerogative, ADVISE UPON IT."

It is certainly very kind in Mr. Brecknock to give his Majesty such timely intelligence; and the Privy Council, as well as the whole Parliament, will undoubtedly be greatly obliged to him for doing their duty for them. As warm patriots, however, whose attention is directly bent on grand and *perennial* projects, are apt to overlook collateral circumstances, we take this opportunity of reminding Mr. Brecknock, that there is an officer belonging to the House of Commons, called the Serjeant at Arms.

As to Mr. Brecknock's Scheme, to epitomize it would be to do it injustice; more especially as we are persuaded that a Reader of taste and discernment, would as soon peruse the whole at large, as go through an abstract of so extraordinary a performance.

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POETICAL.

ART. 6. *Tales from Fontaine; the first Satire, and first Epistle of Horace; and a Letter to a Friend on his repining at old Age.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Nourse.

Fontaine, and our countryman, Prior, were inspired by the same Muse. Their Writings are distinguished by the same happy ease, and graceful negligence of expression. They both greatly excelled in Tale-telling Poetry, and the *Tales* of both are too licentious. — By this

this fault they have deservedly robbed themselves of that praise which every son of Phœbus is fond of, the public approbation of the Fair. A modest Lady cannot with any countenance mention the easy Stories of Matt. Prior, or give any intimation that she is fond of the Tales of Fontaine.

Some of those Tales are here unequally translated. The Translator has now and then hit off a few tolerable lines, but his verses are in general very lame, slovenly, and inaccurate; and such rhymes has he tagged as never were tagged before:—such as,

The first declares she is undone,
Comfort to her can ne'er return:
But don't regard her; 'tis a joke;
Each Female pipes the self-same note.

The Translations from Horace are like those from Fontaine; and the Letter to a Friend, on his repining at old Age, has no more poetical merit than the rest.

La

Art. 7. *The Progress of Lying, a Satire.* 4to. 1s. Nicoll.

A good sober sort of a satire, against a very bad sort of vice; the meanest and most contemptible to which the weakness of human nature is liable. The style of the Poetry resembles that of Daniel de Foe's satirical pieces.

Art. 8. *Ierne's Muse to the King.* Folio. 6d. Doddsley.

A spirited and elegant Compliment to his present Majesty.

Art. 9. *Poems.* By Robert Lloyd. A. M. 4to. 10s. 6d. Boards. Davies.

The principal Poems in this Collection were first published in distinct Pamphlets, and have been respectively considered in the Review; as the Actor; Shakespear, an Epistle to Mr. Garrick; an Epistle to Mr. Churchill; some Odes, &c. Several of the additional pieces are equal in merit to any thing before published by this ingenious Writer. As for those of inferior note, they are, as Corneille said of Cardinal Richlieu, not good enough to be praised, and too good to be damned. However, all have done their part toward filling up a handsome Quarto Volume; and the numerous list of subscribers, added to the many other lists of the like kind, which we have seen, will serve to secure the present age from the reproach of being unfavourable to literature.

La

Art. 10. *The Farmer's Return from London: An Interlude. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.* 4to. 1s. Tonson.

The Farmer humorously relates to his Wife and Children what rare things he saw in London since Zity; the Crowning, the Pleays, and the Ghost of Cock-leane!—The piece is truly comic; but possibly there is more wit in it than may be deemed suitable to the characters.
Rev. May, 1762. C c

rafters.—Mr. Hogarth has embellished this little performance with a frontispiece.

Art. 11. *The Quack-Doctors, a Satire, in Hudibraslic Style.*
4to. 1 s. Moran.

The vilest Poem on the vilest Subject.

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Art. 12. *Elegia Scripta in Coemeterio rustico Latine reddita.*
4to. 1 s. Rivington.

Prefixed to this translation of the ingenious Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, is an elegant complimentary Poem to the Author, Mr. Gray. The Translation, though in general inferior to the beautiful Original, is not without some classical merit; and, the following passages excepted, is tolerably correct.

Page 5. v. 3. in the following line,
Æternum posuere angusto in Carcere duri
Villarum Patres.

The Translator has used the word *posuere* in a neutral sense, which is not common.

Can storied Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

This Stanza is thus translated:

Inscriptæne valent Urnæ, spirantiaque Æra
Ad sedes fugientem Animam revocare reliquas?
Dicite, sollicitet Cineres si Fama repositos?
Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures?

Mr. Gray, by the word Death, meant the Dead; in which case, to say *the cold Ear of Death*, was very proper and beautiful: but as the Translator has rendered the word Death by *Fatorum*, his *gelidas Aures* has not the same propriety, neither do we think that in this line he has taken the sense of the Original.

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way
is at best an uncouth line in the Original; and in the Translation,
Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, Tenorem
is equally quaint.

For such of our Scholastic Readers as are admirers of Anglo-Latin Poetry, we shall quote the Translation of the Epitaph which makes a part of the Elegy, as a specimen of this performance.

EPITAPHIUM.

Nec Famæ, neque notus, hic quiescit,
Fortunæ juvenis, super silenti
Telluris Gremio Caput reponens.
Non Curas humiles, Laremque parvum
Contempsit pia Musa; flebilisque
Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.

Huie

Huic largum fuit integrumque Pectus,
Et largum tulit à Deo Favorem:
Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
Indulsit Lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra
Scrutari; fuge Sedibus tremendis
Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
Illic mente sacrâ simul repôstæ
Inter Spemque metumque conquiescunt.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 13. *The Nice Lady: A Comedy.* 1s. 6d. Medley.

The complaints of disappointed Genius merit the attention and redress of every friend to literature. Mr. G. S. Green, Author of the Comedy before us, has enrolled himself in this number. Excited, as he tells us in his Preface, by the glorious prospect of a thousand Guineas, which Mr. Garrick had declared he would give for a good Comedy, he immediately went to work. "This, says he, (the account of the thousand Guineas) being imparted to the Author hereof, about six years ago, he was resolved to put in for the palm; and having written half the first act about ten years before that, in six weeks time he compleated the Fabric as it now stands, with Prologue and Epilogue to embellish both fronts. Thus finished, it was handed to Mr. Garrick for his liking; but a thousand Guineas being a weighty sum, and what most people would like much better than a MS. of one quire of paper, no favour was found, nor prize to be obtained: *He did not like it.*"

Unmerciful David! how couldst thou reject the first-born of this poor uncircumcised Philistine! Repulsed by thee, he betook himself with his child, now sixteen years old, into the confines of **Oriel* and *Baliol*, and said unto all their sons, Here is my child, do unto her as it seemeth ye good. Now the children of *Oriel* and *Baliol* had knowledge of her; and having had her in keeping some time, they, as usual, dismissed her, and raised a contribution to enable her to come upon the town. Thus the Nice Lady, once driven from Drury Lane, is come to try her fortune there again, and—a more miserable drab never wandered in that dirty region.

* Colleges in Oxford,

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Art. 14. *An Essay upon Osconomy. The second Edition.* By Edward Watkinson, M. D. Rector of Little Chart, in Kent. 12mo. 6d. Sheffield, printed by Ward.

At a time when "A prevalence of *Luxury*, the love of *false* pleasure, and the *pride* of Life, tempts (I had almost said) *all* persons to live *above* the rank which they hold in Society *,"——this excel-

* The Author's words, p. 18.

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lent little Treatise cannot but be deemed peculiarly seasonable. We therefore heartily recommend it to the perusal of our younger Readers especially, as a fit monitor to the unexperienced, who more peculiarly stand in need of cautionary advice in regard to prudential concerns, as they are most apt to be caught with the glare of exterior show, most liable to fall into the dissipations of pleasure, and most apt to be infected with the contagion of evil example. The Author considers his subject under the three principal heads of *Forecast, Order, Prudence*; and constantly strengthens his judicious hints and remarks by apt citations from the Holy Scriptures: from which he has made an admirable collection of moral and prudential apophthegms.

Art. 15. *The Complete Annuitant. Consisting of Tables of Interest, Simple and Compound; constructed on a new and familiar Plan, viz. I. An Universal Table of Simple Interest, shewing the Interest of any Sum of Money from 90,000,000 l. to 1 Penny, and from 1 to 365 Days absolute, &c. II. Tables of Compound Interest, at 3, 4, and 5 l. per Cent. per Ann. shewing the Amount and present Worth of any Sum, likewise the Amount and present Worth of any yearly Sum, Rent, Annuity, or Pension, at the same Rates of Interest, from 1 Year to 100 Years; with their Application in Reversions, and renewing and purchasing of Leases. III. A Table of Reversions. IV. A Table of Annuities, shewing how many Years Purchase any Annuity or Lease of any Land or House is worth, and likewise for the Renewing of any Number of Years lapsed in any Lease for any Term of Years. V. A Table shewing the Value of any Estate in Fee Simple, with Tables of Fines for renewing College Leases, &c. VI. Tables for the Valuation of Life Annuities at 3, 3', 4, 5, and 6 per Cent. with their Logarithmical and Arithmetical Application in solving several curious Problems. VII. A new Set of Tables contrived for Quarterly and Half Yearly Payments, adapted to the above Tables, &c. By Benjamin Webb. 12mo. 6s. bound. Henderson and Keith.*

Mr. Webb's Tables for buying and selling Stocks, which we mentioned in the twenty-second Volume of our Review, p. 71, gave so much satisfaction to the Public, that he has now extended his arithmetical labours to another equally interesting subject; and, we believe, with equal accuracy and merit. The utility and plan of this work are thus briefly explained in the Author's Preface:

"The number of books of Simple and Compound Interest which are already extant, should, one would imagine, (says Mr. Webb) have so exhausted the subject as to leave scarce any room for improvement; and notwithstanding many ingenious Authors have produced so many valuable performances, yet, as their calculations have been confined to certain fixed rates, and most of them made for too short a time to render them of general use, even to a nice Calculator, much less to persons

persons not versed in figures, none of them have fully answered the end, and in many cases will not, nor from the nature of them can, without much labour, produce an exact answer.

“ This being the case in regard to Simple Interest, I was induced to attempt such a set of Tables, as might in all cases, with the greatest exactness and ease, answer all the purposes of more extensive and voluminous ones; and this I hope I may without vanity venture to say, the following concise set, adapted to the size of a small pocket-book, though calculated for every day in the year, will perform to satisfaction, if not beyond expectation: for in order to render them universal, nothing more is required than to multiply your sum by the number of half pounds contained in the given rate of Interest, and you have the answer in pence and the decimal parts of a penny, which there are few but can easily reduce into shillings and pounds.

“ And farther, as in most Tables of Simple Interest which are constructed on a decimal plan, the calculation is made only for one pound, and therefore to solve questions in common, recourse must be had to multiplication, these are already calculated for any sum that can happen, without multiplying by the given sum; and the numbers are so contrived, that the true answer may be obtained with the utmost certitude, from one penny to 900,000,000 pounds. And to prevent any manner of trouble or confusion in computing the number of places to be taken out, I have distinguished each article with its proper numerical character, being those of the common numeration table inverted, viz. $u \times c r x c$, which I flatter myself will not only be deemed a very agreeable improvement, but an useful discovery in the application of decimal numbers to the purposes of business in general.

“ After the same manner I have proceeded with the Tables of Compound Interest, which are calculated for any sum at the more common Rates of Interest, viz. 3, 4, and 5 l. per cent. yearly payments;—but in the Tables for other Rates of Interest, the calculation is made for one pound only, shewing their application in making Tables of Fines, &c. the renewing and purchasing of Leases: and in order to render these Tables more extensive and useful, there is added a new set of Tables calculated on the above plan for Quarterly and Half-yearly Payments, and likewise for shewing the value of One Quarter, One Half, and Three Quarters of a Year's Annuity, Rent, Pension, &c.—To make this part of the performance more complete, are added Tables for finding the superficial Content of any piece of ground, building, &c. in square feet, yards, and acres

“ As to the Tables of Life Annuities, these are calculated on the same principles as those done by most other Authors, only with this difference, that these are deduced from thirty years observations on the bills of mortality, from the year 1731 to the year 1761, consequently a more exact medium is thereby obtained than from a shorter time. And in the calculation of them I have endeavoured to make them the more exact, having carried them to three places of decimals, shewing the method of calculating the same for one life, two, three or more joint lives, &c. and in the application of them have laid down

the most easy and familiar rules I could meet with; so that nothing more than the knowledge of common Arithmetic is required in the solution of most of the problems: and in those where a Logarithmical solution has been necessary to shorten the work, I have endeavoured to express myself as clearly as possible.

"Lastly, for the Reader's farther satisfaction I have re-calculated those excellent Tables of Mr. Abraham de Moivre, with the advantage of having carried them to three places of decimals, and not only corrected the few errors I met with, but for the Computist's convenience have annexed a Table of Logarithms adapted to his Tables, with the common and hyperbolical Logarithms to the Rates of 3, 3½, 4, 5, and 6l. per cent. and for the accommodation of those unacquainted with the use of the Logarithmical canon, I have contrived a method to construct new Universal Monomial Theorems, whereby the amount of any sum, or Annuity for Yearly, Half-yearly, and Quarterly Payments, may be calculated for any Rate of Interest."

Art. 16. *A Defence of the united Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies, and their Servants (particularly these at Bengal) against the Complaints of the Dutch East India Company; being a Memorial from the English Company to his Majesty on that Subject.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Brotherton.

This is the Answer to the Dutch account of the hostilities between their countrymen and ours at Bengal, mentioned in the Review for January, last, p. 76. The evidence on both sides of the question being now laid before the Public, we refer the curious Reader to those original Documents, for farther satisfaction, in regard to a transaction which we hope will be amicably settled, as soon as the merits of the cause are clearly explained to both parties; which, we apprehend, they undoubtedly are, in the present Publication.—The Dutch appear to be equally unfortunate in this dispute, both in the field and upon paper. In the Indies they met with knock-down blows, and here seem to be some knock-down arguments; which we suspect they will hardly be able to answer.

Art. 17. *Moral and Philosophical Essays on several Subjects, viz. A View of the human Faculties; a short Account of the World; two Discourses on Decency; an Essay on Self-love.* 12mo. 3s. Longman.

In the first and second parts of this Collection the matter is disposed in the form of Dialogues. This, however, is merely formal, the style and manner being much the same throughout. The language indeed is not the most elegant, but there is much good sense and some instances of a delicacy of sentiment to be found in these little performances. If the Author also doth not appear either the profound Philosopher or the fine Writer, he hath had the art to throw together a number of ingenious, though sometimes superficial, reflections, in an agreeable and entertaining manner.

From

From the face of this publication, the Reader might be led to conceive it a new book, as no intimation is given of its having been before printed. We are well informed, however, that these little Tracts made their appearance in Public about twenty years ago, which is one reason for our taking only this cursory notice of the present Edition.

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Art. 18. *An Historical and Critical Review of the Paintings, Sculptures, Models, Drawings, &c. now exhibiting at the Great Room of the Society instituted for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.* 4to. 1s. Bathoe.

A sort of catch-penny Catalogue, containing a few flimsy and some impertinent Remarks on the principal Paintings, &c. Had this Writer, or any other person, better qualified, given a truly critical review of the pieces lately exhibited in the Strand, it would doubtless have been very acceptable to the Public; and might, to a great many persons, have proved an agreeable and useful supplement to the catalogue of those pieces.

Art. 19. *Jachin and Boaz: Or, an authentic Key to the Door of Free-Masonry.* By a Gentleman belonging to the Jerusalem Lodge. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

We do not believe one word this Gentleman says.

Art. 20. *A Free-Mason's Answer to the suspected Author of Jachin and Boaz.* 8vo. 1s. Cooke.

A Bookseller's job; a farce upon a farce.

Art. 21. *The Book of Coach-Rates, or Hackney-Coach Directory. Describing above 4000 Fares within the Cities of London and Westminster, and Bills of Mortality.—According to an accurate Measurement.* 12mo. 1s. Owen.

Very useful within the London Bills of Mortality.

Art. 22. *The Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves.* By the Author of Roderick Random 12mo. 2 Vols. 6s. Coote.

Better than the common Novels, but unworthy the pen of Dr. Smollet.

Art. 23. *An Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the living Writers of Great-Britain and Ireland; wherein their respective Merits are discussed with the utmost Candour.* 8vo. 1s. No Publisher.

Compiled with the judgment of Giles Jacob, and written pretty much in Jacob's style. It gives very poor, imperfect and erroneous

accounts of the few persons whom the Compiler has taken the liberty to mention, the number of whom, we apprehend, scarce amounts to an hundredth part of the present race of Authors; and even among the few whose names are inserted, are several who by no means deserve to be distinguished as *Writers*: people, of whom we may say, with old Lintot*, that they have been Authors these twenty years to their Bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

* Narrative of the deplorable Phrenzy of John Dennis.

Att. 24. The present State of Denmark, in relation to its Government and Laws, its Trade and Manufactures, its Revenues and Forces: Compiled from the public Archives, and other authentic Materials. Being an exact Description of that Kingdom, as it now exists; and different from any Account hitherto published in the English Language. In a Series of Letters mostly written by Monsieur Roger. 8vo. 5s. Osborne.

The Editor of these Letters, in his Dedication to Earl Bothmer, the Danish Envoy at the British Court, considers them as a proper antidote against the misrepresentations in Lord Molesworth's "Partial and mistaken account of Denmark, as it was supposed to have been in the year 1692."

Monsieur Roger, we are informed, was a man of independent fortune, a Republican of Geneva; who had travelled through most parts of Europe: and the sentiments of such a person, on a monarchic state, will probably, as the Editor observes, excite curiosity.

M. Roger, however, though a Republican by birth, seems to have entirely reconciled himself to monarchic principles during his travels, or he would not have engaged so warmly in defence of absolute monarchy, as it exists in Denmark; nor made such refined distinctions between despotism and despotism, as he has introduced in his first Letter.

We must be naturalized to absolute government, before the distinctions established by M. Roger can be allowed. "If by despotism, says he, is understood unlimited monarchy, the constitution of Denmark is certainly despotic." Wherein then does this despotism differ from that of the barbarous Powers of the East, *who*, according to him, are "are accustomed to look upon their will as the only measure of right and wrong," more than what arises from the general difference in manners? Acts of oppression will be as sensibly felt by a people in some degree civilized, as the wanton cruelties of an Emperor of Morocco are, by savage Hords, as ferocious and unfeeling as their Lord; and howsver M. Roger, or others, may refine upon subtleties calculated to quiet the natural antipathy which a small share of understanding will excite against subjection to unlimited power, if the administration of *one person*, vested with *sole authority*, is so mild and regular as he represents that of Denmark to be, it is rather a compliment to the present administrator than to the constitution.

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His Letters are very explicit in the accounts they contain of Danish Jurisprudence, and will give much satisfaction to those who are desirous of understanding the various constitutions of countries; but with respect to the favourable opinion M. Roger so fondly entertains of *absolute Monarchy*, they only serve to shew that Danish despotism is *self-reduced* to a legal method; being essentially vested in WILL, as much as that of the tyrants of Morocco, Turkey, or Indostan.

"It is (says he) a gross mistake to imagine, that the revolution of 1660 destroyed the liberty of a kingdom, which had hitherto been free. Liberty, properly speaking, was known only to the Nobility; the Clergy and Commons were of no sort of consequence in the Assembly of the States." It does not appear, however, that when the Commons and Clergy chose to make a formal grant of unlimited hereditary power to their King, that it answered any better purpose to the people than to curb the Nobility who were compelled to accede to it. For when in his encomium on the Danish Laws, M. Roger remarks the small number of Law-suits, and the readiness with which they are determined, he assigns the justest reason for it, and it exhibits all the tokens of being a true one. When he sought the cause, he says, "It appeared evident enough that the want of property in the Peasants was productive at least of this good consequence, that it prevented a multitude of difficulties which have arisen from the immense variety, that exists elsewhere, in the manner of holding estates." Certainly not to have any estate at all, eases a person entirely of the difficulties incurred by the possession of one, and secures him from the perplexities of Law-suits; yet, though the Law in England should leave a man as penniless as the Law in Denmark finds him, there is some degree of satisfaction in having an estate to be perplexed about, and some degree of amusement in spending it in our own manner: all which, with many other arguments that might be produced, determine rather in favour of property.

It must nevertheless be acknowledged, that, if we attend rather to the information M. Roger has furnished concerning the State of Denmark, than to his theoretical Positions, Denmark is an improving kingdom; and *the present King* seems to consult the welfare of his people, by measures much to *his* honour. It is to be hoped that his example will be imitated by his successors, and that the Danes may never have reason to repent the power they have bequeathed to *his* posterity.

Art. 25. *A compendious Descant of the Autogeneal and Theanthropos Glories of Christ, or the Crown of Crowns set upon the Head of King Jesus. Wherein is displayed his Glory as Jehovah by Nature, and his Mediatorial Glories as the Messiah and Saviour of his People.* 8vo. 1s. Lewis.

It was a shrewd remark of an ingenious and learned Preacher at St. James's, when very lately, speaking of the wild reveries of our modern

dern Fanatics, and the strange work which they make with Christianity, he said, a stranger to its genuine spirit might hence be apt to conclude, that instead of turning their hearts, it was rather designed to turn their HEADS.

Art. 26. *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm.* By the Rev. Mr. John Langhorne. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Payne and Cropley.

These Letters are addressed to a Lady of natural good sense, and fine accomplishments; but, unhappily, a little tainted with the modern Enthusiasm, and inclined to that sort of Melancholy, and aversion to the rational pleasures of society, which naturally arises from mistaken apprehensions of the Divine Being, and the absurd notion of Divine Impulses and Illuminations. The Letter-Writer endeavours to reclaim his fair correspondent, by a variety of striking arguments and observations, clothed in elegant and pathetic language, not unlike the flowery style of Mr. Hervey, though applied to a very opposite purpose. The Epistles are generally short, and some of them are more entertaining than the Reader would be apt to conceive, from a mere perusal of their title-page.

Art. 27. *A Letter of Advice from a Father to his Son, just entering into Holy Orders.* 8vo. 6d. Keith.

A wretched attempt at Irony, in favour of Fanaticism.

Art. 28. *The Reformed Prodigal: Or the three most remarkable Stages of a penitent Sinner's Life.* 1. *His Departure from God*; 2. *His Repentance*; 3. *God's Acceptance of him thereupon.* Exemplified in thirteen Discourses on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Dedicated to the Governors of the Magdalen Charity. By the Rev. James How, M. A. Rector of Milton, near Gravesend, Kent; and Minister of St. Margaret Lothbury, London. 8vo. 4s. Rivington, Whiston, &c.

It is now become a common complaint that we are overstocked with Sermons; but surely if the spiritual food which we daily receive from the Prefs, is good, it is no less absurd to complain of the plenty of it, than it would be to grumble at the great quantity of corn which God sends in a plentiful harvest. The truth is, we happily live in a fruitful country, in regard both to mental and corporeal provision; and, according to the old proverb, our great plenty makes us dainty. — However, if the Reader's palate be not extremely nice or squeamish, the present Discourses may relish very well with it. They have a plain natural flavour, which will not fail to please a taste, not vitiated with the high sauce of Enthusiasm on the one hand, or palled by the mawkish water-gruel of our dull Divines, who cook up their constant Sunday meals from the orthodox larder of Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby.

In direct terms, (to drop the figure) these pious and sensible Discourses are well calculated for the plain understandings of those, who form the bulk of most Christian congregations. The Author very properly enforces the doctrines of Repentance and Reformation, from the parable of the Prodigal Son; which is admirably adapted to this great purpose, and tends to inspire us with the most amiable conceptions of the Almighty, and All beneficent Being!

CONTROVERSIAL.

Art. 29. *A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Kennicott, in which his Defence of the Samaritan Pentateuch is examined, and his second Dissertation on the State of the printed Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, is shewn to be in many instances injudicious and inaccurate. With a Postscript, occasioned by his advertising, before this Letter was printed, that he had an Answer to it in the Press.* By T. Rutherforth, D. D. F. R. S. the King's Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and Chaplain to her Royal Highness, the Princess Dowager of Wales. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Richardson, Beecroft, &c.

Dr. Rutherforth, in this Letter, has taken a great deal of learned pains in order to shew, that Dr. Kennicott's *second* Dissertation is, in many instances, injudicious and inaccurate; but what he has advanced in support of this charge is, in general, extremely frivolous. A few inaccuracies, it must be acknowledged, he has pointed out; (and what work can be named, that is entirely free from them?) but they are of so trifling a nature, that we think them not worth mentioning. There is one point, however, which he has proved in a very clear and satisfactory manner, and that is, his own want of judgment and accuracy; and not only so, but his want of candor, and of that liberal turn of mind, which ought to be diligently cultivated by all those who apply themselves to liberal studies, and without which learning only exposes him who is possessed of it to contempt and ridicule.

R

Art. 30. *An Answer to a Letter from the Rev. T. Rutherforth, D. D. &c.* By Benjamin Kennicott, D. D. Fellow of Exeter College. 8vo. 1s. Doddsley, &c.

We have here, in 65 pages, a clear, distinct, and, in our opinion, satisfactory Answer to what Dr. Rutherforth has advanced in his Letter of 174 pages. Dr. Kennicott, without entering into a minute examination of what his Adversary has urged against him, (which was not indeed necessary) has, with great spirit and perspicuity, considered the principal and material parts of the charge, as far as it relates to *inaccuracy*, and given them fair and sufficient answers.

He desires his Readers to consider his book as divided into two parts; one, as containing MATTERS OF HIS OWN OPINION; the other, as containing MATTERS OF FACT.—As to the former, he readily allows himself fallible; and with his *opinions* he has given his reasons

reasons, which he submits to the judgment of the Public.—
 “ Whatever I have offered, (says he) which contains matters of my own opinion, I readily submit to the judgment of all those, who are properly qualified to determine thereupon.—After long experience of my fallibility, I make no scruple to grant, that *I may have given my opinion improperly*, in several parts of my last Dissertation, and I am very ready to own myself wrong, when I am fairly proved so. I need not, however, trouble you, Sir, with many acknowledgements upon this head; and I shall only add, that wherever an opinion may prevail in favour of your judgment, there I desire it may be remembered, —that I have been pronounced by you *singularly sagacious*, and *every way equal to the undertaking a critical Edition of the Hebrew Bible.*”

Having thus dismissed the whole charge of *injudiciousness*, our Author proceeds to that of *inaccuracy*; but for what he has advanced under this head, we must refer our Readers to the Pamphlet itself. We shall conclude this article with our sincere wishes that, as Dr. Kennicott is, even by the confession of Dr. Rutherford himself, every way equal to the great undertaking he is engaged in, he may meet with nothing to interrupt him in the prosecution of it, but still continue to receive all the encouragement, of every kind, to which he is so justly entitled.

R

Art. 31. *Two Letters to the Rev. Dr. Kennicott, vindicating the Jews from the Charge of Corrupting Deut. xxvii. 4. The first of which was published in the Library for July, 1761. The second is now first published, being an Answer to Dr. Kennicott's Remarks, in the Library* for August, 1761, and a farther Illustration of the Argument.* 8vo. 6d. Waugh.

Dr. Kennicott is engaged in a laborious and arduous undertaking; an undertaking likely to subject him to perpetual interruptions from the doubts and objections of numberless Hebrew Critics, who are continually puzzling themselves and others about such points as happen to strike *their imaginations*. The present Letter writer is very uneasy about an altar which was built either on Mount Gerizim or Ebal, but on which of the two is doubtful; a corruption of the text is supposed, and who were the corruptors, is the point of debate. Dr. Kennicott answered the first Letter, and the Letter-writer wants to continue the dispute; but if objectors are troublesome, it will be prudent in the Doctor to decline resolving their scruples, and go quietly forward with his undertaking, which may be little profited by such contests,

N

* Or, *Moral and Critical Magazine*,—a Monthly Publication.

MEDICAL.

Art. 32. *A Treatise on the King's Evil, setting forth a new Theory of that Disease; and a new Method of curing indurated and ulcerated*

ulcerated Glands of the Neck. By T. Durant, Surgeon; London. To which are added, *several Cases cured by the Author.* 8vo. 1s. Waller.

Long experience has taught us, it may often be as necessary to caution the purchasers of Books as of Nostrums, to beware of counterfeits. Hence we cordially subscribe to that moral sentence or aphorism, which a living medical Sage thinks it expedient to annex, in capitals, to the Advertisement of some of his many immortalizing Medicines, viz. *There is more reason for this caution than good men would easily believe.*—In the present Publication, for instance, a well-meaning purchaser might hope he had bought a full and true account of a new and effectual method to cure this, sometimes, incurable disease. The latter end of this Pamphlet indeed will inform him, that the Author begins his cure with a vomit; but long before this the Preface, p. 2. will have instructed him, that Mr. ——— “has discovered some Medicines which have a specific virtue in this complaint;” yet prudently adding, p. 3. “If any should find fault with me for not discovering the particulars of my practice, my comfort is in this reflection, that I shall oblige many, by putting them in the way to be relieved.” This means, in effect, that he shall oblige many to comfort him, by putting them in the way to Fetter-lane. Now it seems fully as equitable, that our Author should have been at the sole expence of advertising his Mansion, according to the immemorial custom of all laudable Nostrum-mongers, as to add this Shilling Pamphlet to the expence of his future Patients, or to expect our republishing this notice for him gratis. To convince his strumous Readers it is in vain for them to apply elsewhere, he assures them, that “What is said by the Physical Writers concerning the *S rosula* is unsatisfactory;”—and, he supposes, “the reason why Sydenham, Boerhaave, and Hoffman have made no mention of it, probably was, because they could not point out a rational and effectual method of cure.” Our Author’s superlative self-sufficiency then, to do what they could not, must have been his motive for writing on a subject, upon which he shrewdly remarks, “they chose to be silent.”

We must not be surprized, therefore, when his Preface assures us, that “Proficients in Physic may also be the better for this Treatise;” though it seems inconsistent that he should employ 36 pages out of 42, of which it consists, (exclusive of his Cases) to inform his Readers of all sorts, only of what method and medicines *will not* cure the King’s Evil, which every medical one, at least, could have told him; and in concealing from them the only Medicines, which he, and he only knows, *will* cure it. Nor is it less unaccountable, that having pronounced “all the Writings of antient and modern Physicians on this disease to be unsatisfactory,” he should rummage them over, so ostentatiously as he has, from Hippocrates and Avicenna down to Dr. Scott. However, as he has crudely interspersed a little of his own theory of the disease, we leave the Reader to conjecture his notion of the cause of it, from a few short citations. We are taught, p. 18, 19, that “A state of viscidty, accompanied with acrimony, are the parents

parents of this disease." But this we are untaught a little lower in the same page, which infers, "the proximate cause of the Scrofula is a preternatural viscosity of the Lymph, and *not* an acrimony or acidity." On the contrary, page 23 affirms, "the discharge [from the strumous ulcers] is not laudable matter, but rather an acrimonious ichor or curd-like pus." A Physical Reader would be apt to infer from hence, there might be as much acrimony, or acidity, or both together, as viscosity in the cause. And our Author's own curative indication, p. 27, is "to direct our intentions to the removing the obstruction of the glands, by inciding the viscosity of the humours, and correcting their acrimony." We are also assured, p. 41, "that by remedies adapted to incide the viscosity of the lymph, and to correct its acrimony, he has brought some of the most difficult cases to a happy issue." Mr. D. terms this disease *Herculean*, p. 27, and he may justly add ænigmatical too, since he has discovered the cause of it to be acrimonious and not acrimonious, acid and not acid. Now for so marvellous a cause, perhaps such a marvellous remedy as will remove it, and will not remove it, may be properly calculated; according to analogy at least.—But we have been talking of a profound secret, and let posterity unravel it.

In the mean time briefly to analyze this Treatise.—The Title-page, the Preface of four pages, the immaterial Trunk or Body of the Work of forty two pages, may all be considered as constituting one Master of the Ceremonies, in order to introduce six Cases of scrofulous Patients, of which, our Author says, he cured five, and has *greatly mended* one Case, the subject of which obstinately refused taking any more of his medicines, to which her mother imputes her want of a perfect cure. But to account for this want, from another material want, we are literally told, p. 50—"This girl being very poor, and living at a great distance, much perplexed my intentions." We were so greatly edified by this ingenuous acknowledgement, that gratitude obliges us to repeat it to the Public, that Mr. T. Durant, Scrophulous Surgeon, lives in Fetter-lane, at the Sign of his own Name and his own Treatise on the King's Evil; where, and elsewhere, we heartily wish he may perfectly cure every Patient, afflicted with it, who applies to him, to the reciprocal *comfort* of all parties.

K

Art. 33. *The Diseases of the Bones, of M. du Verney, M. D. ancient Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the King's Garden, and Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.* Translated by Samuel Ingham, Surgeon. 8vo. 5s. Osborne.

From this Title-page some may be led to imagine, that the book is a *Treatise on the Diseases of M. du Verney's Bones*. This odd arrangement of words is like that in the Sign-Painter's Exhibition: *Fresh Butter every Day and Eggs new laid by me Martha Simpson*.

This work is sufficiently known and approved in the original; and the more English Reader may be thankful for the present translation, which, notwithstanding the inaccuracy above noted, will not lead him far from the sense of the Author.

Art. 34.

Art. 34. *A Treatise on the Diseases of Women; in which it is attempted to join a just Theory to the most safe and approved Practice. With a chronological Catalogue of the Physicians who have written on these Diseases. Translated from the French Original. Written by Dr. J. Astruc, Royal Professor of Physic at Paris, and consulting Physician to the King of France. 8vo. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. bound. Nourse.*

About twenty years ago a book appeared in English, bearing nearly the same title with the present work, and having the sanction of this Gentleman's name. It was extremely well received by the Public, although it was by no means to be considered as the work of Dr. Astruc, being no other than a Digest of the *Notes* collected by one of his Pupils. The present work, however, is the genuine product of this learned Physician's mature consideration, and most assiduous application to the study of his subject. He is now his own Editor, and the English Student will do well to make himself acquainted with the curious and accurate theory, laid down by so diligent and able a proficient in this branch of the Medical Art.—The Doctor intends another volume to compleat his plan.

Art. 35. *A Treatise on the Disease called a Cold, shewing its general Nature and Causes, its various Species and different Events; together with some cautionary Rules of Conduct, proper to be observed in order to get safely rid of it, when taken, &c. By John Chandler, F. R. S. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Millar.*

Mr. Chandler has shewn himself so intimately and thoroughly acquainted with his subject, that we think his book a valuable and useful performance, although somewhat awkwardly and pedantically written. Such a parade of *learned* words and phrases may prevent the work from becoming so generally useful, (among unmedical Readers) as it might have proved, had the style been less scientific, and more familiar. The Author is certainly an excellent Apothecary, but not the most agreeable Writer.

SINGLE SERMONS.

1. **A** *N Enquiry into the true Character of David, King of Israel.*—Before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, January 24, 1762; in which the exceptions of a late Writer to the conduct of David, on some occasions, are obviated. By William Cleaver, M. A. of Lincoln College. Rivington.

2. *The Use, Value, and Improvement of various Readings, shewn and illustrated,*—before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, October 18, 1761. By William Worthington, D. D. Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, and Author of the Essay on Redemption. Fletcher.

3. Before the House of Commons, January 30, 1762. By Samuel Sater, D. D. Master of the Charter-House, Rector of St. Bartholomew the Little in London, and Prebendary of Norwich. Bathurst.

4. Before

4. Before the Lords, on the above-mentioned Occasion. By Samuel Lord Bishop of St. Davids. Walter.

5. *An approved Pastor.* A Charge delivered at Daventry, Feb. 25, 1762, at the Ordination of the Rev. Joannes Runnals, A. L. M. and Philos. Doct. By Hugh Worthington, A. M. Published at the Desire of the Person ordained, and of other Ministers then present. Henderfon.

6. *Every Man our Neighbour,*—at the Opening of the Lock Hospital near Hyde Park Corner, March 28, 1762. By the Rev. Mr. Madan, Chaplain to the said Hospital. Dilly.

7. *The Council of Gamaliel considered,*—before the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, at their Anniversary Meeting in the High Church of Edinburgh, Jan. 4, 1762. By Robert Dick, D. D. Minister of the Trinity College Church of Edinburgh.

8. *No Acceptance with God by Faith only,*—before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's Church, July 19, 1761. With a Postscript, containing some Strictures on the Substance of a Sermon lately published by the Rev. Mr. Madan. By John Allen, M. A. Vice Principal of St. Mary Magdalen Hall. Whiston.

9. *The Use of Reason in Matters of Religion, stated and explained,*—at the University of Oxford, at St. Peter's in the East, March 7, 1762. By Thomas Randolph, D. D. President of C. C. C. Oxford. Fletcher.

10. *A Right to eternal Glory, through the meritorious Obedience of Christ,* proved to be consistent with the absolute Freedom and Sovereignty of Divine Grace. By John Brine Keith.

11. At the Anniversary Meeting of the Governors of the Magdalen Charity, March 18, 1762, at St. George's, Hanover Square. By William Dodd, M. A. Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Davids, and Lecturer of Westham in Essex. Davis, &c.

12. *The Character and Reward of the good and faithful Servant,* a Sermon preached at Crouched Friars, London, April 18, 1762,—on Occasion of the Death of George Benson, D. D. who died April 6, in the 63d Year of his Age. By Edward Pickard. To which is added, The Oration at the Interment. By E. Radcliff. Henderfon, &c.

SERMONS on the FAST, March 12, 1762.

1. The Prospect of our Success in the present War,—at Crutched Friars. By E. Radcliff. Henderfon.

2. At St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square. By James Sheeles, M. A. Flexney.

3. Before the House of Lords, at St. Peter's, Westminster. By the Lord Bishop of Landaffe. Payne, Meuse-gate.

4. Before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. By Henry Barton, D. D. Warden of Merton College, Oxford. Sandby.

5. Two Sermons before the University of Oxford, Feb. 11, 1757, and March 12, 1762; the Days appointed for general Fasting, &c. By John Burion, D. D. Fellow of Eton College. 13. Fletcher.

6. *The safe Retreat from impending Judgments,*—at Leeds. By John Edwards. Dilly.

T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For J U N E, 1762.



Nota, sive Lectiones, ad Tragicorum Græcorum veterum, Æschyli, Sophoclis, Euripidis, quæ supersunt Dramata, deperditorumque Reliquias. Auctore Benjamine Heath. Concluded.

HAVING in our last Review considered Dr. Heath's Annotations on Æschylus, we shall now proceed to his Notes on Sophocles and Euripides.

Perhaps no ancient Author whatever has suffered more from the mischievous labours of Commentators and Restorers, than the illustrious Sophocles. They have bled and physicked, they have impaled and excoriated him; they have cut off his natural limbs and given him others of wood: insomuch, that were he to rise again upon earth, and behold his poor Tragedies, might he not say with exquisite irony,

Τὸ δ' ὄψον ἰστέλλει,
Λισσομένη τ' ἐκ σίδεω, καὶ
Κατακνυμένη τοῦμοι ὀμμή.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century, one Demetrius Triclinius took it into his head to revise Sophocles, and to examine him metrically. For this purpose he provided himself with a scale of feet, and went to work with his Author. Where he supposed the length of his verse fitted his scale, it was well; it stood as it was; where he found it either too long or too short, without any more ado he pieced or curtailed it, and sometimes interwove whole lines of his own manufacture with the original text. It was fortunate enough that he had the honesty, or rather the vanity, to acknowledge whatever he altered or inserted; but is it not strange that even after this acknowledgement, his copies should be followed by future Editors, and that Turnebus, who published

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his Edition of Sophocles in the sixteenth century, should adopt them only as genuine? However, to be convinced of their futility and stupidity, nothing more will be necessary than to compare them with the edition of Aldus, executed from more ancient and authentic copies.

After these sufferings the Poet might reasonably hope to meet with some redress from our learned Commentator; and we doubt not that the title of *The Restorer of Sophocles* was reserved for Dr. Heath.

In Ajax, v. 143, we entirely agree with the Doctor, that instead of ἵππομανη ought to be read ἵππονομον, which will be a very just and natural epithet to λειμῶν, analogous to which is Βουνομον ἀκίαν in Electra, v. 182. For ἵππομανη, whether applied to Ajax or to λειμῶν, will have very little propriety: ἵππονομον is therefore a good emendation.

In the following passage, however, we cannot embrace the Doctor's opinion that ὑποδισαυῖες should be referred to the Greeks, and not to the *Avium Grege*s in the line above.

ΑΛΛ' (ὅτι γὰρ δὴ το σσι ὁμῶς ἀπιδέχαι
Παλαγυτῶ, αἵτε πηλην ἀγίλαι)
Μεγαί ἀγυπιοὶ γ' ὑποδισαυῖες,
Ταχ' αὖ ἐξαιφνης ἐῖ συ φασίης,
Σίγη πηξίαι αἴφατοι. Ajax, v. 167, &c.

So the Doctor reads this passage, and places the parenthesis; but in our opinion

Μεγαί ἀγυπιοὶ γ' ὑποδισαυῖες
ought to be included in the parenthesis, and ὑποδισαυῖες should be referred to ἀγίλαι, for so the construction will be most natural and easy.

Ajax, v. 304. Οσση καὶ αὐτῶν ὄρεμι ἐκδισαυῖαι.

This verse is rightly rendered

Quantis ipsos cruciatibus mox regressus ulcisceretur.

We are obliged for this construction, as well as for many other sensible illustrations of Sophocles, to Mr. Mudge of Plymouth; to whose critical abilities our Author bears honourable testimony in his Preface.

Ibid. 745. Τοῖς κυρίοις γὰρ πάντα χρεῖ δῆλου λόγον

The alteration that Johnson proposes in this verse of δῆλου λόγον to δούλου λεγεῖν, we cannot by any means agree to; for it is not only, as our Commentator observes, far from being clear that the messenger was a slave, but, in our opinion,

nion, even admitting that he was, the sense is better in the original reading.

Electra, v. 497—500.

Προ ἰωνδε τοι μ' ἔχει
Μηποῖε, μηποθ' ἡμιν
Ἀψευγες πέλαν ἱερας
Τοις δρωσι καὶ συνδρωσιν.

None of the interpreters (says Dr. Heath) have been able to make any thing of προ ἰωνδε; nor need we wonder that they have not, for it is pretty evident that the words προ ἰωνδε are a corrupt reading, and that instead of προ ought to be read προς. Προς ἰωνδε ab his, i. e. from the Furies, of whom mention was made just before. This then will be the construction of the passage: Προς ἰωνδε τοι τῶν Ἑρινυῶν ἔχει με θαρσες τερας ἡμιν πέλαν ἰοις δρωσι καὶ συνδρωσι μηποῖε ἀψευγες. *Ab his Furiis mihi persuasum est prodigium hoc Auditoribus, sociisque Sceleris appropinquare nequaquam innocuum.* From this construction it appears that the word ἡμιν is redundant, which Johnson also has observed.

Ibid. 690—1.

Χώπως μιν ἐν πολλοῖσι παυρα σοι λεγῶ
Οὐκ οἶδα τοιῶδ' ἀνδρὸς ἔργα καὶ κρᾶλη.

The construction of this passage is so obvious, that it is surprising to us to find that no one before Dr. Heath could explain it; that neither Camerarius, Johnson, nor Father Brumoy, could hit upon the right sense of it. Thus, however, it is to be taken: Καὶ οὐκ οἶδα μιν ὅπως σοι λεγῶ παυρὰ ἔργα καὶ κρᾶλη τοιῶδ' ἀνδρὸς ἐν πολλοῖσι. *Atque equidem haud scio quomodo tibi referam pauca talis viri facta egregia et victorias inter multa quibus inclaruit.*

Ibid. 1034.

Ἀνέξομαι κλυούσα χ' ὦλιν ἐν λεγῇ.

H. Stephens has given the right explication of this verse, as follows: *Audiam patienter te tum quoque quum Consilia mea laudabis, et te ea aspernatam esse pœnitebit.* That is, the time will come, when I shall hear you, under the conviction of misfortunes, praise my advice.

Oedipus Tyrannus, v. 17—18.

οἱ δὲ σὺν γέρε βαρύνει,
ἱερμὶς ἔγω μιν ζῆπος· οἱ δὲ τῆδε
Διττοῖ.

Whether or not this passage may be considered by the Critics as *dignus vindice nodus*, yet, as it has long been a subject of controversy, we shall quote our Author's note upon it, and the rather as we look upon his arbitration to come nearest the truth, by taking the medium of the dispute; for we have observed that where the contention of disputants runs high, truth generally lies in the middle, and that, while the one pulls at her right hand, and the other at her left, she is brought over to neither side.

“ De vero hujus loci sensu magna olim *Controverbia* exorta est inter viros celeberrimos, *Boivinum* et *Dacierum*. *Boivinus* veteris *Scholiasæ* Sententiam secutus per verba ista *οἱ δὲ οὐν γερὰ βαπεῖς ἱερεῖς* non nisi unum hominem intelligi vult, ipsum scilicet jovis sacerdotem qui hæc loquitur, et cum ex iis quæ infra dicuntur, v. 142—8. Constet sacerdotem hunc una cum pueris, audito oraculo, discessisse, chorum, qui statim post eorum discessum canticum suum exorditur, ex primariis Thebanorum viris ab *Œdipo* accersitis, et tunc primum in scenam prodeuntibus, constitutum fuisse statuit. *Dacius* contra, non jovis tantum sacerdotem, sed aliorum etiam deorum sacerdotes, qui hunc una cum pueris et juvenibus lætis comitati erant verbis istis designari contendit, atque hos quidem sacerdotes post illius et puerorum discessum in scena mansisse, chorumque constituisse, asserit. Rationes quibus sententiam suam utrinque astruere conati sunt viri eruditi videre poterit Lector in *Histor. Acad. Gallic. Inscript. Vol. II. p. 174, & seq.*—His autem accuratè pensatis mihi quidem videtur *UTRUMQUE VERUM PARTIM VIDISSE, PARTIM MINUS ESSE ASSECUTUM*. Et ad hunc locum quod attinet, numerum pluralem pro singulari positum, adeo ut *οἱ δὲ οὐν γερὰ βαπεῖς ἱερεῖς* non nisi unum sacerdotem denotent, præsertim protinus sequente singulari *εἷς μὲν Ζηνός*, vix mihi persuadere possum, neque constructionem talem Græci Sermonis indolem pati existimo. Trium igitur, mea sententiâ, ætatum hominibus constabat cætus ille supplicum cujus nomine *Œdipum* hîc alloquitur jovis sacerdos, infantibus scilicet vix incedere valentibus, sacerdotibus annis gravibus, et juvenibus è pube thebanâ lætis. At hoc nequaquam obstat quo minus, sacerdotibus omnibus post auditum oraculum una cum pueris et juvenibus egressis, chorus è primariis Thebanorum viris, ab *Œdipo* paullo ante accersitis constituatur. *Vide infra qd v. 151.*” Thus the Doctor has accommodated the dispute, and in our opinion so happily, that we warn all future Critics, when they come to this passage, to let the sword sleep.

Ibid.

Ibid. 325—6.

—Ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἴγω
Εἰδὼς διωλὶς ὅτι γὰρ αἶν' οὐκ ἴκομαι.

Dr. Heath thinks this passage unintelligible; and, of consequence, corrupt. ἔκ' αἶν' ἴκομαι, he says, by no means signifies *non debui venire*, but *non venissem*. That, however, under the Doctor's favour, is pretty much the same in this place. Thus he attempts to restore the passage,

—Ταῦτα γὰρ ἀγνοῶν σ' ἴγω
Διωλὶς, εἰδὼς ὅτι γὰρ αἶν' οὐκ ἴκομαι.

This indeed is making it clearer, but surely it is taking a liberty with an Author which nothing but absolute nonsense in the alternative can justify. Sensible of this, the Doctor proposes also the following reading, which approaches nearer to the common text:

Ταῦτα γὰρ χ' αἴλου σ' ἴγω διωλὶς.

Thus before ταῦτα is to be understood κατὰ, by no unusual ellipsis. All this is very well; but it is our opinion that no liberties of this kind ought to be taken with an Author, except where he is utterly unintelligible. The vanity of Commentators (here we speak not of Dr. Heath) in interweaving their own tinsel with the genuine text of their Authors, has often produced very bad effects, and can never fail to disgust every Reader of taste. What wretched work have they made with filling up the hemistichs of Virgil, &c.?

———— moriemur inultæ?

At moriamur, ait —————

said the Poet. Here, thought the Commentator, is room for a composition of my own, and therefore I'll make up the line thus:

At moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire per umbras.

There now is a full fair line; and, what is my great consolation, my own part of it will live as long as the Poet's. Nor has he been deceived, gentle Reader; for if you will turn to the passage in any edition of Virgil, you will find his *sic, sic* still standing, having escaped the profound researches of La Cerda, the nimble conjectures of Pontanus, and the solid judgment of Ruæus.

But we have wandered into a digression. Your pardon, good Doctor! We attend you again.

Among other valuable Notes on the Antigone of Sophocles, the following deserve attention.

Antig. v. 1289—90—I. Hos versus ita distingui et emendari debere existimo.

Ω δισποδ', ὡς ἔχων γε καὶ πενήτημος
Τὰ μὲν προ χειρῶν ταδὲ φέρων, τὰ δ' ἐν δομοῖς
ἑοικας ἔκειν, καὶ ταδ' ὀψισθαὶ κακὰ.

Constructio est. Ω δισποδ' ὡς ἑοικας ἡμεῖν ἔχων γε καὶ πενήτημος κακὰ, τὰ μὲν ταδὲ κακὰ προ χειρῶν φέρων, τὰ δὲ κακὰ ἐν δομοῖς καὶ ταδὲ ὀψισθαὶ ἑοικας.

Ita autem verte; O heré, ut infortunia habens et nactus venire videris, hæc quidem quæ præ manibus sunt gestans, ista vero, quæ in ædibus te expectant, et ista mox visurus.

Ibid. 1311. Του πρὶν θανάτου Μεγαρέως κλεινὸν λεχρὸς.] *Λεχρὸς* idem hîc quod *ταφον* sive *θανάτον* significare mihi persuasum est. Ad Creontis enim filii alterius, Megarej scilicet, sive prout ab Euripide appellatur, Menœcei, mortem qui seipsum pro patria devovens manu sua supra Draconis specum confoderat, alludit Poeta. Vide *Euripidis Phœnissas*, v. 930—1035. *verte* igitur *inclytum Cubile*; intelligitur enim Draconis specus, in quem post vulnus lethale inflictum præceps se dederat Megareus.

Ibid. 1345. Πὰντα γὰρ λεχρία.] Hunc versum qui ab Editione *Henrico-Stephanianâ* abest, quanquam eam agnoscit *Scholias*, ideo à *Triclinio* ejectum fuisse puto quia nullum habet strophe præcedens qui ei respondeat; quod factum certe non oportuit. Æque enim, ac forsan magis, probabiliter fieri potuit, ut in Strophe exciderit versus, quam ut in Antistrophe interpolatus sit. *Λεχρία præpostera, perversa, distorta.* Pone autem comma post *λεχρία*.

In the above Note we have an instance of the insufferable liberty that has been frequently taken with the text, from the ridiculous scrupulosity of measure, &c.

Oedipus Colôn. v. 130—I.

Εὐφραίνετο μοῖα φρεσὶν ἰδὼς
Ταῖς ————— τοῖς

The sense of this passage (says Dr. Heath) is, *that they should open their mouths with such caution, that nothing inauspicious should proceed from them.* But this, we apprehend, cannot be the right meaning; for the words ἀφρωνες, ἀλογες, which immediately precede these lines, plainly signify that they passed by that unconquered Virgin, whom they trembled even to name,

name, without opening their mouths at all. This, in our opinion, is the right construction and sense of the passage: *ἰέντες το γομαίας εὐφημῶ φρονίδος, uttering the language of expressive fearfulness.*

Ibid. v. 903, in Burton's Edition, 850. *Ἐπισχεῖς αὖτις ξεῖνε.* These words our Author attributes to Œdipus, and not to the Chorus. *Ξεῖνον autem appellari, tam eum qui Hospitio aliquem excipit, quam qui Hospitio exceptus est, patet ex v. 1181, hujus fabulæ.*

Trachiniæ, 623—4.

Καὶ ἴσῃδ' ἀποισεῖς σηµὰ ἰωνδε ἑυµαδὲς
Σφραγίδος ἔρκει τῷδ' ἰπ' ὀµµα θεσείαι.

This passage is so perplexed and intricate, that Johnson has not hesitated to pronounce it corrupt. The emendations, however, that he offers, are inconsistent with the genius of the Attic Poetry; for the hiatus and the elision of diphthongs, is what the Tragic Writers studiously avoid: but this has escaped Johnson. Dr. Heath is of opinion that, without any alteration, the construction may be made out from the following order: *Καὶ ἀποισεῖς σηµὰ ἴωνδε ἑυµαδὲς, ἐφ' ὃ ἔχεινος ὀµµα θεσείαι, δηλονδὲ ἐφ' ἔρκει τῷδ' σφραγίδος;* or, if any alteration should be made, he would read *σφραγίδος ἔρκος τῷδ',* or *ἔρκη τῷδ', Clausura hujus Sigilli.*

In our opinion *ἔρκη τῷδ'* is a good emendation, if indeed the passage will bear to be transposed into the order in which the Doctor has placed it; but of that we are in doubt.

Among many other Annotations on *Philocletes*, we would recommend the following:

Philoc. v. 1137—1140.

Οὐ πλανῶ ἀπ' ἱµῶν ὀπλῶν
Κραταίαις μέλα χερσίν
Ἰσχωτ' ἄλλα μοι ἀσκόπα
Κερπία τ' ἱππὴ δολερῶς ὑπὲρ θυφρονος.

Particula *ἄλλα* oppositionem aliquam inter eaque connectit, aut saltem ea se mutuo quodammodo respicere indicat. Ejusmodi tamen nihil reperies prout locus hic nunc legitur. Deinde, qualis est ista constructio, *ισχεῖν πλανῶν ἀπ' ὀπλῶν μέλα χερσίν*, ut significetur, *volucres sagittæ trajectos manibus apprehendere?* Quotidum denique otiosum istud Epitheton *κραταίαις*, cum non validarum, sed quarumvis, manuum opus sit *volucres sagittis transfixos, et in terram delapsos, tollere?*

Ego aliud prorsus hic voluisse Poetam existimo, et pro ἀπ' ἐμῶν ὀπλῶν, ἐπ' ἐμῶν ὀπλῶν reponendum, ut sensus sit, *non vi parvum arma mea alata occupans, sed, &c.* ἰσχυὼν ἐφ' ὀπλῶν est ἐπισχυὼν ὀπλῶν, *armis manus injiciens.* Ita Œd. Colon. v. 903. Ἐπισχυες αὐλοῦ ξενε, in eum manus injice, O Hospes. Cum ἰσχυὼν autem subaudiri debet ἐκράλησε μου, vel ὤλεσε με, quod ex altero quidem sententiæ membro repetendum erit. Ut constructio enim integra sit, scribi illic oportuit pro ὑπεδν, ὑποδύλα ἐκράλησε μου, sed Poeta orationem deflexit, et ea quæ posteriori sententiæ membro necessaria erant posuisse contentus, quæ ad prius membrum accommodari debebant, subaudienda reliquit. Ponenda autem est commatis nota post ολουμαι in v. 1134. Periodi nota post προσφερων ad finem v. 1136, et commatis denique, non Coli nota post ἰσχυων in v. 1139.

Ibid. 1199, &c.

Πάλιν πάλιν παλαιὸν
 Ἀλγὴν ὑπ' ἡμῶν μέ
 Ὡς ἔστι τῶν πρὶν ἵσταν.

Thus we construe the above verses, agreeably to Dr. Heath.

Iterum, iterum veterem injuriam in memoriam revocasti, O optime, ab iis mihi factum qui huc olim appulerunt. That is, by the Greeks, and particularly Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Ulysses. But, in v. 1200, the word με should be omitted, which is not in the edition of Aldus.

We have now arrived with our Commentator at the end of his annotations on Sophocles; and we own that, without either weariness or disgust, we are ready to travel with him through the far more extensive field of Euripides.

This amiable Poet employed his Muse in the noblest province of virtue, to correct the manners and humanize the temper of his fellow citizens. This great work he attempted in conjunction with the divine Socrates; and Poetry and Philosophy united their powers in accomplishing their original purpose, the establishment of TRUTH and HARMONY in the Society of Mankind. Euripides possessed not the fire and force of Æschylus, nor the glowing fancy of Sophocles; but he knew better than either of them how to address himself to the heart. He was content to draw his images and sentiments from the simplicity of nature, and thus to present them to the conceptions of his audience. Hence he became the favourite Poet of the people; who, while they
 admired

admired the towering genius of Sophocles, gave up all their affections to the more tender, more natural Euripides.

In *Hecuba*, *Orestes*, and *Phœnissæ*, Dr. Heath has made use of King's Edition. On the first of these Plays we find no very important or remarkable Annotations in our Author. We cannot agree with him that Διαδοκος, κακων κακης, v. 586, should be read Διαδοκον κακον κακοις; nor do we think the verse, as it stands at present, is either unintelligible or difficult. We must also take the liberty to differ from him in the interpretation of the following lines:

Hecub. v. 1056—7—8.

Πα βω; πα γω; πα κιδω;
Τετρα ποδος βασιν θηρο; ιμετερον
Τιθεμενος επι χειρα, καλ' ιχος.

Barnes and King, by rendering τιθεμενος βασιν επι χειρα *figens gressum super manus*, or *super manum*, have indeed made strange confusion; but our Commentator, by correcting them, has totally perverted the sense of the passage. Nothing more is necessary than to place επι before βασιν in the construction, and not before χειρα; i. e. τιθεμενος χειρα επι βασιν.

Orestes, v. 128—9.

Ειδε; παρ' ακρας ως απιδρουν τριχας,
Σαξουσα καλλος; εστι η παλαι γυνη.

Upon this passage we have a curious instance of the *strenua Inertia*, the laborious and insignificant trifling of Commentators. Nothing can be more plain or clear than the passage itself. Helena sends her daughter Hermione to sacrifice to manes of Clytemnestra; her own hair is to make a part of the offering, for which purpose she cuts off as much as is thought sufficient, upon which Electra makes an observation truly female: "See, says she, how carefully she cuts off the very ends of her hair; this is all to save her beauty; she's the same woman still." Such is the literal rendering of the verses above quoted; and could you, Reader, have imagined that they should have given birth to many grave disquisitions and remarks? Our Author's Note on this passage is as follows:

"Victorius, in his Epistle to John Casam, which is extant among his Epistles, B. III. p. 59, insists that by ακρας τριχας is not meant the extreme parts of the hair, but that part which joins to the head; and by the words εστι η παλαι γυνη, is signified that so great was the beauty of Helen, that
even

even when this was done, when her hair was cut up by the very roots, a thing which of all others should have spoiled her beauty, it had not suffered in the least. The same Writer, in his various readings, B. XXXII. c. 6. attempts to support and confirm this interpretation by new and specious arguments; though, to own the truth, I am far from being persuaded that his opinion is right. For this interpretation, which explains the words εἰν ἡ παλαι γυνή of the body and not of the mind, seems inconsistent with those philosophical observations on the force of nature, which Electra had been making in the verses immediately preceding. As to the rest, I prefer the reading which the Scholiast has given us in Æschyl. Agam. v. 545. that is ἰδέε, not ἰδέει; and instead of παρ', which preposition is here unnecessary, I am of Duport's opinion that we should read γαρ."

Now, good Reader, what do you think? Do you apprehend that this absurd and ridiculous cavilling of Victorius, about a passage which is as clear as the day, should or should not have been brought before us? O Doctor! happy had it been for us had you remembered that excellent axiom of Hesiod, πλεον ἡμῖσι παῖς, and happy would it be for your future Readers, would you yet attend to it, and reduce your book to one fourth of its present size! It is really not without reason we recommend this to you, for, consider the thing in a moral light, how many precious moments may be saved by that means, in the life of man who is born to die!

We have certainly in this case a right to complain, for the swelling and spinning out of useless Comments is an iniquity to be punished by the judges. One single Note of Dr. Heath on a passage in the Phænissæ, v. 218—222—were we to transcribe it, would fill five pages of our Review.

With respect to the speech of Medea, in the beginning of the second Act, the opening of which our Author declares to be *Interpretationis difficillimæ, et variis variorum Criticorum, Politiani, Victorii, Mureti, Manutii, Columnæ, Disputationibus vexatissimus*,—that it has been vexed and puzzled by Critics and Commentators, we can readily believe; but should never have suspected that there was any difficulty in it, had not Dr. Heath told us so. From this we take occasion to advise every Reader sufficiently to examine the sense and connection of the text, before he consults any Scholiast, as he may otherwise be puzzled with difficulties that the text itself would never have suggested to him. If we may be allowed to add one
axiom

axiom more to the wisdom of nations, it shall be this, that
Common Sense is the best Commentator.

Hippol. v. 405—6—7.

Τὸ δ' ἔργον ἔδωκεν, τὴν νόσον τὴν δυσκλῆαν,
Εὐνὴν τε πρὸς τοῖς δ' ἡμῶν, ἐγγιγνέσκον καλῶς,
Μίσσημα πασίν——

Neither Barnes, Markland, Musgrave, nor even our Doctor, have hit upon the right construction of this passage. It was reserved for the Authors of the Monthly Review to develop that meaning which has lain hid through revolving ages, and to bear away the palm of profound criticism. Here, gentle Reader, is the interpretation; and, with a decent complacency, we congratulate thee thereupon. “I knew (says Phædra) that my passion for Hippolytus was an infamous thing; and, particularly, as I was a wife, I was well convinced that it would be detestable to all.” Barnes, like all his brother Scholiasts, has dreamed over this passage; Markland has blundered, Dr. Heath has been in the dark, but Musgrave has been pleasant: for he has made out from it, by what means we do not know——that *women are creatures universally hated!* Upon which our Doctor has made the following grave remark——“That women are creatures universally hated (says he) which is *Musgrave's* opinion, I cannot suppose that even Euripides himself would have had the hardiness to assert, though he has sometimes spoken disrespectfully of the Ladies, by which means he has got the surname of *Misogynes.*”

Nothing can be more just and pertinent than our Author's observation in this place. It is impossible that Euripides could have so little politeness as to make any such assertion, which has no foundation in truth or nature. *M n dieu! quelle Idée sauvage!* Surely this Dr. Musgrave must have been some antiquated Fellow of a College, in whom every gentle sensation had been long worn out by academic rust!

Abid. 1268—9.

Εὐ τὰς θῆρας ἀκαμπτὸς φρονεῖ
καὶ βέλων ἀγνῆς.——

We cannot but observe with some surprize that the learned Father Brumoy, whose Dissertations on the Greek Theatre have been read and received with universal approbation, has been very unsuccessful in his Interpretation of Euripides. Beside a hundred more passages that have occurred to us, his
Inter-

Interpretation of the above verses is false and absurd. ἀγεις ἀκαμπτον, he renders *reddis immisericordem*; whereas nothing can be more clear than that it should be *ducis inflexibilem*, as it is in Barnes, and as Dr. Heath understands it.

Alceſtis. v. 202.

Παριμνη δι, χειρος ἀθλιον βαρος.

Dr. Heath has rightly observed that this verse has not been understood by any of the Interpreters. Barnes has rendered it *Jam enim soluta sunt misera Vires manuum*. Our Commentator seems to have hit upon the right construction;—thus he translates it, *Corpore autem resoluta, miserum scilicet onus manus Admeti*. Thus the construction is easier, there being no ellipsis, as χειρος ἀθλιον βαρος is subjoined by apposition to παριμνη, and the sense is more natural and obvious.

We have frequently had occasion to mention the peculiar tenderness and pathetic powers of Euripides; we shall therefore lay before our Readers a proof of it in the following passage, quoted from that affecting scene in *Alceſtis*, where, when dying to save her husband, Admetus, according to the decree of the Fates, she is supported by him in her last agonies; and, while the unhappy husband is conjuring her to live, takes leave of her children.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ.

Μεθίη, μεθίη μ' ἦδη.
Κλῆσις μ' εὖ σθην
Ποσι, πλοιοι ἀδας.
Σκόβα δ' ἐπ' ὀσσοισι νύξ ἰφάρκῃ.
Τίκα, τίκα οὐκ ἔτι δῃ,
Οὐκ ἔτι δῃ μάτηρ σφῶν ἔστιν.
Χαιροίσις, ὦ τίκα τοδὶ φάος ὀφῶτον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ.

ὦ μαι' τοδ' ἵπος λυτρον ἀκύνω,
Και παῖλος ἔμαι θανάτῳ μῶζον.
Μὴ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν ἔλθῃς με προδύναι,
Ἄμ' ἀνατέλμα.
Σὺ γὰρ φθιμνῆς, καὶ ἐγὼ εἰς ἡν.
Ἐν σοὶ δῖσμον καὶ ζῆν, καὶ μα.

Alceſtis.

Withdraw, withdraw thy dear supporting arm,
And lay me down in death: my feeble limbs
Refuse their office: life is on the wing,
And night, dark night swims o'er my clouded eye:

My

My Children—oh! my Children—now farewell!
Farewell, dear objects of a Mother's love,
That ye must know no more! O may that life
She now forsakes, have happiness for you!

Admetus.

Ah! stay—recall those cruel words—let death,
Ten thousand deaths ce'rtake me! live, my Queen!
By Heaven, thou shalt not die—thou wilt not, sure,
Destroy Admetus!—I conjure thee, live!
Perish the wretched day that I survive thee!
'Tis thine alone to give me life or death.

Would our limits allow us, we could with pleasure make many more extracts both of the beauties of Euripides, and the most useful parts of Dr. Heath's Commentary; but our attention to a variety of articles obliges us to bring each within a moderate compass. We have therefore only to add, for the information of our Readers, that of our Author's Annotations on Euripides, as well as those on Æschylus and Sophocles, there are many that illustrate and some few which meliorate the text; many also there are that serve neither of these purposes. We have also observed a few mistaken Criticisms; but scarce any of them will mislead a Reader of taste, who, instead of placing verbal erudition on the seat of judgment, refers the decision to nature and common sense.

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Elements of Criticism. By Henry Home, Lord Kaims. 8vo.
3 Vols. 15s bound. Millar.

WITHIN the circle of human science there is no subject so comprehensive and interesting as that of Criticism, and yet none perhaps has been treated with so little extent and precision. It was reserved for the learned and acute Author of the volumes before us, to trace it to its genuine principles, and to establish the laws of nature on the ruins of authority.

Former Writers have considered Criticism merely as an art, and have prescribed slavish rules for the regulation of taste, as if a Critic were to be formed by directions purely mechanical. But Criticism, taken in its enlarged signification*, is improperly termed an art; for the principles of Criticism, which constitute a part of our sensitive nature, are not to be

* Criticism signifies no more than the faculty of judging in general, as is expressed by the verb *κρίνω*, from whence it is derived.

acquired by rule, though they may be improved by habit. We may, it is true, judge of *Language* from the instructions of Grammarians, but no precepts whatever can enable us to judge of *Sentiment*. Philosophy indeed can, in many instances, explain the causes of our feelings, but no human skill can teach us to feel.

The effects produced by sentiment proceed principally from the original frame of the mind, whereby men are made susceptible of various impressions in very different degrees. What will scarcely raise the slightest emotion in one man, will, in another, excite the most lively sensations. But these several effects do not depend altogether on the difference of original disposition, but arise, in a great measure, from the present tone of the organs, which occasions one and the same man at different times, to be very differently affected by the same sentiment. When, by any adverse accident, the mind is depressed below its ordinary tone, it is readily disposed to dissolve at the slightest sentiment of distress; so on the contrary: for the force of sympathy is never moved, in a just degree, but when the sentiment accords with the present tone of the mind. And this is a circumstance which every candid Critic should, before he presumes to judge, weigh with the nicest attention.

The causes, however, which vary the effects of sentiment, are almost infinite. It would not be difficult, perhaps, to explain why their influence is fainter or stronger, in proportion to the different periods of life, and to unfold many other principles which operate imperceptibly to a common eye. But such nice and subtle disquisitions would lead us beyond the limits of our present design; and we have only premised these leading observations, in order to distinguish where Criticism may be directed by rules of art, and where it is governed by principles independent of, and antecedent to, all given rules. Where sentiment is not concerned, we may indeed, as has been intimated, be taught to judge by fixed and invariable rules; but the judgment which we pass on any sentiment, corresponds with the impression which we receive from the subject affecting us: and though men accustomed to abstract reflection may be able to trace the original cause of these impressions, yet the principle, when discovered, will not constitute any uniform standard, so as to enable us hereafter to form the like judgment, on the same, or a similar sentiment. For when the mind is affected or disgusted, the affection or aversion takes place, as it were, by impulse, and gives

gives no time for the formal application of given principles to influence the judgment.

We have been the more earnest in establishing this difference, since, for want of accurate and constant attention to this distinction, even our Author has not always expressed himself with that precision which so nice a subject requires.

But not to anticipate our animadversions, we proceed to exhibit, as far as our limits will allow us, the general scope of this ingenious work; which our Author introduces with some curious observations concerning the impressions we receive from the senses.

“ The five Senses. (says his Lordship) agree in the following particular, that nothing external is perceived, till it first makes an impression upon the organ of sense; the impression, for example, made upon the hand by a stone, upon the palate by sugar, and upon the nostrils by a rose. But there is a difference as to our consciousness of that impression. In touching, tasting, and smelling, we are conscious of the impression; not so in seeing and hearing. When I behold a tree, I am not sensible of the impression made upon my eye, nor of the impression made upon my ear when I listen to a song. This difference in the manner of perception, distinguishes remarkably hearing and seeing from the other senses; and distinguishes still more remarkably the feelings of the former from those of the latter. A feeling pleasant or painful cannot exist but in the mind; and yet because in tasting, touching, and smelling, we are conscious of the impression made upon the organ, we naturally place there also the pleasant or painful feeling caused by that impression. And because such feelings seem to be placed externally at the organ of sense, we, for that reason, conceive them to be merely corporeal. We have different apprehensions of the pleasant and painful feelings derived from seeing and hearing. Being insensible here of the organic impression, we are not misled to assign a wrong place to these feelings; and therefore we naturally place them in the mind, where they really exist. Upon that account they are conceived to be more refined and spiritual, than what are derived from tasting, touching, and smelling.

“ The pleasure of the eye and ear being thus elevated above those of the other external senses, acquire so much dignity as to make them a laudable entertainment. They are not, however, set upon a level with those that are purely intellectual, being

being not less inferior in dignity to intellectual pleasures, than superior to the organic or corporeal."

His Lordship in the next place traces the progress of our pleasures, among which the organic take the lead. The pleasures of the eye and ear succeed, and prepare us for enjoying internal objects, where there cannot be an organic impression. He then proceeds to recommend the cultivating those pleasures of the eye and ear especially, which require extraordinary culture, such as are inspired by poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture.—The principles of the fine arts, he observes, are evolved by studying the sensitive part of human nature, and by learning what objects are naturally agreeable, and what are naturally disagreeable. The man, he adds, who aspires to be a Critic in these arts, must pierce still deeper. He must clearly perceive what objects are lofty, what low, what are proper or improper, what are manly, and what are mean or trivial. Hence a foundation for judging of taste, and for reasoning upon it. Where it is conformable to principles, we can pronounce with certainty that it is correct; otherwise that it is incorrect, and perhaps whimsical. Thus the fine arts, like morals, become a rational science; and, like morals, may be cultivated to a high degree of refinement.

The advantages of Criticism, when thus studied as a rational science, are next displayed. Beside the entertainment it affords, it tends, as our Author observes, to improve the heart not less than the understanding, by moderating the selfish affections. A just taste in the fine arts, by sweetening and harmonizing the temper, is a strong antidote to the turbulence of passion and violence of pursuit. Elegance of taste procures a man so much enjoyment at home, or easily within reach, that in order to be occupied, he is, in youth, under no temptation to precipitate into hunting, gaming, drinking; nor, in middle age, to deliver himself over to ambition; nor, in old age, to avarice.

"In the next place, delicacy of taste tends not less to invigorate the social affections, than to moderate those that are selfish. To be convinced of this tendency, we need only reflect that delicacy of taste necessarily heightens our sensibility of pain and pleasure, and of course our sympathy, which is the capital branch of every social passion."

Lastly, his Lordship observes, that Criticism is a great support to morality. "No occupation attaches a man more
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to his duty, than that of cultivating a taste in the fine arts: A just taste of what is beautiful, proper, elegant, and ornamental, in writing or painting, in architecture or gardening, is a fine preparation for discerning what is beautiful, just, elegant, or magnanimous, in character and behaviour. To the man who has acquired a taste so acute and accomplished, every action, wrong or improper, must be highly disgusting. If, in any instance, the over-bearing power of passion sway him from his duty, he returns to it upon the first reflection, with redoubled resolution never to be swayed a second time. He has now an additional motive to virtue, a conviction derived from experience, that happiness depends on regularity and order, and that a disregard to justice or propriety never fails to be punished with shame and remorse."

The learned Writer proceeds to remark, that though in philosophy men assert their native privilege of thinking for themselves, and disdain to be ranked in any sect, whatever be the science; yet Criticism continues to be not less slavish in its principles, nor less submissive to authority, than it was originally. "Bossu, a celebrated French Critic, gives many rules; but can discover no better foundation for any of them, than the practice merely of Homer and Virgil, supported by the authority of Aristotle. Strange, (says he) that in so long a work, the concordance or discordance of these rules with human nature, should never once have entered his thoughts."

This censure is extremely just; for certainly nothing can be more servile and absurd than to make an imitation, however excellent, the standard of taste, instead of resorting to the divine original. And though these immortal bards should be allowed to have been the best imitators of nature, yet even *they* have been guilty of frequent deviations from her unerring laws.

In the conclusion of this ingenious Introduction, the Author declares, that "It is not his intention to give a regular treatise upon each of the fine arts in particular, but only, in general, to apply to them some remarks and observations drawn from human nature, the true source of Criticism.—And he assumes no merit from his performance, but that of evincing, perhaps more distinctly than hitherto has been done, that the genuine rules of Criticism are all of them derived from the human heart.

Here, in our opinion, his Lordship has expressed himself too generally. It is, perhaps, too much to say, that "the ge-

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nuine rules of Criticism are *all of them* derived from the human heart." And upon this occasion we must apply the distinction which we have endeavoured to establish in our opening. In those branches of Criticism, in which we judge from given rules, the rules are not derived from the heart. The rule, for instance, by which we judge of the proportion of a figure in painting or sculpture, or by which we judge of metre in poetry, is purely mechanical; and is not to be traced from that noble source. But, with regard to the effects produced on the mind, by the happy expression of *character* in a fine picture or statue, or of *sentiment* in a fine Poem, these indeed have their source in the human heart. The principles however on which they depend do not govern our judgment, which, as has been observed, is wholly influenced by the force of the previous impressions we receive; and we do not take principles into consideration till the mind returns to its former state, and is at leisure to examine into the cause of the impression, which altered its tone. Therefore, though we may discover from what principles sensitive effects in general proceed, yet the discovery will not enable us to produce those effects, or, in other words, will not teach us to feel: and we might as well attempt, with our naked force, to make an impression on the hard and rugged coat of a rhinoceros, as to teach a man of rigid nerves to thrill with delicate sensations. It would be as easy likewise to keep the surface of the ocean in a state of perpetual calm, as to preserve the human mind in one constant tone, so as always to be susceptible of the same impressions.

The sources of these impressions, however, are accurately traced in this ingenious work, in which his Lordship proceeds in the analytic method, beginning with an enquiry by what law a train of thought is regulated. He observes that this train does not depend upon will nor upon chance, but is of opinion that it is directed by the relations which link things together: and he appeals to experience to prove that objects are connected in the mind precisely as they externally exist. He then enumerates the relations which form these connections, such as cause and effect; contiguity in time and place; resemblance and contrast; precedence and subsequence. And in this enumeration the Reader will perceive that his Lordship follows Mr. Lock.

The will (Lord Kaims observes) hath a considerable influence in directing the order of connected ideas, though we have not the absolute command of ideas. We may vary the
order

order of a natural train, but not so as to dissolve it altogether, by pursuing our thoughts in an unconnected manner; and he very justly remarks, that the slightest connection will introduce a subject, which accords with the present tone of mind. In some minds (he continues) thoughts and circumstances crowd upon each other by the slightest connection; which he ascribes to a defect in the faculty of discernment. Such a person must necessarily have a great command of ideas, because the slighter relations being without number, must furnish ideas without end. On the other hand, a man of accurate judgment cannot have a great flow of ideas. The slighter relations, making no figure in his mind, have no power to introduce ideas. Upon this principle his Lordship very ingeniously accounts for the difference between wit and judgment; and hence it is, he concludes, that accurate judgment is not friendly to declamation, or copious eloquence.

The sense of order and arrangement is assigned as another cause which regulates the train of thought. When due attention is paid to these, we have a sense of just composition. In these, his Lordship observes, Homer is defective; and Pindar more remarkably so. He likewise censures Horace for being eminently defective in these respects; and among many instances of such defects to which he refers, he takes notice of the first Satire of the first Book, which commences with an important question, "How it happens that persons, *who are so much satisfied with themselves*, are generally so little with their condition?" After illustrating the observation (says his Lordship) by several examples, the Author, forgetting his subject, enters upon a declamation against avarice, which he pursues to the line 108. Here he makes an apology for wandering, and promises to return to his subject; but that of avarice having got possession of his mind, he pursues that theme to the end, and never returns to the question proposed in the beginning.

Now we cannot forbear thinking his censure too severe, and perhaps not altogether just. First, his Lordship appears to have mistaken the question, which is simply, "How it happens that persons are so little satisfied with their own condition, and extoll that of others*?" And the idea of opposition, which his Lordship has introduced of their being so

* Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes.

much satisfied with themselves, makes no part of the question put by the Poet. As to the declamation against avarice, admitting it to be too long continued, yet it is not introduced by forgetting the subject; on the contrary, it seems to rise from it naturally: for the Poet makes the dissatisfied persons, viz. the Soldier and the Merchant, &c. alledge that they endure the toil they undergo, with a view of a comfortable retreat in their old age, after the example of the ant, who amasses her store in summer, and never stirs from home during the winter. But, answers the Poet, the illustration is inapplicable; for neither the scorching heat of summer, nor piercing cold of winter; neither the terror of the sea, or of the sword, prove any obstacle to *your* pursuits, while you see another man richer than yourself. This answer, without any violation of order and connection, gives rise to his declamation against avarice; and in the 108th line he promises to return to the question, which he immediately does in the following words:

—————Nemon' ut Avarus

Se probet; ac potius landet diversa sequentes?

And in ten lines more the satire concludes.

In the second Chapter his Lordship enters upon the most interesting part of his subject, and very minutely enquires into the nice distinctions between emotions and passions. His Lordship's examination is deep and acute; but we cannot say it gives us all the satisfaction we could wish. "An internal motion or agitation of the mind, (he observes) when it passeth away without raising desire, is denominated an *emotion*; when desire is raised, the motion or agitation is denominated a *passion*. A fine face, for example, raiseth in me a pleasant feeling; if this feeling vanish without producing any effect, it is, in proper language, an emotion: but if such feeling, by reiterated views of the object, become sufficiently strong to raise desire, it is no longer termed an emotion, but a passion. The same (he concludes) holds in all the other passions." His Lordship, however, apprizes the Reader, that by *desire*, in this place, he means that internal impulse which makes us proceed to action. Desire, in a lax sense, (he observes) is more properly termed a wish.

But this refined theory will not, we apprehend, solve the difficulty. No man will hesitate to pronounce love a passion; and yet, should this theory prevail, the strong desire which agitates many, among the Fair Sex in particular, cannot be denominated a passion: because it is not such a desire, or
internal

internal impulse, as proceeds to action. How often virgin modesty, in a fatal conflict between delicacy and sensibility,

Has let Concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.——

In truth, the distinction between emotion and passion does not seem to depend on the one being accompanied with desire, and the other not; for we cannot conceive even the slightest emotion without desire. When we behold a fine face, for example, desire is co-existent with the motion it excites; nay, we are bold to affirm, that the motion itself is nothing but desire, which is either fainter or stronger according to the warmth of constitution, and other circumstances in the beholder. Therefore we should conceive, that emotion and passion differ only in degree; where, for instance, the desire is transient, and expires immediately upon, or soon after, the removal of the object which excited it, there it may be properly termed an emotion only. Where, on the contrary, it acquires such strength by reiterated views, as to accompany us even in the absence of the object which made the impression, and to grow into a kind of *ideal* intercourse, there it may be justly denominated a passion.

It is with entire satisfaction, however, that we accede to many of his Lordship's propositions on the subject of this Chapter. We agree with him that, for example, though the difficulty of attainment with respect to things within reach, often inflame desire; yet where the prospect is faint, and the event extremely uncertain, the object, however agreeable, seldom raiseth any strong desire. But we are not satisfied with the following illustration: "Thus beauty, (says he) or other good qualities in a woman of rank, seldom raises love in any man greatly her inferior." Now here we apprehend that the difference of rank alone is not the cause which secures the inferior against the effects of this tender passion: it will prevent them no otherwise, than as it sets him at such a distance from the object, as to deprive him of the means of reiterated intercourse to strengthen the first impression; or as the disadvantages of education, or natural imperfection on his side, render the polish of their minds so unequal, as to prevent his being affected with that sympathy, which is the concomitant, if not the cause, of this passion. This solution seems the more just, since frequent experience evinces, that where persons of unequal rank have had opportunities of frequent intercourse, and where, either from education or

nature, there has been such an accord of mind as to excite sympathy, there the inferiority of station has been no security against the violence of love; nor, in such case, will the difficulty of attainment deter a man, under the influence of strong desire, from such actions as will sufficiently indicate his passion, and sometimes crown his wishes with success.

In the ensuing Section, explaining the emotions of joy and sorrow, his Lordship offers nothing new. That they are to be accounted for from the sensibility of our nature, and that they are heightened by contrast, are principles extremely obvious. But in tracing the cause of the sympathetic emotions of virtue, he unfolds a curious theory, which, with some exceptions, is as just as it is acute. He is at a loss, however, to determine, whether the feeling produced in the spectator by a signal act of virtue exercised by another, should be called an emotion, or a passion. "The former (says he) it can scarce be, because it involves desire; and the latter it can scarce be, because it has no object*." The Reader will readily perceive that his Lordship is led into this difficulty by his (in our apprehension) erroneous distinction between emotion and passion; and this mistake involves him in frequent ambiguity and perplexity. The following reflections, however, display his Lordship's intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and yield strong testimony of the benevolence of his own. "Let any man (says he) attentively consider his own heart, when he thinks warmly of any signal act of gratitude, and he will be conscious of a vague feeling of gratitude, as distinct from the esteem or admiration he has for the grateful person. The feeling is singular in the following respect, that it involves a desire to perform acts of gratitude, without having any particular object; though in this state the mind, wonderfully disposed toward an object, neglects no object upon which it can vent itself. Any act of kindness or good will, that would not be regarded upon another occasion, is greedily seized; and the vague feeling is converted into a real passion of gratitude."

His Lordship next explains how one emotion or passion is productive of another. An agreeable object (he observes) makes every thing connected with it appear agreeable. Affection sometimes rises so high, as to convert defects into pro-

* Our Author should have said here, as he expresses himself afterwards, "No particular object;" and this, in part, would have solved the difficulty.

prieties. The same communication of passion obtains in the relation of principal and accessory.

In the ensuing Section his Lordship traces the causes of fear and anger, and observes, that by operating instinctively, they frequently afford security when the slower operations of deliberative reason would be too late. They who have the advantage of being acquainted with the learned Writer's former works, will perceive that, on the subject of instinctive anger, he has repeated the sentiments contained in his excellent Treatise on the Criminal Law, prefixed to his Historical Law Tracts.

The ingenious Philosopher, in the next Section, unfolds by what means the emotions caused by fiction have such influence over the mind. "A thing (he observes) may be recalled to the mind with different degrees of accuracy. We commonly are satisfied with a slight recollection of the chief circumstances; and, in such recollection, the thing is not figured as present, nor any image formed. I retain the consciousness of my present situation, and barely remember that formerly I was a spectator; but with respect to an interesting object or event, which made a strong impression, the mind sometimes, not satisfied with a cursory review, chuses to revolve every circumstance. In this case I conceive myself to be a spectator as I was originally, and I perceive every particular passing in my presence, in the same manner as when I was in reality a spectator." From the consideration of this *ideal* presence arising from an act of memory, his Lordship proceeds to consider the idea of a thing raised by speech, by writing, or by painting; which, he observes, is of the same nature with an idea of memory. "An important event, by a lively and accurate description, rouses my attention, and insensibly transforms me into a spectator. I perceive ideally every incident as passing in my presence." Hence he takes occasion to observe that if, in reading, ideal presence be the means by which our passions are moved, it makes no difference whether the subject be a fable or a reality. In support of this theory, he contends, that genuine history commands our passions by means of ideal presence only; and therefore, that with respect to this effect, genuine history stands upon the same footing with fable. Our sympathy must vanish so soon as we begin to reflect on the incidents in either. The effect of history, in point of instruction, depends in some measure on its variety. But history cannot reach the heart while we indulge any reflection upon the facts. Such reflection, if it

engage our belief, never fails at the same time to poison our pleasure, by convincing us that our sympathy for those who are dead and gone, is absurd.

His Lordship expatiates on the many admirable effects of ideal presence, and from this principle he deduces many accurate rules of Criticism. He observes, that in an historical poem no improbable incident ought to be admitted; and from hence he takes occasion to censure the use of machinery in an epic poem: the argument, as he remarks, concluding still more strongly against imaginary beings, than against improbable facts. Fictions of this nature may amuse by their novelty and singularity, but they can never move the sympathetic passions, because they cannot impose on the mind any perception of reality.

The learned Writer, in the next place, very properly distinguishes pleasant and painful emotions, from agreeable and disagreeable. "When a passion is termed *pleasant* or *painful*, we refer to the actual feeling; when termed *agreeable* or *disagreeable*, it is considered as an object of thought or reflection. A passion is pleasant or painful to the person in whom it exists; it is agreeable or disagreeable to the person who makes it the subject of contemplation. The different modifications of these qualities are next examined, and his Lordship observes, that from acuteness of sense arises what is termed *delicacy of taste*.

The interrupted existence of emotions and passions, with their growth and decay, form the subject of Part III. It is observed, that emotions require the constant exertion of an operating cause, and cease when the cause is withdrawn. An emotion may subsist while its cause is present, and when its cause is removed, may subsist by means of an idea, though in a fainter degree; but vanishes the moment another thought occupies the mind. With respect to their growth and decay, some emotions are produced in their utmost perfection, and have a very short endurance: this is the case of surprise, of wonder, and sometimes of terror. Love, hatred, and some other passions, increase gradually to a certain pitch, and thereafter decay gradually."

In the ensuing Part, co-existent emotions and passions are taken into consideration, beginning with the simpler emotions raised by different sounds, and proceeding thence to the more complex, which opens a large field of acute and refined Criticism.

The

The power of passion to adjust our opinions and belief to its gratification, is illustrated in the next Part. On this head his Lordship makes some very nice and just observations, which prove the delicacy of his feelings, and his intimate acquaintance with the human mind. In an Appendix to this part he endeavours to shew, that even in computing time and space, the power of passion adjusts them to its gratification. But on this subject his Lordship's reflections are obscured by refinement; and in many instances are, in our judgment, far from just.

In the next Part, however, which concerns the resemblance emotions bear to their causes, the learned Writer gives entire satisfaction. But we must not forget our limits; therefore we proceed to Part VII. wherein the final causes of the more frequent emotions and passions are admirably displayed.

From this general theory of emotions and passions, his Lordship enters upon an enquiry concerning such attributes, relations, and circumstances, as, in the fine arts, are chiefly employed to raise agreeable emotions, beginning with beauty, of which he distinguishes two kinds. The first he terms *intrinsic* beauty, because it is discovered in a single object, without relation to any other. The second he terms *relative* beauty, because it is founded on the relation of objects; and from this distinction he deduces many pertinent and accurate reflections.

Grandeur and sublimity come next under examination; and here the Author rises with his subject. The emotions, he observes, raised by great and elevated objects, are clearly distinguishable, not only in the internal feeling, but even in their external expressions. A great object dilates the breast, and makes the spectator endeavour to enlarge his bulk. This, he very acutely observes, is remarkable in persons, who, neglecting delicacy in behaviour, give way to nature without reserve. Grandeur and sublimity are next considered in a figurative sense. His Lordship then proceeds to remark, that in order to have a just conception of grandeur and sublimity, it is necessary to be observed, that within certain limits they produce their strongest effects, which lessen by excess as well as by defect. This is remarkable in grandeur and sublimity, taken in their proper sense. The strongest emotion of grandeur is raised by an object that can be taken in at one view. An object so immense as not to be comprehended but in parts, tends rather to distract than satisfy the

the mind. The same is equally remarkable in figurative grandeur and elevation. Sentiments may be so strained as to become obscure, or to exceed the capacity of the human mind. From these principles his Lordship deduces many excellent rules of Criticism, which he illustrates by examples drawn from the best Writers, and shews where some of them have violated those rules, by strained descriptions, which constitute that species of the false sublime, known by the name of bombast.

The next Chapter treats of motion and force. Motion (he observes) is certainly agreeable in all its varieties of quickness and slowness. But that degree of motion which corresponds to the natural course of our perceptions, is most agreeable. Motion and force, agreeable in themselves, are also agreeable by their utility. Hence the superior beauty of some machines, where force and motion concur to perform the work of numerous hands.

Novelty, and the unexpected appearance of objects, constitutes the subject of the sixth Chapter. In enumerating the emotions excited by novelty, his Lordship observes, that novelty, wherever found, is the cause of *wonder*, which he distinguishes from *admiration*; the latter being directed upon the operator who performs any thing wonderful: and both are distinct from *surprise*, which is raised by any thing breaking in unexpectedly, and without the preparation of any connection. This emotion may be occasioned by the most familiar object, such as the accidental meeting a friend, who was reported to be dead; but it will not be produced, if the spectator be prepared for the sight. An elephant in India will not surprise a traveller who goes to see one, and yet its novelty will raise his wonder.

In the seventh Chapter, which treats of visible objects, his Lordship, in a great degree, confirms the propositions which we have endeavoured to establish in our introduction. "It seems difficult, (he acknowledges) if at all practicable, to establish before-hand any general character, by which objects of this kind may be distinguished from others. All men are not equally affected by visible objects; and even the same person is more disposed to laugh at one time than another." Now this observation will hold equally true with respect to other subjects, which affect the sensitive part of our nature. For it is impossible to lay down any general rules before-hand by which we may judge of them, since the judgment formed depends,

depends, in a great measure, on the disposition of the person towards the subject. Therefore, as we have premised, all that human skill can do, is to trace, *a posteriori*, the principles which produced the particular mode of affection or aversion wherewith the mind was affected. But to return.

With respect to objects that cause laughter, the Author distinguishes them into two kinds—*risible* or *ridiculous*.—The first raises an emotion of laughter that is altogether pleasant; the emotion of laughter, raised by the other, is qualified by that of contempt; and the mixed emotion, partly pleasant, partly painful, is termed the *emotion of ridicule*.

Having discussed the qualities and circumstances of single objects, he proceeds to the relations of objects, beginning with the relations of resemblance and contrast. Curiosity (he observes) particularly incites us to consider objects in the way of comparison, in order to discover their differences and resemblances. The gratification of this propensity (he observes) lies in discovering difference where resemblance prevails, and in discovering resemblance where difference prevails. With respect to resemblance, he takes notice, that when it is too entire it hath no effect, however different in kind the things compared may be. But this remark is applied to works of art only; for natural objects, of different kinds, have scarce ever an entire resemblance. With regard to contrast, emotions make the greatest figure when contrasted in succession; but then it ought to be neither precipitate nor immoderately slow. Towards the end of this Chapter he enters upon a very important question, concerning emotions raised by the fine arts, viz. What ought to be the rule of succession; whether resemblance ought to be studied or contrast? He concludes, that the emotions raised by the fine arts are generally too nearly related to make a figure by resemblance, and for that reason their succession ought to be regulated as much as possible by contrast.

In the last Chapter of this Volume his Lordship treats of uniformity and variety. His reflections on these heads are curious. "The uniformity or variety of a train, he observes, so far as composed of external objects, depends on the particular objects that surround the percipient at the time. A natural train of ideas of memory is more circumscribed, each object being linked by some connection to what precedes, and to what follows it; but a train of ideas, suggested by reading, may be varied at will, provided we have books in store. In the

the next place he considers a train of perceptions with respect to pleasure and pain. A man, he observes, is always in a pleasant state of mind, when his perceptions flow in their natural course: on the other hand, the resistance felt in retarding or accelerating the natural course, excites a pain, which, though scarcely felt in small removes, becomes considerable toward the extremes. He recommends the preserving a middle state between uniformity and too great variety, and proceeds to examine how far uniformity or variety ought to be studied in the fine arts? On this enquiry, he concludes, that in works exposed continually to public view, and in every sort of writing intended for amusement, variety is necessary; on which principles he examines and censures the works of some celebrated Authors.

Such is the scope of the first Volume; which, though it has led us beyond our usual limits, will not appear long to those who have a just sense of the nicety and importance of the subject. As to the merit of the work upon the whole, we suspend our opinion till the conclusion of the Article.

R-1

Voyages from Asia to America, for completing the Discoveries of the North-West Coast of America. To which is prefixed, a Summary of the Voyages made by the Russians on the Frozen Sea, in Search of a North-East Passage, Serving as an Explanation of a Map of the Russian Discoveries, published by the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg. Translated from the High Dutch of S. Muller, of the Royal Academy of Petersburg, With the Addition of three new Maps. By Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty. 4to, 6s. sewed. Jefferys.

THE many bold undertakings, the many arduous enterprises, in which curiosity or interest have in all ages engaged mankind, afford amazing instances of the influence of such powerful motives. Nature, however, has sometimes placed obstacles in the way, which not all the powers of industry and ingenuity united, have been able to surmount. This hath hitherto been the case with every attempt, to effect a more speedy Navigation, from Europe to the East Indies, than by the present method of doubling the Cape of Good-Hope.

Various are the schemes, as the Editor observes, that have been projected to facilitate this Voyage, and to save the time and

and trouble of coasting round the continent of Africa. That of cutting a canal from the Levant to the Red Sea, and the other, of doing the same across the narrow neck of land at Darien, are well known, and have been long since exploded. Not that we are of opinion the latter is so impracticable as many will have it. In some future age of the world, perhaps, when America comes to be fully peopled, and the spirit of Improvement shall go forth among its inhabitants, the continents of North and South America may be disjoined, and a friendly communication opened between the West Indies and the South Seas. Nature herself, the best engineer, may probably assist in the work: nay, the earth, yielding by degrees to the sea, may possibly effect it altogether; or, yawning amidst those dreadful convulsions to which it is subject, may afford a bed for the descending waters, while the waves, mixing to form a channel, describe the hostile bounds of two contending and implacable nations.

In the present state of things, however, all *projects* for effecting such a communication may be justly deemed visionary; the more sensible adventurers of later years have therefore directed their aim to the discovery of a North-East or a North-West Passage. The latter has been several times attempted by our own countrymen, though without any great appearance of success. Indeed the discoveries of the Russians make entirely against the possibility of succeeding that way, while they serve very clearly to prove, that the sea is continued all round the northern parts of Asia, eastward to Japan and China. But although this be a nearer way than to go round the Cape of Good Hope, the obstacles which present themselves on account of the ice, will probably render its navigation for ever impracticable. The delay, occasioned by this circumstance, has been so very great, that the Russians have been sometimes two or three years in making the voyage from the mouth of the Lena (a river rising in Siberia, and emptying itself in the Frozen Sea) to Kametschatki; they not being able, during the short summer of those parts, to pass through the ice before the winter sets in again. There is little probability therefore, that other nations, less inured to the rigour of such climates, should succeed where the Russians have failed; or, indeed, that they should ever attempt such a navigation again. So that Mr. Muller might have spared himself the trouble of particularly dissuading them from it, by urging the impediments which he has recited in p. 24, of the second Part.

Some political views may, perhaps, be suspected to have entered into the motives for giving this advice, as the Russians have been very solicitous, in all their Voyages this way, to extend their dominions, by exacting tribute of the inhabitants of the several countries discovered. The French are famous for making wilful geographical mistakes, and other errors of this kind, with a view to deceive other nations, and discourage them from intermeddling or examining into their pretended claims. The Russians, however, we should imagine, need not in this case follow so disingenuous an example; as, whatever use a North-East Passage might be of to other Europeans trading to China, &c. the climate through which they must pass seems too inhospitable ever to occasion any great disputes, relating to sovereignty and right of possession. The publication of these Voyages indeed may serve to gratify the curiosity of the Geographer, but we will venture to say, they will never excite that of the Navigator to undertake so perilous a journey as is here delineated.

The first Part of this work contains an account of the several expeditions, made to discover the eastern extremity of Asia, and to determine whether the Frozen Sea was continued round the northern shores of Europe, along that of Asia, to Japan. The Russians had also another view, which was that of settling the boundaries of their extensive empire, and reduce the scattered nations, that inhabit those vast tracts of land, under some kind of subjection. In the course of these narrations we meet with several extraordinary particulars, relating to the customs and manners of the barbarous inhabitants of these regions, as well as to the natural history of the soil. Some of these particulars indeed have been mentioned in former works, but frequently mixed with so much falshood, as to carry with them rather the air of romance than true history. Thus when the Reader is told, that on the continent opposite the eastern extremity of Asia, there are a people who have tails like dogs, and another nation that have feet like ravens, covered with the same kind of skins; it is enough to make him suspect the veracity of every other part of such relations. Would not one doubt of the truth of what is asserted on the same authority, that there are in these parts a people, who cut holes through their cheeks in order to put large teeth into their mouths, made out of those of the sea-horse? And yet, from the repeated accounts of several travellers, this fact appears to be true. Nature produces many strange things, but none so absurd and preposterous as art.

The truth of the accounts we have had concerning the speedy vegetation of trees and plants in these cold regions, has often been questioned; we are here nevertheless assured of the following particulars. Speaking of Siberia, we are told, that "Though very little corn is sown in this country, yet that which is, whatever grain it be of, thrives apace; but the straw never exceeds six inches in height, for as soon as the corn peeps out of the ground, it immediately shoots into ears, and ripens in six weeks time. The reason of this is, because here the sun is hardly ever below the horizon in summer, but affords its cherishing warmth, both night and day, to the ground. And what is most observable, is, that during that whole time it does not rain; but the earth, though fat and black, yet never thaws above six or nine inches deep: inasmuch that the roots are plentifully supplied with moisture from below, whilst the constant heat of the sun above irradiates what is out of the ground: and this is the cause of so quick a harvest."

The received accounts of the Korjaki are also here related as true, particularly the story of the better sort of them getting drunk with the liquor of stewed mushrooms, while the poor among them catch the urine, made by the rich on those occasions, and get as heartily intoxicated with their favourite spirit thus doubly distilled.

The following story is told us of the extraordinary kind of dogs, which they have at Kamtschatki. "On the east side of the country of Kamtschatki, towards the sea, there lives a people who keep no other sort of beasts but dogs; which, though they are but of a common size, are remarkable, in that they have hair of six inches long. In 1718, a certain Waiwode travelling in a sledge with twelve dogs, towards the city of Beresowa, got himself wrapped up in warm quilts, and girt fast in the sledge, in order to secure him from the severity of the cold, and to prevent his falling out in case the sledge should overturn. The Ostiack, who was his guide, skated along side of him, (according to custom, in case the sledge should over-turn, to raise it up again) and coming on a large plain, where the ground is generally covered man's depth with snow, the dogs, (which the Ostiacks also use for hunting) espying a fox at a distance, immediately flew in pursuit of their game, and run away with the Waiwode with such swiftness, that it was impossible for the guide to keep pace with them, and they soon got out of sight. The guide followed the track, but did
not

not come up to his passenger till the next morning, when he found him in the sledge overturned, still well wrapt up, and tightly girt into it. By good luck the stump of a tree, which stood out above the snow, had stopped the sledge, or else it might probably have cost the Waiwode his life. These dogs are able to draw great burthens, for in the year 1718 Governor Knees Mischewski ordered a whole pipe of brandy to be brought from the convent of Ketkoe to the city of Berefowa, which was done by sixteen dogs. People never travel a nights, but only a days with dogs; in the morning, before they set out, each dog has two frozen fish, which is his allowance for the whole day. At night, when they come to their journey's end, these poor creatures are so weary that they cannot eat, but presently lie down to sleep. Whenever any passenger comes to a stage where he is to have fresh dogs, all the dogs of that village set up a most terrible howling, knowing that they are, some of them, to have the same fate*."

Of the Tschuktshi, or people to the north-east extremity of Asia, we are told a similar custom to what Paulus Venetus relates of the inhabitants of Camul; and what is observed by some other Writers concerning the hospitality of the other barbarous nations: "When a stranger, it is said, comes to them, let him be of their own or another nation, they offer him their wives and daughters as bedfellows. If they are not handsome enough, or are too old for the guest, they bring him some other woman from among their neighbours; whereupon she presents him with a basin of urine fresh made in his presence, with which he is obliged to rinse his mouth. If he refuses the offer, they hold him for their enemy; but, from his accepting of it, they conclude his sincere friendship."

Strange as such a custom as this may appear to Europeans, as being so contrary to the notions and practices of civilized nations, yet these very people seem to have a strong sense of liberty, and a high notion of independency; the men, when

* As Mr. Muller was himself some time in Siberia, and had an opportunity of knowing many things relating to these savage nations, his repeating these stories seems to authenticate them; if indeed they are inserted in his work, which however we cannot assure the Reader, not having the original German at hand, and as they are inserted in the Translation by way of note. The Translator, or English Editor, however, gives no intimation that they are added by him.

taken

taken prisoners in war, generally killing themselves rather than submit to the indignity of servitude.

The second Part of this work relates to the Voyages and Adventures of the Mariners and others, who, by order of Peter the Great, and his successors, have been sent by the Russian Government, to discover whether Asia and America were connected; and, if not, how wide a distance there might be between them? This illustrious Prince was so earnest to know this particular, that he gave instructions for that purpose in his own hand writing, and ordered Admiral Apraxin to see them carried into execution. After his decease, the Empress Catherine began her reign with an order for the expedition to Kamtschatka. This was undertaken by Captain Bering, with the two Lieutenants Spanberg and Tichirikow, as assistants. They set out from Petersburg in the year 1725, and, after combating numberless difficulties, effected the purpose of their errand; the Captain returning to Petersburg in the year 1730. The following anecdote may serve to shew how far, at this time, the police of the Russian government was improved, even to the most distant parts of its dominions. "While Captain Bering made the last Voyage from the river Kamtschatka towards the East, a Japanese vessel was again driven to the coast of Kamtschatka, where it stranded in July, 1729, south of the bay of Awatscha. A chief of 50 Cossacks, named Andreas Schtinnikow, came hither with some Kamtschedales, when the Japanese had just brought their goods ashore from the ship. Schtinnikow received some presents from them, but this did not satisfy him; for, after spending two days among the Japanese, he left them in the night time, and concealed himself with his company in the neighbourhood, in order to see how they would proceed. The Japanese, afflicted at Schtinnikow's departure, wanted to seek for other inhabitants, for which purpose they took a boat and steered along the coast; upon which Schtinnikow ordered the Kamtschedales to follow them, and to shoot them all except two, which they did: so that out of 17 Japanese there remained alive only an old man, and a boy of eleven years old. Schtinnikow, having taken possession of all their effects, and caused their ship to be broken to pieces in order to make use of the iron, he took the two Japanese as prisoners of war, or rather as slaves, to Werchnei Kamtschatkoi Ostrog. This barbarity shewn to shipwrecked strangers could not remain unpunished. Schtinnikow having taken his trial, received the halter for his reward; but the Japanese

Rav. June, 1762. F f were

were sent to Jakutzk in 1731, and from thence to Tobolsk; after which, in 1732, they were brought to Peterburgh.*

In the beginning of the year 1733 a second expedition to Kamtschatka was undertaken by the same persons, three gentlemen of the Academy of Sciences accompanying them, by order of Government, to render their Discoveries more accurate and compleat. These were Mr. T. Gmelin, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Mr. L. de Lisle de la Croyiére, Professor of Astronomy; and Mr. S. Muller, the Writer of these Voyages. The first undertook the observation of what might occur, with regard to animals, plants, minerals, and other objects worth notice in Natural History. It was the business of the second to ascertain, by astronomical observations, the situation of the countries that might be discovered; and that of the last, to give the civil history of Siberia and its antiquities, with a description of the manners and customs of the people, as also to draw up a relation of the occurrences of the voyage. How these academical Gentlemen acquitted themselves in their several departments, it is not our business here particularly to enquire. Let it suffice to observe that want of health, and other accidents, prevented their executing many things they intended. The world, however, is greatly obliged to Professor Gmelin, and our Author, for some curious particulars relative to the natural and civil history of Siberia. We could wish, in honour to the memory of De la Croyiére, that he had done any thing of consequence, as his life was made a sacrifice to the hardships he met with, or the intemperance he fell into, during the voyage. To say the truth, his task was by much the most adventurous and difficult; Mr. Muller residing in Siberia, and Mr. Gmelin, obtaining a coadjutor, to ease him of the most dangerous part of the expedition. This was Mr. Steller, who acquitted himself with reputation, and indeed acquired some profit by the voyage*. As to the Marine Officers, and particularly the Commander in Chief, Captain

* This Gentleman has given very particular descriptions of several sea-animals they met with on the unknown coasts they visited, which descriptions are inserted in the Commentaries of the Academy of Sciences. He brought also no less than 300 beaver-skins with him back to Kamtschatka and Siberia. However, by staying at Kamtschatka after his fellow travellers, he embroiled himself in matters foreign to his department; and, though honourably acquitted, and allowed to return to Peterburgh, lived not to arrive there, but died of a fever at Tumen.

Bering, the hardships they met with were extreme ; the Commander himself expiring, on an uninhabited island, in a most deplorable situation. Of the life and death of this gallant and enterprising officer, Mr. Muller gives the following concise account : " He was a Dane by birth, and had, in his youth, made Voyages to the East and West Indies, when the glorious example of the immortal Emperor, Peter the Great, for the marine *, tempted him to seek his fortune in Russia. In the year 1707 he was a Lieutenant, and in 1710 Captain-Lieutenant in the Russian fleet. Having served in the Cronstadt fleet from its beginning, and been in all the expeditions by sea, in the war with the Swedes, he joined to the capacity requisite for his office a long experience. It is a pity that it was his fate to end his life in such an unfortunate manner. He may be said to have been buried half alive ; for the sand rolling down continually from the side of the ditch in which he lay †, and covering his feet, he at last would not suffer it to be removed, and said, that he felt some warmth from it, which otherwise he should want in the remaining parts of his body ; and thus the sand increased : so that after his decease they were obliged to scrape him out of the ground, in order to inter him in a proper manner."

Messrs. Gmelin and Muller returned to Petersburg in the beginning of the year 1743 ; Captain Tschirikow, in 1745 ; and the surviving Mariners, in 1749 : so that this second expedition to Kamtscharka may be said to have lasted near sixteen years.

As to the three additional Maps comprized in this English Edition, the two first are small indistinct things ; the one, a copy of part of the Japanese Map of the World, and the other a like copy of de Lisle's and Buache's fictitious Map, founded on the pretended Discoveries of De Fonte, De Fuca, and others. The third additional Map is a pretty large and correct one of Canada and the northern part of Louisiana, extending westward to the coast which the Russians discovered in 1741.

As we see no table of *errata* to this work, it will be very proper for the Publisher to add one, or to cancel the pages 29 and 30, where the Pacific ocean is twice called the *Atlantic*

* This passage is not very intelligible, but it is extracted verbatim from the book.

† The Captain and his crew being shipwrecked, and obliged to lodge themselves in the hollows between the sand-hills, for want of better convenience.

ocean. We imagine this to be a mistake of the Translator, into which he might be led by its being called in the original the *Western* ocean, which undoubtedly it is to the Americans, who were the people that called it so. Mistakes of this kind serve to shew how necessary it is, that Translators should know something of the subjects they take in hand, as well as of the language in which they are treated. It had not been amiss also if the very incompetent Translator had looked into a Latin dictionary, or got somebody to tell him the meaning of the word *Adjunctus*, as the English Reader may probably not know what to make of Mr. *Adjunctus* Steller, any more than of the names of some Writers of our own country, with Latin terminations.

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Conclusion of the Account of Busching's Geography.

HAVING, in our Review for February, given a summary of the plan of this work, we shall now present our Readers with an extract, that they may be enabled to form some idea of the manner in which it is executed.

In our Author's *Introduction* to Germany, we have a more distinct and accurate account of what deserves notice in that country, whether considered in a physical or political view, than we have ever met with in so narrow a compass.

“ Germany, (says our Author, who seems determined to draw the panegyric of his native soil) taken in general, is a blessed and happy country, being either richly or sufficiently provided with all the necessaries and conveniences of life. Its soil, indeed, is not every where equally fertile; what is wanting, however, in one place, is made up by the superfluity of another. Its agriculture is every day improving; it yields all kinds of grain in plenty. The Germans cultivate hemp, flax, hops, anise, cummin, tobacco, madder, woad, saffron, &c. It produces also a variety of excellent garden-stuff; likewise all sorts of common French and Italian fruits.

“ Germany produces wine which vies with, nay surpasses the French and Hungarian wines. In Austria, in the circle of Bavaria, and the electorate of Mentz, in Hesse, the Wetterau, in Suabia, in the circles of Upper and Lower Saxony, and in the circle of Westphalia, are salt springs and boiling fountains. The bringing up cattle is also very considerable and of great benefit to the Germans, inasmuch that the number

ber of horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, and swine, is here incredibly great. The marsh lands in the dutchy of Holstein, the principality of East Friesland, and the dutchy of Bremen, &c. afford cheese and butter of the best kind, and in the greatest plenty. Of tame fowl we have poultry, turkies, pigeons, geese, and ducks. Exclusive of these we have the stork, spoon-bill, wild goose, wild duck, swans, bustards, pheasants, wood-cocks, partridges, grouse, snipes, larks, field-fares, ortolans, quails; as also the falcon, heron, hawk, &c. The chase and hunting grounds in Germany are numerous and fine, abounding in deer, boars, hares, and rabbits; also bears, wolves, lynxes, foxes, badgers, martens, &c. In Moravia a species of leopards and beavers are found, and the numerous rivers, lakes, and ponds in Germany abound in various and fine sorts of fish, &c. &c."

After giving a short account of the minerals to be found in Germany, its ancient inhabitants, &c. the Author goes on to observe that the German language has not only undergone great alterations, inasmuch that but few of the Learned understand the Writers of the middle age, as Ottfried, for instance, but that even at present the pronunciation, phraseology, and acceptation of words, are so very different, that one German frequently cannot understand another. There are but very few who write and speak the language with purity and correctness; and even the Grammarians themselves are of different opinions with respect to the principles and rules on which it is formed. From the beginning of the last century, indeed, several societies have gradually been formed in Germany, which have given room to hope for an improvement of the language; but they confine themselves solely, we are told, to the province of eloquence, neglecting critical enquiries into the phraseology, &c.

"With respect to Learning, (says our Author) the Germans at present dispute the palm with all other nations. Not only their natural *vivacity** and strong *itch* of imitation, but also the variety of governments in Germany, their mutual emulation, and the freedom Protestants enjoy there of writing according to their own judgment, has procured the greatest improvement of the sciences among them. Nor is there any place in the world where more books are written and printed than among the Germans; and though this *itch* of writing gives rise to many ordinary and mean performances, yet have

* The vivacity of Germans! *Risum teneatis!*

many important and *weighty* writings appeared from time to time in the world. The French had formerly the reputation of excelling all other nations in what is called the *Beaux Arts*; but at present they can claim no superiority in this respect over the German Protestants. In settling the lower and higher schools, and in all their regulations for the advancement of Learning, much indeed wanted reformation; but yet no people come up to us Germans, even in this respect. In Germany are thirty-six universities, seventeen Protestant ones, and seventeen Roman-Catholic ones, with two other mixed ones, viz. those of Erfurth and Heidelberg. The number of riding academies, colleges, *Gymnasia* and *Latin* schools, is here also very great. We have likewise academies and societies for the sciences, as namely, the Imperial *Leopoldine* academy of the *Naturæ Curiosæ*, the academy of sciences at Berlin, the society of sciences at Gottingen, the academy of the useful sciences at Erfurth, the society of liberal arts at Leipsic, and the learned society at Duisburg; to which we may also add, the *Latin* society of Jena.

“ There is no one species or branch of learning which has not already been cultivated among the Germans, or which has not even been carried by them to a greater perfection. I shall briefly touch on the principal merits and inventions of the Germans in certain particular branches of learning. The theological sciences are not more indebted to any people than to the German Protestants, as it is also to be hoped they will be still carried on by them to a greater height. The Germans have likewise merited not a little from the Roman jurisprudence. Ritterhusius, Funceius, and Burgermeister, have explained the laws of the twelve tables. Heineccius has applied himself to the *Edictum perpetuum*; Ritter, to the *Codex Theodosianus*.— In the science of physic their deserts are likewise considerable; and, in latter times, Stahl and Hoffmann in particular have contributed largely to improvements in it, and acquired the reputation of universal teachers. With respect also to the vegetable kingdom, the Germans have exceeded all others: Rivinus was the first who paved the way, and from him it is that all the rest have borrowed their instructions. The same which he acquired with regard to the greater and more perfect plants, Dellenius afterwards obtained with respect to the mosses and *fungi*. In the arts too of dissection and healing, or surgery, Heister has made considerable discoveries and improvements, and in a manner given the latter a quite new form, as he has taught how to go about many dangerous operations

operations in a safe manner; so that he also may be styled an universal teacher. In chymistry, no nation has performed greater things than the Germans. The beautiful porcelain of Misnia, the phosphorus, the ruby-glass, the Prussian-blue, and the many excellent medicines, which are of universal benefit, are testimonies of their discoveries therein. No one will dispute the extraordinary reputation of the very able persons, Neumann, Zimmermann, Pott, and Marggraff, in chymistry. In philosophy the renown of the Germans is mighty, but that in particular of the great Leibnitz and Wolfius immortal, notwithstanding some parts of their philosophy have met with no unjust opposition. Wolfius not only first introduced the mathematical method into philosophy, but also greatly improved the whole body of philosophy, particularly ontology, and enlarged the speculative part of it with cosmology, and the practical with the *philosophia practica universalis*. The law of nature too has been greatly illustrated by Puffendorff, Thomafius, and Wolfius. The invention and prosecution of the *Æsthetics*, which contain the first principles of all the *Beaux Arts*, do honour to the merits of Alex. Gottl. Baumgarten, and Geo. Fr. Meier. Natural philosophy has been enriched by the Germans with important discoveries and inventions. To mention only a few, Otto von Guericke found out the air-pump; and Kepler, that explication of the ebb and flood, which at present is deemed the most probable. The Germans were also the first who began to make experiments with electrical globes. Many other important truths I am obliged to pass over in silence. The mathematics in particular have been enriched with the aerometry by Wolfius, and by other Germans, with other important propositions and discoveries. Leibnitz, for instance, has rendered himself famous by the important discovery of the differential and integral calculation: and, with respect to astronomy, Simon Marius first discovered the satellites of Jupiter; Kepler found that the curve line, in which the planets move, is an ellipsis, &c. &c.

“ In the vast extent of history the Germans have *laboured* greatly. The doctrine of Politics was first principally taught in the universities in Germany, and no where have such lectures been more frequented, or the subject better and with greater freedom handled, than there. It was a German, namely, Martin Behaim, of Nuremberg, that first discovered the fourth part of the world, afterwards called America; and it is the Germans that have published the best books on

Geography. In philology they have also laboured with the greatest reputation, but their fondness for it is in our days somewhat abated.

“ In the *Beaux Arts* the Germans have also distinguished themselves in a very extraordinary manner. In the art of music in particular they may boast of the works of a Telemann, a Handel, a Graun, a Bach, and a Haffé. Some of their Poets have sung so excellently, as to vie with the greatest of foreign bards. The merits of the Germans, with respect to the art of painting, are so considerable, as to claim the first place after the Italians. Albert Durer, John Colker, Peter Paul Rubens, Lucas Cranach, Joachim von Sandrat, &c. have obtained immortal renown. The first copper-plates appeared in Germany; and about Nuremberg the surest traces of the invention of engraving are to be met with. Albert Durer also etched in copper before the Italians. Mezzotinto was discovered by the Hessian Lieutenant-Colonel von Sichein, in 1648; and wooden cuts are also the invention of a German. — Civil architecture has been likewise considerably improved by Goldmann and the younger Sturmius; and military architecture, by several Germans. Berthold Schwarz, who was probably cotemporary with Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, found out at Cologne how gun-powder might be made serviceable in the art of war. The first discovery of the art of printing cannot with justice be refused the Germans; for it is highly probable that John Guttenburg in Mentz was the first inventor, and supported by John Faustus, with whom afterwards coming to a rupture, he betook himself to Harlem. The mariner's compass was probably also discovered, or at least greatly improved, by a German. For the advancement of some of the above-mentioned arts, academies have also been established in Germany. At Vienna, in particular, is an academy for painting, sculpture, and architecture; as also at Berlin: and at Dresden and Nuremberg are academies for painting; and at Augsburg is the Imperial Franciscan academy of the *Beaux Arts*. ”

In regard to commerce, Germany enjoys all kinds of advantages. It borders on the German ocean, the Baltic, and the Gulf of Venice; is watered also by many navigable rivers, and is situated in the heart of Europe: so that it can commodiously export as well the superfluity of its home commodities and manufactures, as likewise attract to itself those of foreign countries.

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The goods which are exported out of Germany, into the neighbouring and remote countries, are corn, tobacco, horses, lean cattle, butter, cheese, honey, syrup, wine, linen, woollen stuffs, yarn, ribbands, silk, and cotton stuffs, Nurenburg wares, goat-skins, wool, all sorts of wood, particularly that kind which is fit for ship-building, iron-plates and stoves, cannon, ball, bombs, tin-plates, steel-work, copper, brass-wire, porcelaine, mirrors, glasses, beer, Brunswic mum, tartar, smalt, zaffer, Prussian blue, and many other things.

“ Germany (adds our Author) is not without mechanics of all sorts, and manufactures also in great abundance. A variety of these last in particular has been introduced and improved among them, since the time that many thousands of the reformed, who quitted France on the score of religion, came and settled in Germany. All sorts too of manufactures are from time to time becoming more extensive and perfect among them, which the French, Dutch, and English, are very sensible of, as the vent of their manufactures daily decreases in Germany. As the silk manufactory is daily attempted to be carried still to a higher pitch of perfection, to which, in the King of Prussia's dominions in particular, a very extraordinary attention and highly worthy of imitation is paid, it is not to be doubted but that will be more and more improved. At present they make velvets, beautiful silks, rich stuffs, and half-silks, with a variety of woollen stuffs, and all manner of cloths, ribbands, lace, very large quantities of fine and coarse linen, bombazin, canvas, fustian, ticking, very fine and coarse woollen hose, caps, gold and silver galloon, embroidered work, fine hats, tapestry, Spanish rough and smooth leather. They work all sorts of metals for ornaments, vessels, tools, wire, &c. in the best manner; and they make fine clock-work. There are, besides these, manufactories of paper, tobacco, and snuff; and Nurenburg is famous for its unspeakable quantities and varieties of ingenious works in wood, ivory, metal, stone, glass, &c. which are exported to all parts of the world, though their vent now-a-days is not, by a great deal, so considerable as formerly.”

Our Author now proceeds to give a short historical account of Germany, of the prerogatives and power of the Emperor, the privileges of the Electors, and the election of the Emperor; but for these particulars we refer to the work itself, as the extract we have given will enable our Readers to form some judgment of the Author's manner,

ner*, and likewise of the value of his work, the remainder of which, we are told, will be comprehended in two large volumes in Quarto.

R.

The Theory of Religion, in its absolute internal State. By the Rev. John Orr, M. A. Archdeacon of Ferns. 8vo. 5s. bound. Millar.

THE reputation which the Author of this Treatise has acquired by the two Volumes of excellent Sermons, which he has published, renders it unnecessary for us to say any thing of his character as a Writer. In the performance now before us he explains and inculcates, in a plain, easy, and familiar manner, the most important truths and principles that can employ the thoughts of reasonable and accountable creatures. His style and manner, though not elegant, are nevertheless sufficiently adapted to that class of Readers for which he professes to write, viz. such persons of plain understandings, as are desirous of placing their scheme of religion and morals on a rational foundation, but who have neither leisure nor opportunity to search for that foundation, in more elaborate performances. As his book is principally intended for Readers of ordinary capacities, he industriously avoids all abstruse and intricate speculations and reasonings, for explaining and illustrating his main argument, and has recourse to obvious facts and plain observations; and, indeed, in a great measure, to our inward consciousness, feeling, and experience. He delivers his sentiments with openness and freedom, with candour and seriousness; and appears sincerely desirous of promoting the best interests of mankind. If he has any where used any keenness of expression, it is only in regard to Lord Bolinbroke, whose profligate principles, and outrageous abuse of the most respectable characters that have ever appeared in the world, deserve, he tells us, to be animadverted upon with much greater severity than they have yet been.

His Treatise is divided into three Parts. In the first he considers the Nature and End of Religion, its rise and progress

* We have somewhat abridged our extract, as the Author's style is extremely verbose. This indefatigable Compiler is never tired of enumerating particulars, whether important or otherwise. After the whole of Mr. B's performance is finished, Mr. Millar should give us an abridgement of it. The work deserves it.

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in the human mind, and the improvement and reinforcement which it receives from the Revelation of the Gospel. Religion, in general, (says he) consists in *our acquiring just and worthy sentiments concerning the Deity, and in our rendering to him an homage, or worship, that is suited to his perfections.* As the first branch of religion consists in the acquisition of becoming sentiments of the Deity, Mr. Orr gives us a short view of the evidence for the being, perfections, providence, and moral administration of God, suited to the common perceptions and feelings of mankind, without having recourse to the more abstruse arguments, which have been commonly urged to establish these points.

The sum of these just and true apprehensions, which the common light of nature and reason suggests concerning the Deity, is, in our Author's own words, as follows:—"God is that Being, who is original, independent, and supreme in the universe; who, having all perfection in himself, and deriving his existence from none, hath communicated existence to all other persons and things, with all the powers and virtues with which they are endowed; who hath always been, and will always continue to be, strictly eternal, immense, and alone possessed of underived divine majesty and glory; a spirit ever living and active, most intelligent, wise, and powerful, most benevolent, holy, and just; who constantly inspecteth and directeth all things to the noblest and best purposes, and interesteth himself particularly in the affairs of men, in the character both of a gracious Father, and a righteous Lord and Governor."

The other essential branch of Religion consists, partly, we are told, in the exercise of those affections which terminate in God himself, and naturally arise in us, upon a simple view of his most amiable perfections; and, partly, in a performance of all the other duties which he hath required from us, either by that law, which in the constitution of our nature he hath laid us under, or by any notices which he hath otherwise conveyed to us of his will.

We shall lay before our Readers part of what Mr. Orr advances in regard to the exercise of pious affections; it will serve as a specimen of that spirit which breathes through the whole of his performance. "The first thing (says he) comprehended in the worship of God, is the exercise of those affections, of which he is the sole object, and which move and exert themselves upon a simple view of his most lovely per-

perfections; such as reverence, love, gratitude, joy, trust, dependence, and resignation. And let no one think that these affections, and the natural expressions of them in acts of adoration, praise, thanksgiving, and prayer, can ever be excusably wanting in any who acknowledge a Deity. Some persons, indeed, in the schemes or systems which they form of the duties of men, either altogether omit, or make but little account, of the affections which are to be exercised towards God himself, laying the chief, or the whole stress of morality on the social virtues, and those which tend to a man's private good or happiness. But it is hard to account for such a defective scheme of morals, upon any but atheistical principles; for if God indeed existeth, if there is really a being immensely great and excellent, possessed of all wisdom, power, goodness, purity, and righteousness; who made, preserveth, and governeth all things; who is, particularly, the kind and indulgent parent of the human race, the holy and just governor of moral agents; if there be really such a Being, can it be doubted whether the highest reverence, love, duty, and submission, be not due to him, from all whom he hath made capable of knowing his incomparable worth, and of reflecting on the endearing relations in which he standeth to them? Can those, who are often struck with high admiration of the virtues of frail mortals, help being most agreeably affected with the contemplation of original supreme beauty and excellence, from whence our highest graces and perfections are but so many faint rays and emanations? Can the man, who feeleth the most sincere and affectionate respect and gratitude to his parents upon earth, be void of the strongest sentiments of veneration, love, and submission to his Father in heaven, who, *as the heavens are high above the earth, bath mercy, in proportion, towards his children, who love and fear him?* Can the persons who revere an excellent prince, an equitable and gracious master in this world, who are inviolably attached to their rights and interests, and ambitious of serving them faithfully; can such ever fall short in the expressions of respect and homage, or fail in the allegiance and duty, which they owe to the universal King, *the sceptre of whose kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness*, who ruleth his subjects with the most perfect equity, clemency, and goodness; and is more truly and eminently, than the greatest and best upon earth can possibly be, the father, protector, and guardian of his servants? In short, if there be a foundation in our nature at all, for the affections of reverence, honour, gratitude, and love, towards the most respectable and eminent characters among men, towards great benefactors, friends, parents,

parents, patriots, heroes, legislators ; the same affections, in the natural course of their operation, tend to God himself, and must ultimately rest and terminate in him, if we have but a full persuasion of his existence, and a just and lively sense of his excellencies and perfections. It is therefore unaccountable how any, who profess to believe in God, and have any true notions of his character, can ever be indifferent about the exercise of those affections, which become them, towards him."

It has been urged, indeed, that as the merit of virtue, or of our moral qualities, is founded in utility, one need be but little solicitous about the affections which terminate in God, as they are of no use to mankind, whose welfare depends upon the exercise of the social virtues, and the practice of those duties which contribute to every one's own ease and prosperity. This objection our Author answers in the following manner:

" Not to enter here (says he) into an enquiry, whether utility is the only ground of the merit of virtue, or the only foundation of our approbation of moral qualities, it is allowed that the social virtues of justice and humanity, and likewise temperance, industry, and the like, are of very great worth and importance ; without which, as there would be no order and happiness among men, so neither could there be any true religion in them. But if any one will say, that these are the only moral qualities of real value and consequence to mankind, while a respect to God, and the love and fear of him, can have no influence on their happiness, he must certainly appear to be in a great mistake. For, first, it cannot but be clear to every one, who hath experienced the force of these affections, that they are most plentiful and constant springs of joy and consolation to him, in all circumstances and conditions of life ; and beside this, it is plain, that they have a great efficacy for engaging men to the practice even of those duties which they owe to the public and to themselves, and are indeed the best security for the steady, uniform, and vigorous performance of them. For though the social and private virtues of men are very lovely in their own nature, and of the greatest consequence to the good order of the world, and to the true enjoyment of life ; and though we are naturally determined to approve and practise them, antecedently to the consideration of their being required by the supreme Lawgiver, who both can, and will reward or punish us, according to our obedience or disobedience ; yet, if we judge from

from common observation and experience, the greatest part of men are not very deeply impressed with the native beauty of these virtues, nor is their natural attachment to them strong enough to keep them firm and steady in the practice of them, unless it be supported and strengthened by the principles of religion, a belief of the existence of God, and a lively sense of his perfections and rightful authority over them, and of their accountableness to him, as their Governor and Judge, for every part of their conversation in the world. These principles, well laid in the mind, and being warm and vigorous in it, will indeed add such force to the social *propensions* of men, and to their natural approbation and love of virtue, as will render them zealous, uniform, and steady, in the performance of the duties, which they owe both to society and to themselves: whereas, without the assistance of these principles, the generality of the world will ever fall far short of what is justly expected and required from them, in almost every branch of their duty." —

After explaining the nature, our Author proceeds to shew what is the end and design, of Religion. And this, he justly observes, can be nothing but the improvement of our nature in moral perfection; and, in consequence of that, the bringing us to the enjoyment of the purest and most sublime happiness. And this, indeed, must necessarily be the end of Religion, or of any worship or service, which God can be supposed to require at the hands of men: for as, in our first formation, he has endowed us with a lively sense and approbation of moral excellence; pointed it out to us as the great object of our pursuit; made us capable of perceiving and relishing that most exquisite pleasure, which arises from the consciousness of our possessing it, in a high degree, and determined us to seek this pleasure as our chief good; if any thing, bearing the name of Religion, should aim at something different from, or at something more than the moral improvement of our nature, it would not correspond with our original constitution. Religion and nature, according to this scheme, would not be of a piece; and therefore could hardly be thought to proceed from the same author. But the case is manifestly otherwise: Religion coincides perfectly with the plan of nature, and urges us principally to the study and practice of those very things, which the original sentiments of our minds approve and recommend to us, as the foundation of our highest dignity and happiness. And if it should be said, that beside the reformation of mankind, or

the improving them in all morally good qualities, there are some other things intended by Religion, even as it appears in its most perfect form in the Gospel; such as the instructing us in certain doctrines not discoverable by reason, and the engaging us to some peculiar forms of external religion, Mr. Orr answers, That whatever of this sort is proposed by any true religion, must always be in subordination to the establishing the practice of all goodness and virtue among men, which is particularly the great and ultimate end of the Christian institution, to which every other thing in it is made subservient. Accordingly we find, that both the doctrines of the Gospel, and the positive external rites of it, have all a practical view and tendency; and that if the belief of its doctrines, and the use of its rites, be not the means of influencing us to an universally pure and good life, they cannot be of the least significance. A wise man, indeed, could hardly by any means persuade himself of the truth and divine original of any institution of Religion, the whole or the principal intention of which was only to gain our assent to some speculative notions, or to engage us to the observance of some outward rites; but whatever pretences were made use of to support its authority, he would be very apt to consider it only as the effect of enthusiasm or imposture.

Our Author now proceeds to consider the rise and progress of Religion in the human mind, and how far the powers of our nature, when diligently and impartially exercised, can carry us, exclusively of an extraordinary revelation, in tracing out the principles, the duties, and the obligations of it.—Though no explicit or actual knowledge of Religion, is born with us, yet (he says) we certainly have powers originally implanted in our natures, which, exerting themselves according to the intention and order of nature, must necessarily lead us to an acknowledgement of the Deity, and of his several attributes; and likewise to a discovery of the true and acceptable methods of honouring and serving him: and which, even when most neglected and uncultivated, spontaneously furnish, at some time or other, the greatest part of men, with some true sentiments in these points.—Even when Religion was, in almost all parts of the world, most miserably obscured and defaced, by a mixture of polytheism, idolatry, and superstition, or a multiplicity of the grossest errors and absurdities, several persons (he tells us) were still able to reason themselves into a belief and acknowledgement of all the principal truths of genuine theism, and of some others, closely connected

ned with them ; and to draw out a very compleat and perfect system of the divine, social, and moral virtues. This (he thinks) will hardly be denied by any, who know the history of the Philosophers, or of the learned men among the ancient Heathens, and are acquainted with their sentiments and tenets.

Many of Mr. Orr's Readers will probably differ from him in their sentiments upon this subject, which, notwithstanding all that has been written upon it, is, in our opinion, of very little importance. The sufficiency or insufficiency of human reason in matters of religion, is one of those points that can never be determined in a satisfactory manner, and in regard to which persons of equal abilities and equal candor, may entertain very different sentiments, according to the different points of view in which they behold it. Those who attentively consider the gross ignorance of the Heathen world, together with the absurd and ridiculous notions which even the wisest of their Philosophers entertained, in several important points, will naturally be inclined to think that human reason, when left to itself, is incapable of investigating the principles, and forming a perfect scheme, of Religion. Those, on the other hand, who have turned their thoughts to religious subjects in the early part of life, and have found no difficulty in comprehending the evidence for the great truths and principles of Religion, when laid before them in a clear and distinct manner, will be strongly disposed to think, that reason is sufficient of itself, without the aid of revelation, for tracing out the principles, and forming a consistent system of divinity. We shall only observe farther upon this subject, that whatever may be supposed to be the natural strength of human reason in matters of Religion, it will be of little service to mankind, unless they are placed in favourable circumstances for exerting it. Man is undoubtedly capable of discovering many truths, which he never has discovered, nor perhaps ever will discover ; for this obvious reason, that his circumstances and situation are unfavourable to such discovery. But it is time to return to our Author.

After delineating such a scheme of Religion as, he thinks, falls within the province of nature, and has actually been made out by many, very clearly, accurately, and fully, abstracted from the discoveries of a supernatural revelation, he proceeds to give a short view of the rise and progress of false Religion. And here he does not enter into any critical or curious disquisitions, about the origin and progression of the idolatry

Idolatry and superstition of the old Pagan world, but taking nature, and some undoubted historical facts for his guide, contents himself with a summary account of the rise and gradual advances of the system of the Gentile Polytheism and superstition. He concludes the first Part of his work with considering the improvement and reinforcement, which Religion has received, from the revelation of the Gospel.

Now the great end of all Religion, whether natural or revealed, being the improvement of mankind in virtue and moral excellence, this end, we are told, the Gospel promotes, by the wisest and best means that have ever been proposed for effecting it.—It lays before us the most lively representation of the worth and importance of moral goodness, as being of the highest excellence in itself, the only thing of real value and estimation with our Maker, and the sole means of obtaining his favour. It gives us the most awakening description of the baseness and malignant consequences of vice, as being the stain and corruption of every intelligent being who is habituated to it, the disease and death of a rational spirit, a thing altogether detestable and abominable in the sight of him who is original excellence and purity, and which necessarily excludes from all happy intercourse and communion with him. It exhibits to our view the most affecting and interesting account of the character of God, as the fountain of life, wisdom, perfection and happiness; the Creator, Proprietor, and Lord of the Universe; the indulgent and merciful Father of the human kind, whom he created at first, out of pure goodness, and whom he still continues in being that he may do them good; their holy and just Governor and Judge, who observes their conduct as reasonable and moral agents, and who will render to them, hereafter, according to their deeds. It has adopted and established all the great laws of universal righteousness, which have their foundation in the constitution of nature, and laid the greatest stress on the practice of the duties required by these laws; declaring it to be the sum and substance, the completion, and ultimate end of all true Religion. It has wisely appointed a few positive external duties and rites, which are visibly calculated for raising the minds, and strengthening the affections of weak mortals, in the contemplation and pursuit of virtue; and which, if used according to the natural and true intention of them, must always have a happy influence for these purposes. It has exacted obedience to its laws, by the most powerful and interesting considerations; not only by the se-

REV. June, 1762.

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veral motives which the light of nature offers for exciting us to the practice of virtue, but by opening a new and most wonderful dispensation of grace and love, in the redemption of mankind; by giving us the most free and full offers of pardon and eternal happiness, upon the conditions of repentance and new obedience, in a manner best suited to remove the suspicions of our guilty minds; by promising to us expressly a divine assistance, to co-operate with, and to give success to our own endeavours in virtue; by exhibiting to us a familiar and most alluring example of perfect virtue in our own nature; by granting us an assurance of another life, much stronger than the suggestions of nature could afford, and by giving us even an earnest and pledge of it in the resurrection and ascension of our Saviour; and, finally, by displaying the most solemn and awful scenes beyond the grave, the resurrection of the dead, the general judgment of the world, and the equal distribution of rewards and punishments, to the righteous and to the wicked.

In the second Part of his performance, Mr. Orr treats briefly of the evidences of natural and revealed Religion in general, and answers some of the most material objections that have been urged against them. The third, which is very short, contains some few reflections upon the excellence and importance of true Religion,. He concludes with some useful observations, addressed to those who disbelieve, or doubt the truth of Religion, and to those who profess to be believers of it.

We cannot conclude this article without recommending Mr. Orr's performance as a very useful and judicious work; considering the class of Readers for which it is principally intended. We scarce know of any book that contains a more rational view of Religion, that is better calculated to promote its interests, or that breathes a more candid and amiable spirit.

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Crazy Tales. 4to. 4s. sewed. No Publisher.

THERE is hardly a science in the whole circle, that is not too complex and comprehensive to be successfully cultivated, without dividing the study of it into several distinct and separate branches. Thus, in the profound and extensive science of *Book-making*, the invention of Title-pages belongs

belongs to a particular province, which is esteemed by many not the least essential, and to require no less abilities than any other branch of that sublime study. Our Author doubtless conceived himself an adept in this respect, when he styled his productions *Crazy Tales*. How significant ! how exquisitely droll ! For you must not suspect, Reader, that they are actually the productions of a Writer, literally *non compos mentis*. It is true, they do no great honour to his intellects ; yet they seem rather to be the wanton effects of a loose and debauched imagination, than the serious vagaries of a disordered brain. Were the work, indeed, as harmless as the title, we should only have smiled at this innocent scheme of exciting the attention of the Public. Certain it is, that in an age or country, where literary productions are scarce, the performances of true genius, unaffected wit, and solid sense, need no other recommendation than their own merit ; but in times and places where works of literature abound, where genius, wit, and sense are daily exerted and displayed for our instruction or amusement, we see something more than ingenuity, simplicity, or solidity, is requisite to excite present attention, and ensure a favourable reception with the Public. The luxury of wit is, in this respect, like that of wealth ; from whose influence it happens that if beef and mutton find their way to the tables of our modern epicures, it is not because they are wholesome and nutritive, but for the sake of that vehicle of sauce they are brought in, and because they are introduced under so strange a metamorphosis, as hardly to be known under the disguise. Into how many fantastic forms hath this kind of luxury contrived to dish up the simple and wholesome aliment nature provides ! What whimsical transformations are our viands daily made to undergo, in order to accommodate them to the caprices of vitiated taste and depraved appetite ! Destructive refinements ! Nor is our mental entertainment less subjected to these false improvements of art. Our intellectual appetites appear to be equally depraved, while the luxury of wealth is not more pernicious to bodily constitution and health, than the luxury of wit to good sense and morality.

It is doubtless to this luxurious and vitiated taste that we are indebted for some strange phenomena, that have been recently exhibited in the Republic of Letters. It appeared to be in conformity to the public taste that the reverend Author, whom the present Writer affects to imitate, threw off the gown and cassock to assume the fool's coat, changed the grave

and decent style of a Clergyman, to talk in the high-bred strain of a debauchee, and introduced a set of pious discourses to the world, by the help of a string of profane execrations and smutty jests. Our Author will probably lay hold of this circumstance, and tell us that the fault is chargeable on the Public, and not on the Writer, who is thus reduced to accommodate himself to the humour of the times. This excuse, bad as it is, might possibly be admitted in extenuation of the faults of those who, under the circumstances of writing for bread, have no other dependance than on the taste of the multitude. But ought we not to remind others, that true wit and genuine humour depend not on the caprice of the times; and to assure them that the credit an Author may obtain with the herd, by writing, in complaisance to his Readers, what he ought to be ashamed of, will be but of short duration? This Writer tells us, "The world must be amused; but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection to be one of the transient objects of its amusement." But, might he not as well carry his comparison with the *besoin d'aimer* a little farther, and apologize for turning pimp, by telling us that public stews are necessary; and that when a man is under a physical necessity for a damsel, it is not requisite she should be modest or cleanly? We would ask him, whether, if fornication and adultery were become ever so frequent or fashionable, the character of a public Pander would be less criminal in itself, or less justly detestable in the eyes of mankind?

"Outcries (says he) against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good humour and cheerfulness, by fighting against the *Tedium Vitæ*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking." This Writer seems here to suppose the decency or indecency of any performance dependent entirely on the intention of the Writer; and, in another place, he intimates his ability to clear himself, on a proper occasion, of all *intentional obscenity*. If these apologies are not made merely with a view to heighten the supposed joke, and laugh in the face of the Reader, the Author must surely have very strange notions of decency. We will not presume to say what were his designs or intentions in writing
and

and publishing these Tales ; but we can safely aver, that they are full of obscenity, whether “ evidently designed” or not : and apparently calculated to “ inflame the passions.”

Something of this Writer’s ideas of decorum may possibly be gathered from the following Stanzas, which we quote as a specimen of his Poetry ; being some of those few verses in this collection of ribaldry, which will bear our citation.

How oft has Boccace been translated
And blunder’d ;
And Jean Fontaine assassinated,
And plunder’d ?
Where is the land where Boccace and Fontaine
Have not in effigy been slain ?

Fontaine they imitate and turn,
Boccace they represent and render,
Just as the figures made to burn,
Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn’t Bandello have a rap ?
Why mayn’t I imitate Bandello ?
There never was a Prelate’s cap
Bestow’d upon a droller fellow.

Like Tristram, in mirth delighting ;
Like Tristram, a pleasant Writer ;
Like his, I hope, that Tristram’s writing
Will be rewarded with a mitre.

The Author of Tristram Shandy is doubtless much obliged to this Writer, who could find no other good quality in him, to entitle him to a Bishoprick, than his pleasantry : it is certainly a pleasant reason for his promotion ; and, if it takes, we may no doubt expect to see reverence and gravity exchanged for mirth and drollery, and a House of Convocation resemble Comus’s Court. It may be presumed also that the whole bench of Bishops will change their titles, and be less formally addressed, as the *Right jocular Fathers in Fun*, &c. When this revolution happens, also, which our Author perhaps may think a change devoutly to be wished, it cannot be supposed but that he himself, if already a Divine, or inclined to enter into holy orders, will, for the same good reason, be invested with a higher dignity than even his friend Tristram. For if he, who knew how to intimate his ideas imperfectly by asterisks, be promoted to a mitre, certainly the consummate genius, who is capable of expressing himself on the most delicate occasion, in plain German, cannot hope for less than to be promoted to the metropolitan see.

454 BAREBONE's new Translation of Homer's Iliad.

But to be serious. We have no objection to innocent mirth, nor to any writings calculated with decency to promote good humour and chearfulness; holding hypocrisy in as utter detestation as our Author. But we cannot agree to call the very loose and indecent freedoms he has taken, a ludicrous liberty, necessary to any good, or even innocent purpose. He has one advantage, however, over most other Writers that fall under the censure of our Review, and that is, we are generally able to bring proofs, from their Writings, of the truth of what we assert; whereas we must, in the present case, desire our own word to be implicitly taken, in justification of our censure, being absolutely too much ashamed for the Writer, and having too much respect for our Readers, to stain our paper with the necessary proofs to support it.

Our Author has thought proper to give this paultry Publication a pompous form, and to usurp the negligent and self-sufficient air and style of a master, in talking about critics and their censures. But if it be true that want of decency argues want of sense, and we see no reason in this performance to think the contrary, these airs of superiority and importance are all affectation. We know not, indeed, any stronger characteristic of unmanliness and folly, than a person's indulging himself in obscenity, either in writing or conversation.

Those of our Readers, who may ever happen to read these abominable Tales, will not be surprized that we have been led to treat the Writer with severity, and his Work with the indignation and contempt it deserves.

K-n-k

The first Volume of a new Translation of Homer's Iliad, adapted to the Capacity of honest English Roast Beef and Pudding Eaters. By Caustic Barebones, a broken Apothecary. To which is prefixed, some small Account of the abovesaid Mr. Barebones himself. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Marriner.

MR. Barebones is a Genius, in the current sense of the word; a star of the first magnitude in the Shandean Constellation. If we may credit his own story, he was formerly an Apothecary, but had too much honesty and humanity to thrive by the Gally-pot; and consequently broke. In these sad circumstances, remembering how kind the stars had been to Tristram, he determines to dig in the bottom of the Shandean

** Real Name. Bridges.*

Shandean mine ; and, in the same manner, to try whether by throwing up dirt he could not come at gold. Sore afraid we are, however, on the account of poor Mr. Barebones, that this mine is now exhausted ; or, if not, that it is difficult for a new adventurer to hit upon the right vein. Nay, it would be inhuman not to sympathize with this unhappy Skeleton, when we have his own unquestionable word for it, that he was ruined by the integrity and simplicity of his heart. None of those arts did he practise by which his brethren of the mortar thrive ; no mixture of chalk and water did he vend for pearl-julep, nor sought he to be in *embonpoint* himself, by emaciating his patients. Long did he struggle to live upon these generous principles, but alas !

———What could Cato do against a world,
A base degenerate world ?

At last he fell, pitifully fell, and was reduced to beggary.—What now was to be done ? To *live* with every virtue in a depraved age, was impossible ; and yet to *eat*, was absolutely necessary : Mr. Barebones therefore determines to give up the inferior virtues, and accordingly *Modesty* and *Decency* are here sacrificed at the shrine of *Hunger*. O cruel dilemma ! O ever to be lamented sacrifice ! Our hearts bleed within us while we think of this good, this virtuous man, bringing with reluctance those beautiful victims to the altar of that voracious Savage. Behold the danger of once deviating from the path of virtue ! The honest, the worthy Mr. Barebones is now become the lowest and most obscene of all human creatures. The Gods and Heroes of Homer, in the language of this Apothecary, might teach scurrility to Water-men ; and the dialect of his mortal and immortal Ladies, would raise a blush on the boldest cheek in Covent-Garden.

If we mistake not, this Author has before now smarted under our critical rod ; with such low virulence has he bespattered us in the account of his life.—No abuse, however, from Mr. Barebones shall change our pity into resentment. We most sincerely wish him that dinner which he declares he wants ; and that we may help him to one or two more than he could otherwise procure, we shall make the following favourable quotations from his book.

The interposition of Pallas between Agamemnon and Achilles, in the first book, is thus comically translated :

Had you but seen Achilles fret it,
I think you never could forget it.

A fight so dreadful ne'er was seen,
 He sweat for very rage and spleen :
 Long was he balanc'd at both ends,
 When reason mounted, rage descends ;
 The last commanded, Sword lug out ;
 The first advis'd him not to do't.
 With half-drawn weapon fierce he stood,
 Eager to let the General blood ;
 When Pallas, swift descending down,
 Hit him a knock upon the crown :
 Then roar'd as loud as she could yelp,
 Lugging his ears, 'Tis I, you whelp.

Pelides wonder'd who could be
 So bold, and turn'd about to see.
 He knew the brightness of her eyes,
 And loud as he could bawl, he cries,
 Goddess of Wisdom ! pray what weather
 Has blown your goat-skin doublet hither ?
 Howe'er thou com'st quite opportune,
 To see how basely I'm run down ;
 Thou com'st most *a propos incog.*
 To see how I will trim this Dog :
 For by this rusty blade, his life
 Or mine shall end this furious strife.

To whom, reply'd the blue-ey'd Pallas,
 I come to save thee from the gallows ;
 Thou'rt surely either mad or drunk,
 To threaten murder for a punk :
 Prithee now, let this passion cool,
 For once be guided by a Fool :
 I flew like lightning from above,
 Thy dreadful fury to remove ;
 For white-arm'd Juno bid me say,
 Let Reason now thy passion sway,
 And angry be another day.

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As droll and farcical is Jove's reply to the request of The-
 tis, in the same book.

Then answers he who rolls the thunder,
 I'm much amaz'd, and greatly wonder,
 That you should thus attempt, with tears,
 To set my Rib and me by th' ears ;
 This, by my soul ! will make rare work !
 Juno will rate me like a Turk.
 You surely know, and have known long,
 The D—I cannot match her tongue ;
 To Troy, I'm sure, I wish full well,
 She ne'er forgets that tale to tell :

But

But get you gone, lest she should see;
Your suit, depend, shall granted be.
With head (observe) I'll give a nod,
That cannot be revers'd, by G—d:
The Thunderer then his noddle shakes,
And Greece, like city-custard, quakes.
Thetis, well pleas'd the Greeks to souse,
Dives under water like a goose.

As Jupiter guessed, so it happened; Juno falls upon him with
all the virulence of tongue, and roasts him in the language of a
genuine modern spouse.

'Tis mighty civil, on my life,
To keep all secrets from your Wife:
Is this the method, Mr. Jove,
You take to shew your Wife your love?
Pray, who's that brimstone-looking Quean,
With whom you whispering was seen?
Perhaps you're set some secret talk,
And I'm impertinent to ask.
Is there a Wife 'tween here and Styx,
Like me would bear your whoring tricks?
But goodman Royster! I'd have you know,
Tho' you are Jove, I still am Juno!

Thus Mr. Barebones improves upon the similes of his Au-
thor:

As when a bonfire, with a noise,
Is kindled by the parish boys;
It catches first the straw, then rushes,
And seizes on the dry furze bushes;
Which causes such a devilish glaring,
That half the fools i'th' town stand staring.
Just so the Grecians' polish'd shields
Darted a glaring round the fields.
For noise and order to the fight
They look'd like wild-geese in their flight;
Who, as they light upon the ground,
With gabbling make the air resound.

Thus num'rous and confus'd they seem,
Before they reach'd Scamander's stream:
And, as they hasten'd to the shore,
They made the very Welkin roar.
Thick as the flowers adorn the land
Upon the river's bank they stand;
Or, thick as leaves upon the trees,
Before they feel th' Autumnal breeze;
Or swarms of flies that find a crop
Of sugar in a Grocer's shop.

Agamemnon's

Agamemnon's Prayer, in the third Book, is yet more humorous than any thing we have quoted.

O Jupiter! who, every Friday,
Art worshipt on a mount call'd Ida;
O Phœbus! and thou Mother Earth!
That gives to Thieves and Lawyers birth;
O Demons! and infernal Furies!
Whose counsels aid Westminster Juries;
Thou discord-making Fiend that trudges
The six month's circuit with the Judges;
And thou, the hellish Imp that brings
Sulphur to punish perjur'd Kings;
Be witnesses to what we say,
If Paris Menelaus slay,
May he keep Nell, much good may't do him,
And make her true and faithful to him;
Whilst we, poor Devils, will depart,
And trudge it home with all our heart.

The Reader will perceive from these quotations, that this work is by no means destitute of humour; and with those who are fond of this kind of versification, it might have passed off very well, had not the bounds of decency been, in many places, so insufferably transgressed.

We remember to have seen a burlesque translation of part of the *Iliad*, printed about 130 years ago; before Cotton's *Virgil travestie* appeared. It was done with as much humour and drollery as Mr. Cotton's, or the present performance; and, if we remember rightly, with more decency than either of them.

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The House of Superstition, a Poem. By the Rev. Mr. Denton.
4to. 6d. Hinxman.

THE Muses are the handmaids of Truth, and are never more happily employed than when they are adding new ornaments to her person, or bringing new votaries to her temple. It was in consideration of this their high office that they were said to descend from heaven, and to derive their origin from Jove. To discover and expose the mazes of fraud and error, to exhibit the clear images of things in their ideal mirror, and to direct mankind in the paths of truth and nature, were essential parts of their sublime commission. It is therefore with great propriety that Mr. Denton, one of their Priests, but neither of the highest nor of the lowest order, has

has invoked their assistance to describe the *House of Superstition*; a monster that has spread destruction over the face of the earth. His Picture, however, is but a miniature; it is only a small sketch of the habitation of that infernal fiend, in which but a few of her diabolical attendants are introduced. As *the House of Superstition* is evidently written in the style and manner of Mr. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, we wonder the Author did not so far avail himself of his precedent, as to describe the unhappy consequences in which the votaries of *Superstition* were involved, when they had been once deluded into her house. Here would have been a fine field for invention, for as *Superstition* has various forms, and produces different effects on different minds, a great variety of characters and circumstances might have been introduced; and in such a complicated scene of human misery, the pathetic powers of Poetry might have found abundant matter for affecting description and elegant complaint. Thus too the cause of *Truth* would have been more effectually supported; and as the Poet has at last represented her dispersing the gloom of *Superstition*, and snatching the *sacred volume* from her hand, she would have appeared with much greater lustre, had she been described as rescuing from misery and darkness those wretched beings, whose unhappy circumstances had before been represented and deplored. Of these hints the Author may, if he pleases, avail himself in some future Edition. We shall now enquire into the merits of his Poem.

Thus the *House of Superstition* makes its appearance to the Poet, in a vision:

As when fair Morning dries her pearly tears,
The Mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
Thus new to sight a gothic Dome appears,
With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.

Here SUPERSTITION holds her dreary reign,
And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
In tongue unknown, when Morn bedews the plain,
Or evening skirts with gold the western skies;
To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
And many a Cross she makes, and many a Bead lets fall.

In Poetry, as well as in Painting, every circumstance should be peculiarly characteristic. The *House of Superstition* is here described without any other attributes than antiquity and the gothic order; now as there are ten thousand buildings with the same properties, that can by no means be called *Houses of Superstition*: the Painting is here imperfect, and the

the House of Superstition is here described with no more propriety than the city of London would be, were a number of houses and spires thrown together in perspective, without either the Monument or St. Paul's.

Near to the Dome a magic Pair reside,
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound ;

These two beings are *Ignorance* and *Error*. Ignorance is represented as a stupid, listless wretch, that lies in a dark cave without exerting any of his faculties. The picture of Error is as follows :

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
And in faint glimmerings just admit the light,
There ERROR sits, in borrow'd white array'd,
And in TRUTH's form deceives the transient sight.

A thousand Glories wait her opening day,
Her beaming lustre when fair TRUTH imparts ;
Thus ERROR would pour forth a spurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts.
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

Error is properly enough described as affecting the appearance and qualities of Truth ; and this is certainly a more agreeable image of her than that in the Fairy-Queen, which is enough to make a delicate Reader do a very indelicate thing.

The Porter that is here provided for the House of Superstition is *Prejudice*, a very proper person indeed ; but though the Author has rightly enough represented him as blind, we do not see any propriety in calling him decrepid : perhaps it might not be amiss to change that epithet for one that should describe his obstinate and untractable temper. The bowl of infatuating liquor which he offers to every traveller, and by that means makes them see objects in false lights, is a proper symbol.

The sovereign Pontiff is honoured with a place in this House, and is thus described :

The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect, and throned high ;
Two golden keys hang dangling at his side
To lock or ope the portals of the sky :
Couching and prostrate there (ah ! sight unmeet !)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd,
Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes ;

Heav'n's

Heaven's gracious gift to light the wandering mind,
 To lift fall'n man, and light him to the skies!
 A man no more, a God he would be thought,
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey;
 With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay.
 Strange legends would he read, and figmen's dire,
 Of Limbus-prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

Penance and Indulgence are the personages next described as inhabitants of the House of Superstition, and then follows this just description of a Monk.

With shaven crown, in a sequester'd cell,
 A lazy Lubbard there was seen to *lay*;
 No work had he save some few beads to tell,
 And indolently snore the hours away.
 The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
 The *mystic rites* of Hymen's hallow'd tie
 Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
 As crimes of foulest stain, and deepest dye.
 No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
 But spends in lethargy *devout* the ling'ring years.

If we mistake not, *devout lethargy* is an expression that has been made use of by some of our Divines, but it seems to want propriety; for Lethargy and Devotion must be totally incompatible.

The most detestable person that we find in the family of Superstition, is PERSECUTION. This monster is her eldest-born, and the most diabolical of all her offspring. No colours can be too horrible to paint him. With what detestation must every liberal mind reflect on those dreadful scenes of massacre and ruin which he produced among mankind, when affecting the authority of the benevolent author of Christianity, he trampled on his humane precepts; and, like the Thief in the Gospel, came only *to steal, to kill, and to destroy*. Happy, could we boast that this enlightened age were free from all marks of his impious violence! but while Superstition retains the least influence among mankind, PERSECUTION *can never die*. It must however seem strange, if, in a free country, from which the errors of Popery are banished, Religion should at any time think it necessary to call in the aid of the Civil Power, when only her truth is called in question, or she is attacked by the *Telum imbelle* of Ridicule! Such proceedings would certainly be inconsistent with the true spirit of CHRISTIANITY, which professes only to pray for its Persecutors.

Mr.

Mr. Denton's description of Persecution is as follows :

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
 Fierce PERSECUTION fate, and with strong breath
 Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
 And feasts on Murders, Massacres, and Death.
 Near him was plac'd PROCRUSTES' iron bed,
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size ;
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries :
 Yet he beholds them with unmoisten'd eye,
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody !

After these quotations, it will scarce be necessary to inform the Reader that this is a tolerable Poem. But there is nothing striking or uncommon in the thoughts ; the versification is not always elegant, nor the language correct. The Author's principles however are noble, free, and manly ; and cannot be too much applauded.

La.

Resignation. In two Parts, and a Postscript to Mrs. B——.
 4to. 2s. Owen.

EL Ambition de la emprenta es una Colpa que no basta arrepentirse *, says an antient Spanish Writer ; and the truth of his remark we have frequently occasion to observe and lament. It is not, however, to be wondered at ; for Fame is a mistress whose favours we never cease to court, from the vigour of youth to the impotence of age. The candidates for literary reputation in particular are rarely satisfied with the portion of fame they have acquired ; while they behold others straining for those laurels with which they have been already crowned, they are ready to conclude that it could only happen through their own inactivity, that new competitors have ventured into the field. Forgetting that the Aonian tree affords an eternal supply of branches, they seem apprehensive lest every new garland that is provided for the brow of merit, should take something from their own †—forgetting too that the

* The ambition of appearing in print is a fault past repentance.

† These reflections were partly occasioned by the following Stanza in this Poem.

And since of Genius in our Sex,
 O ADDISON ! with thee
 The Sun is set, how I rejoice
 A Sister-lamp to see !

This

the faculties of the mind are in some measure dependent on those of the body, and that the former seldom continue in a vigorous state when the latter are impaired by time or sickness, they engage in the works of imagination with the same hopes of success as when fancy, borne on the wings of youth, was active and unrestrained.

It is with unaffected concern we behold, in the Poem before us, a striking instance of the senescence of Genius. The sentiments indeed are still characteristic of their Author, but most of them are to be found in his Night-Thoughts; and very little has been advanced on the doctrine of Resignation that is not to be met with in the different works of Divines and Moralists. The style also is like that of Dr. Y——, but the resemblance is rather in its blemishes than its beauties. Here is the same fondness for antitheses and pointed expression, the same hunting down of figures, and lowness of metaphors, that are to be found in his other poetical works; but little of their strength or harmony remains. He has also been unhappy in the choice of his Metre. The Lyric Muse has always been unfavourable to him; and to attempt her easy measures at this time of life, was an unfortunate determination. If he thought the dignity of Blank Verse too much for his years, he ought to have considered that the easy harmony of Lyric Poetry is not more readily caught by the unbraced ear of age, than the swelling grandeur of Miltonic numbers.

After these animadversions, we must, in justice to the Author, quote his apology for this Publication, which is contained in the following Advertisement prefixed to his Poem:

“ This was not intended for the Public; there were many and strong reasons against it, and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, (a few copies were printed and given to the Author's friends) being got into the printed Papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy, still more imperfect than this, should fall into the Press; and it is hoped that this unwelcome occasion of Publication may be some excuse for it.”

This unjust censure of the present race of Authors may easily be accounted for, by considering the Poet's Description of Age:

*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis ævi
Se puer, Censor castigatque minorum.*

Now

Now with respect to this Apology, it must be owned that the reasons were sufficient for reprinting the Poem; but then it must be asked, Why did the Author ever suffer so imperfect a performance to pass through the Press? He should have considered that true observation of Horace,

Semel emissum, volat irrevocabile verbum.

With great propriety too might he have answered the importunity of his friends, in the language of the same Author:

*Spectatum satis, & donatum jam Rude, queris
Mæcenæ iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est Ætas, non mens. ———
Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui perfonet aurem;
Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.*

It is true that Horace was versifying even while he urged such strong reasons against it; but Horace had not then seen many more than half the years of Dr. Y——. His Epistles are by no means the productions of exhausted genius; and had he acquiesced in the reasons he advanced against writing at all, the world had been a considerable loser.

This Poem is addressed to a Lady, to teach her Resignation, when under a very severe affliction, caused by the death of a beloved Husband. The Author endeavours to reconcile her to her lot by shewing that pain is not always an evil, but is frequently productive of very good consequences. This, with some difficulty and torture of attention, we have been able to make out from the following Stanzas:

*From Virtue's rugged path to right
By Pleasure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault.
Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of Peace,
If Folly is withstood;
And says, Time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.
In Earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man
To spend his whole estate,
And beggar an Eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.*

Say

Say not your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife,
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your Joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our present state;

The ingenious Mr. Samuel Richardson, who was engaged in printing the first Edition of this Poem, died before the impression was finished. The Author here laments him as a friend, and has given some just sketches of his genius.

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care,
And deep his happy Genius div'd
In bosoms of the Fair.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

In the second part of this Poem Dr. Y—— has severely disciplined his aged Cotemporary, Voltaire, for the publication of *Candide*.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold Trash as this?
This for renown? Yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

Your Trash, with mine at open war
Is obstinately bent,
Like Wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent:

With so much sun-shine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? Why
Your *Helicon* with *Styx*?

Your Works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder whilst we praise;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As Genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

In the following lines the Author attempts to shew the general causes of our Dissatisfaction, and why that Resignation he recommends is so little prevalent.

What our sole fountain of Distress?
 Strong passion for this scene:
 That trifles makes important, things
 Of mighty moment mean:
 When Earth's dark maxims poisons shed
 On our polluted Souls,
 Our hearts and interests fly as far
 Asunder, as the Poles;
 Like Princes in a cottage nurs'd,
 Unknown their Royal Race,
 With abject aims, and sordid joys,
 Our grandeur we disgrace.
 O for an *Archimedes* new
 Of moral pow'rs possess'd
 The world to move, and quite expel
 That Traitor from the Breast.

The Thoughts in the two last Stanzas are beautiful and new, for we do not find that our Author has borrowed them even of himself. These quotations are sufficient to shew the style and manner of the Poem, as well as to justify the censure we have passed upon it.

La.

Sermons. By the late Rev. James Duchal*, D. D. 8vo.
 5 s. bound. Millar.

IN an Advertisement prefixed to these Sermons we are candidly told, that they were written without any view to the Press; that they are only a specimen of the Doctor's ordinary weekly labours; and that if this Volume meets with encouragement, his friends propose to select more Volumes from that very large fund they are in possession of.

As to the merit of the work, it appears to be very considerable. The style of the Author, indeed, is far from being elegant, nor is there any thing animated in his manner; but such Readers as are more desirous of improving in virtue, than of reading ingenious and sprightly Discourses upon it; of reforming their lives, rather than of pleasing their fancies, will find abundant satisfaction in perusing the present Volume.

* In the VIIIth Volume of our Review the Reader will find an account of a Volume of Sermons, published in the life-time of this learned and worthy Author.

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A spirit of piety, candour, and modesty, breathes through the whole of it; the subjects are useful, and treated with judgment and perspicuity.—We shall present our Readers with a short view of what is contained in it; sincerely wishing, that it may be so well received by the Public, as to encourage the Author's friends to favour us with more of his excellent Discourses.

In the first Sermon he shews, that eternal Life is the reward of patient continuance in well-doing: in the second, that moral perfection is the ultimate intention of all the works and ways of God. The nature of enthusiasm, and the marks by which its irrational heats are to be distinguished from a natural and becoming warmth of affection, and a suitable fervor of spirit in religion, is the subject of the third, and is treated in a very rational and judicious manner.

Enthusiasm, in general, the Doctor says, may be understood to signify a man's acting under an apprehension of a present divine energy upon his mind, to which all his powers are supposed to be subjected, and by which he is carried on, without attention to any thing else as his guide. After pointing out some of the effects which this must produce, where a person is mistaken in such apprehension, he goes on to observe, that while men studiously avoid enthusiasm, they may be in danger of falling into the contrary extreme, and of contracting a culpable languor and insensibility of spirit in matters of religion; which ought always to be considered as a most dangerous distemper, as it seems to be a very general one in the present age.

“ Warmth of affection towards God and the Redeemer, (continues he) emotions of spirit in contemplating the divine greatness and goodness, and the astonishing scenery of the invisible world, which the gospel hath presented to us as the objects of our faith, are not only rational and natural, and manly, but, indeed, may be said to be the necessary concomitants of a lively faith, and a serious attention to those objects: and that there should be a rapturous joy in a rational and just application of the gospel promises to ourselves, is obvious and indisputable. It is true, indeed, these feelings will, in different persons, be different, according to the greater or less sensibility of their spirits, and delicacy of their sensations. But, where there is any sensibility, where there are any affections which become humanity, surely such objects as I have now mentioned, must, if seriously attended to, excite
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them

them to the most lively exercise. To illustrate this, let us attend a little to the frame and workings of our minds in other respects, and towards other objects.

“ In the material world, what is vastly great begets in us a pleasing admiration ; what is beautiful, we look on with delight. The grand works of nature, or of art, or such as discover exquisite contrivance and design, or are executed in the finest and best manner, always give us sensible pleasure, and cause certain agreeable emotions of mind. That kind of beauty which is seen in the various orders of the world of life, especially in our own species, and those works of human art which are an imitation of it, such as sculpture and painting, please still more, and more engage the attention of the admiring mind. We account that taste which giveth the greatest sensibility in these things a perfection in nature, and a very high one, and look upon insensibility to all such things as a reproachful defect. But we find this sensibility, and the emotions, which in pursuance of it are raised in the mind, with respect to moral characters, still greater. Let any man of discernment in moral objects, have a character of high distinction in purity, fortitude and resolution, in constancy and fidelity, set before him ; let him see these virtues tried to the utmost, in the most painful trials, conquering and coming out like gold from the fire, and he cannot but admire, love, and delight in them. Nay, and in attending to some one very heroic action, how will the soul be moved ? How will the very animal frame be affected ? And will not all acknowledge, that these strong and moving sensations are most natural and commendable ? and the character is accounted despicable in which no such thing is found. But to show how much and deeply the mind is affected by these beauties and graces of the moral kind, and with what a strong inclination it uniteth itself to the objects in which they are found, let the entertainment and delight which spring from the tendernesses of sacred intimate friendship testify, and those workings in the heart, of love, esteem, and sympathy, which are so sensible and affecting. Surely all these are most natural and becoming the heart of man ! Now, from this frame, and those affections planted in us, we may judge how the heart may be, how it ought to be touched in our contemplation and converse with the objects of religion, with the greatness and excellency, the goodness and love of the Supreme Being, appearing in all his works ; with the astonishing grace and condescension, the friendship and love of him who died for us ; with the vastness of those prospects which
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are opened to us by faith, and the amazing greatness of the world of spirits, and those numberless multitudes which constitute the family of God. Surely, to feel admiration, the highest reverence, the most ardent love and gratitude, glowing in the heart, one would think should be the most natural of all things, when we seriously contemplate the Parent of all.

“ Or, shall we, without wonder, behold infinite contrivance and wisdom? the vastness and inexpressible magnificence of the works of God, without any emotion? Shall our thoughts be fixed upon spotless purity, upon unchangeable goodness, upon a Being whose very essence is love, whose beneficiaries we constantly and most eminently are, without love, without gratitude? Shall we behold, in the cross of our Saviour, unspeakable excellency, conflicting with the greatest suffering and distress, bearing this with the greatest constancy and resignation, bearing it on our account, and for our sakes, without emotion? Shall not the wonders of grace make a deep impression upon our minds; that grace which so conspicuously appeared in the interposition of the Son of God, the most amazing event in the whole of the divine administration? Certainly, the most lively exercises of love and gratitude, and the greatest sensibility to these matchless objects of them, infinitely become us: and to be cold and unmoved by such things as these, speaketh a very undesirable state of the mind. Again, how glorious the prospects which are set before us? how high the dignity of those illustrious conquerors, to whom it is promised by our blessed Saviour, that they shall be set down with him upon his throne, as he also overcame, and is set down with the Father upon his throne? And how doth the assurance of an endless duration in such an honourable and happy state affect the mind? Is it to be wondered at, that the joy of a Christian in believing should rise into rapture; and that the greatest activity, and zeal, and delight in the service of God, should attend it, that the most lively vigour should animate all the powers, and that the joy of the Lord should give an invincible strength? In a word, in the greatness, excellency, and loveliness of those divine objects, the believing and attentive find what above all things else raiseth admiration, love, gratitude, and all those affections, which are the most sensible and powerful, as well as the most delightful to the mind. But what I principally aim at, is, that those emotions of soul are most natural; and that if they are at all to be called enthusiastic, that enthusiasm is of a most excellent kind, greatly to be desired, carefully to be cultivated and encouraged.”

This happy and delightful state of the Soul is to be distinguished from that wild enthusiasm, which our author treated of in the first part of his Discourse. The one is quite natural and rational, the fruit of a proper improvement of our understanding, and exercise of our best affections; the other has nothing to do with reason, and is, indeed, a kind of phrenzy. The one is tumultuous, attended with great agitations of mind, and even of body; the other is all composure and serenity, all uniform, and worthy of the very best and most perfect state of the mind; not weakening the rational powers, but giving them additional life and vigour. In the exercise of those devout affections, arising from the discerned excellency of the object, the mind perceives itself right, and the very feeling of the Soul justifies itself; but in the other, wild and unaccountable imaginations take place; and the most extravagant reveries pass upon men for divine infusions.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth Sermons, well deserve the reader's serious and attentive perusal. They contain a distinct view of the genius and spirit of Christianity; and are indeed excellent Discourses. The Doctor shews, that the Christian religion has a tendency to inspire the mind with strength and vigour, in all seasons of difficulty and distress; to render it fit for all the services of life; to root out all those dispositions which contract the spirit, and cramp the good affections; to engage to all offices of benevolence; to deliver men from what distracts the mind and perverts the judgment; and to yield that composure and serenity which give them the free use of their rational powers.

In the seventh, eighth, and ninth Discourses, he considers the powers and faculties of the human soul, the operations of the understanding and will, the affections, their arrangement in the heart, and their operations as springs of action and enjoyment. And here he does not amuse his Readers with nice and subtle disquisitions of an abstract and metaphysical nature, but confines himself to plain and easy reflections, chiefly of a practical tenor.

In treating of the affections, he observes, as a very pleasing instance of the wisdom of our Maker, that the ardour of the affection is proportioned to the capacity and opportunity of pursuing the tendencies and purposes of it. For instance, we can be greatly serviceable to those who are joined to us in the relations of domestic life, or in tender and intimate friendships, or in near and familiar neighbourhood, while we can
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do little but wish well to persons who are at a great distance from us, and thereby in a manner quite out of the reach of our influence. Did the affections work with the same energy towards persons at a great distance from us, that they do towards intimate friends and dear relations, this would not only answer no end, but it would really make men very unhappy. Suppose, for instance they were to be affected by the misfortunes, or sickness, or death, of absolute strangers, in the same manner that they are by those of their near relations, who are perhaps the desire of their eyes and the joy of their hearts, their state must be very painful and miserable indeed. Or, supposing the affections were as strong incentives to action where there was no opportunity or capacity of doing good, as where there are both, this would be very inconvenient, and could be of no use.

In the tenth Sermon, which is a very judicious one, the Doctor considers the power of reason and conscience over the affections, and particularly the authority of conscience in directing the conduct. In the eleventh and twelfth, he treats of the loss of the soul, and the insignificance of all temporal acquisitions, when opposite to future happiness.

The happiness which human nature, by its various powers and capacities, is made capable of enjoying in a state of perfection, is the subject of the thirteenth Discourse. The greatness of God and his works, his universal providence, and the happiness he must enjoy from the execution of the glorious design, are considered in the fourteenth; and in the fifteenth the Doctor discourses upon the dissolution of the material system, and the final consummation of all things.

In the sixteenth, he explains *communion with God* in a sense not liable to the charge of enthusiasm; and in the seventeenth, treats of the reverence a man owes to himself, and the great importance of a just sense of the dignity of human nature, as a preservative from vice, and incentive to virtue. This Sermon we have read with peculiar pleasure, and think it well deserving the attentive perusal of every serious reader. The Author shews, in a very clear and judicious manner, that men never appear in a more honourable light, than when a sense of what they owe to themselves, makes them incapable of submitting to the impositions of others, and when they prefer internal honour, the approbation of their own hearts, to the applauses of all the world. This is doing justice to the dignity of nature; and to this we owe some of the most illu-

strious characters, and useful services, with which the history of the world presents us. Without the prevalence of such a spirit, indeed, Christianity could never have obtained in the world; without it the protestant religion could never have obtained in the Christian world; nor indeed any reformation, against which prevailing and fashionable sentiments and customs were opposed.—The Volume concludes with an excellent discourse upon friendship.

R

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For JUNE, 1762.

POLITICAL.

Art. I. *A serious Address to the Vulgar. In which the Character and Abilities of a certain Nobleman, and the Prejudice against the Place of his Birth, are impartially considered.* 8vo. 6d. Hooper.

THOUGH this Writer is pleased to degrade himself, yet it must be acknowledged, that he rises greatly superior to the rank he affects; his observations are many of them sensible and just; and his manner decent, if not elegant. But he expresses too much zeal, to do any effectual service to the cause he espouses; and destroys the force of his arguments by attempting to prove too much. He even ventures to contend, that the employing a foreigner in the administration of a free country, may secure its freedom. And he lays it down as a necessary supposition, 'That even if the E—l of B—e occupied no other station than that of a private officer in his majesty's household, his advice would still have a certain degree of influence, and controul over public measures.' What the Writer means by this passage we are unwilling to understand. We know, that upon the supposition of his Lordship's being a private officer, his degree of influence would only be in common with other privy counsellors: And it would be an affront to the Sovereign to suppose him capable of being guided by an *unconstitutional* influence. In short, the altercation which has suddenly arisen on the promotion of his Lordship, appears to us to be premature and senseless. What swarms of hebdomadal Scribblers have given the alarm, before they can point out any danger? And what numbers of Sycophants have flattered the minister, before they can refer to any action worthy of commendation? The *Monitor*, the *Briton*, the *North-Briton*, the *Auditor*, the *Patriot*, with other hasty Adventurers, have opened the sluices of invective and panegyric, and bid fair to deluge the town with their nauseous streams, while the springs of elegance and true wit remain dry and exhausted. It is to be wished, that the people of this kingdom would confine themselves within their proper province. It is certainly

ly of importance to a free nation to enquire *how* the government is administered, and they have an undoubted right to express their sentiments concerning public measures: But *by whom* the government shall be administered, is no part of their consideration, the constitution having lodged the power of appointment in the crown.

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Art. 2. *A Letter from an independent Man to his Friend, on a late Pamphlet, entitled, Observations * on the Papers relative to the War with Spain.* 8vo. 6d. Cooke.

Contains some sensible animadversions on the Observations.

* Review, March, p. 230.

P O E T I C A L.

Art 3. *The Apology. Addressed to the Reviewers.* By ———, Esq; Author of *The Rosciad* of Covent-Garden. 4to. 1s. Gretton.

This ——— *blank*, Esq; having been freely told that disagreeable truth which, impeaching his abilities, no *Author* ever yet believed, falls upon the Reviewers, in return for their honest information, and lets them know that he holds their Performances as cheap as they hold his Verses. This is all fair. The ———, Esq; hath certainly as good a right to his own judgment of us, as we had to condemn his *dirty Rhymes*, as he now confesses them to have been. We are glad, however, to find that he hath resolved to profit by our advice, and to leave the vain delights of Poetry; or, according to his Motto, which we hope he will abide by,

Nunc itaque et Versus, et cætera ludicra pono.

Art. 4. *Two Odes to Indolence and to Impudence.* 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

It was observed by a celebrated Critic of the Augustan age, that neither Gods, nor Men, nor Bookseller's Shops, could bear indifferent Poets: but whatever the sons of Mediocrity might do in Rome, it is certain they find access to the Shops of Booksellers by multitudes in London. Perhaps the Author of these Odes, had he been willing to take a little more pains, might have been exempted from this class; his Poetry is by no means destitute either of harmony or imagery: but, whether through negligence or want of judgment, we cannot take upon us to say, he has confounded his images, the elegant with the burlesque, and the abstracted with the familiar. So it fares likewise with his expression, which is sometimes very unhappy, as in the following line:

No more can *sweetest* physic now attract.

If this epithet were intended as ironical, it has little propriety, because the spirit of the stanza is not so; if otherwise, it is still worse.

In the Ode to Impudence the Author describes the power and influence of that Goddess as particularly prevalent in the kingdom of Ireland,

Ireland, and descants on the wondrous efficacy of the river Shannon, in bronzing the brow of Modesty. But notwithstanding his cruel raillery on the poor Hibernians, we are inclined to believe that he is a native of the same soil; for surely none but an Irishman could have wrote the following line:

And they were wise before their *beards* had *hairs*.

Our Poet himself, perhaps, has been actually plunged in the Shannon, though he affects to wish for it; at least here is strong presumptive evidence: Were there no Impudence in the world, says he, then

Each with his real merit would appear,

(EAR.

And MY WELL-POLISH'D LINES WOULD CHARM EACH FEELING

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Art. 5. *An Explanation of the proposed Scheme for better paving, repairing, cleaning, and lighting the Squares, Streets, and Lanes, of the City and Liberty of Westminster, and the adjacent Parishes. To which is annexed, a Plan, describing the District over which the same is proposed to extend.* By a Member of Parliament. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Jeffries.

From the different qualities of the stones used to pave the Streets, and the irregularity in repairing Pavement at the precarious option of House-keepers, the expediency of the Act lately passed for an uniform improvement in these respects, is clearly shewn, as well as the necessity of cleaning and lighting the Streets, notwithstanding the prejudices of those who have opposed the Act, for want of understanding it. From the Explanation of the Scheme here given, it appears to be a truly public-spirited undertaking, founded on reasonable principles, and far from proceeding from those sinister views to which it has been ascribed.

Art. 6. *The Life and Adventures of Christopher Wagstaffe, Gent. Grandfather to Tristram Shandy, &c. &c.* Small Octavo. 2 Vols. 5s. bound. Hinxman.

A lively and facetious imitation of Mr. Sterne's famous performance. But if the Author merits praise for his ingenuity, he deserves chastisement for his presumptuousness: he speaks evil of dignities; he has even dared to attack the REVIEWERS! A cunning elf! He has taken the field before us, and forced us to act upon the defensive. "And now (says this exulting bold-face) every thing you say must, in *this* case, be demonstrably dictated by *passion* and *resentment*. You cannot be *supposed* to be *impartial*. I am *before-hand* with you. I have *nick'd* you. You *must* either say *nothing* about this Performance, or speak in its praise." ———— What an arch r——! But, as an unlucky boy may make a good man, and as this seems to be his first offence, we forgive him this time, in hopes of his coming to a right sense of his duty, and shewing better manners for the future: we shall see how he behaves in his *third* Volume.

- Art. 7. *The Students, a Comedy. Altered from Shakespear's Love's Labour Lost, and adapted to the Stage.* 2vo. 1s. 6d. Hope.

It is very easy to retrench the superfluities of so exuberant a genius as Shakespear. This Editor has, we apprehend, succeeded in most of his alterations of this Comedy; but to what end has so much pains been taken? If his Students do not previously make their appearance upon the stage, we apprehend they will never find their way into the closet.

- Art. 8. *A fresh Complaint lately exhibited by the Dutch East-India Company, against the Servants of the English East-India Company in Bengal. Translated from the original Dutch, printed by Authority.* 4to. 1s. Becket.

Since the Convention between the English and Dutch, in the year 1759, the Nabob in alliance with the former has been making depredations upon the latter; has razed one of their forts, and extorted a great sum of money from them. The Complaint against the English imports, that they were the unjust instigators of all this mischief. — If our East-India Company can answer this Charge as satisfactorily as they have answered the former Complaint from the States, our industrious neighbour, *Nic. Frog*, will have nothing left for it, but to desist from all his cunning tricks, and to copy the open, fair, and downright behaviour of his old friend *John Bull*; who, we dare answer for him, will never do any thing to hurt Nic, while Nic behaves as he should do.

- Art. 9. *The History of Mecklenburgh, from the first Settlement of the Vandals in that Country, to the present Time; including a Period of about three thousand Years.* 8vo. 5s. Newbery.

The Author has traced the History of this Branch of the Germanic Empire from the earliest accounts. The style is easy, and the materials appear to be faithfully collected from Authors of credit. *Buf-ching**, who is no where referred to in this Collection, appears to be the best authority for accounts of any part of Germany.

* See Review for February last, wherein we began an account of *Buf-ching's* performance, which is concluded in this Number.

- Art. 10. *The Orators. As it is now performing at the new Theatre in the Hay-Market.* Written by Mr. Foote. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Coote.

The success attending Mr. Sheridan's late public Lectures on Oratory has furnished this arch-droll, this eminent Professor of Mimicry, with a fine opportunity for raising a summer's-contribution on the Public; no unusual expedient with Mr. Foote, who has made many a lucky campaign of this kind. Indeed, as far as the excellence of *buffonry* goes, this comical Genius is certainly excellent, and seldom fails

fails to divert us with his lively freaks and whimsical grimace. If the indulgence of our natural risibility be conducive to health, this egregious mimic hath also, not only undoubted merit in his way, but may not be esteemed altogether an useless member of society. At least, let his enemies say what they will, while he continues to do something for a livelihood, he cannot be charged with eating the bread of idleness: but, though we allow him all the merit of a buffoon, we can say very little in his favour as a Writer. The piece before us, like the rest of his productions, is much better calculated for the Stage than the Press. This, it is true, must necessarily be the case with *such* IMITATIVE performances as the present. Could our Orator have printed the figures, gesture, and declamation of himself and his pupils, his Readers might have had an opportunity to laugh with his Spectators and Auditors; but in vain do we turn over the leaves of this Pamphlet, in search of the entertainment, that so agreeably engaged our eyes and tickled our ears at the Hay-Market: in vain do we enquire after the modern Orator's *Fun*, as the Reader of old did after the ancient Orator's Thunder. If the present Professor, indeed, had consulted his literary credit, he would have reflected on the disadvantages which thus attend all oratorical productions, and have suppressed the publication of his Piece. By his presuming to publish it, however, he seems to maintain its claim to approbation, as a dramatic performance: it may be doing Mr. Foote, therefore, a friendly office, perhaps, to acquaint him that he is by no means qualified to shine in print. To accommodate wit, spirit, or humour, to the model of literary composition, requires the genius and understanding of a MAN. The shining talents of the present Writer resemble those of an animal of an inferior species; so that, placing his admiring audience in a rank of beings something higher than himself, we may make a little variation in the words of the Poet, and transfer their application with propriety from a Newton to a Foote:

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A Wag take off the Senate and the Law,
Admir'd such antick Pow'rs in human shape,
And prais'd a Foote as one would praise an Ape.

K-n-K

Art. 11. *The Memoirs of Mrs. Catherine Jemmat, Daughter of the late Admiral Yeo, of Plymouth. Written by herself.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 5s. sewed. Printed for Mrs. Jemmat, at Mr. Walker's, Shoemaker, Charing-Cross.

Mrs. Jemmat is, in some measure, a second Pilkington, both in fortune (or rather misfortune) and in genius; but as the British Lady does not appear to have been reduced so low in circumstances as the unhappy Hibernian, neither do her abilities entitle to rank so high in the Republic of Letters. She possesses, however, an ingenious pen; and both her Memoirs and her Verses may induce her compassionate Readers to pity her situation, while they are entertained with her performance.

Art. 12.

Art. 6. *The History of the Excellence and Decline of the Constitution, Religion, Laws, Manners, and Genius of the Sumatrans, &c.* Vol. I. 8vo. 4s. Kearsly.

This is such a satyrical review of *our* Religion, Laws, Manners, &c. as might be expected from the Misanthropic pen of Dr. Shebbeare; who, notwithstanding his ill-nature, his virulence, and incorrect writing, is a man of some observation and fancy. There are even strokes of genius in this production, which almost compensate for its defects and extravagancies.

Art. 13. *The Citizen of the World: Or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London, to his Friend in the East.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 6s. Newbery.

Although this Chinese Philosopher has nothing Asiatic about him, and is as errant an European as the Philosopher of Malmesbury; yet he has some excellent remarks upon men, manners, and things—as the phrase goes.—But the Public have been already made sufficiently acquainted with the merit of these entertaining Letters, which were first printed in *The Ledger*; and are supposed to have contributed not a little towards the success of that Paper. They are said to be the work of the lively and ingenious Writer of *An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe*; a Writer, whom, it seems, we undesignedly offended, by some strictures on the conduct of many of our modern Scribblers. As the observation was entirely general, in its intention, we were surprized to hear that this Gentleman had imagined himself in any degree pointed at, as we conceive nothing can be more illiberal in a Writer, or more foreign to the character of a Literary Journal, than to descend to the meanness of personal reflection. It is hoped that a charge of this sort can never be justly brought against the Monthly Review.

Art. 14. *The Yearly Chronicle, for 1761: Or, A Collection of the most interesting and striking Essays, Letters, &c. which appeared in the St. James's Chronicle for that Year. To which is added, a Diary of the most remarkable Events. The whole serving as a complete Register of the Politics, News, Literature, &c. of that Period.* 8vo. 5s. 6d. in Boards. Becket, &c.

The temporary importance, which popularity gives to various insignificant subjects, makes a great deal of literary trash absolutely necessary among the several ingredients of a News-paper. A select Collection, however, of the most ingenious Tracts and Observations on the different Occurrences and Topics of the Times, as they become successively popular, cannot fail to prove at once extremely useful, instructive, and entertaining. For however contemptible the opinion in which some persons affect to hold the occasional Productions of the Day, we will venture to declare, we know of no other fund

fund of information, from which a judicious Reader can so well form his ideas of the general History and Complexion of the Times, or of the Customs and Manners of a People: nay, we will not scruple to affirm, that a discerning Foreigner will become better acquainted with the Genius and Manners of a Nation, by a regular perusal of their public Prints for some few months, than by rambling from one end of the country to the other, and holding an imperfect conversation within a narrow circle of acquaintance for as many years. There is one observation, however, it may not be here improper to make, by way of advice to those ingenious Writers, who occasionally exercise their pens in ridicule of the singularities, foibles, or follies, of their contemporaries; and who, by an error they are too apt to fall into, defeat in a great measure the end of their design, as well as the useful purposes above hinted. This error lies in their mismanagement of that beautiful figure, which they are nevertheless so fond of assuming, the *irony*; either swelling it out of all propriety, with preposterous hyperbole on the one hand, or, on the other, leaving it so feeble and equivocal, that the Reader is at a loss to know whether the Writer is in jest or earnest. We could point out some pieces wherein this error is flagrant, in the Miscellany before us; which, on the whole, however, is not injudiciously compiled, but affords an agreeable fund of recollection and amusement. In justice to the St. James's Chronicle we may also add, that no other Paper of intelligence, now subsisting, could have afforded such a variety of sprightly and entertaining materials; for most of which, we are informed, the Public is obliged to the very ingenious Authors of the *CONNOISSEUR*.

K-n-k

Art. 15. *A familiar Explanation of the Poetical Works of Milton. To which is prefixed, Mr. Addison's Criticism on Paradise Lost. With a Preface*, by the Rev. Mr. Dodd. 12mo, 2s. 6d.. Tonson.

May do well enough for children! Alas! poor Milton! Who knows but thou mayest yet be transformed into a Spelling-book?

RELIGIOUS.

Art. 16. *An Address to the Deists. Being a Proof of Revealed Religion, from Miracles and Prophecies. In which the principal Objections against the Christian Revelation, and especially against the Resurrection of Jesus, are considered and confuted. In Answer to a Moral Philosopher. The second Edition, with large Additions; and a Preface, shewing the Folly and Danger of Deism.* By John Jackson, Rector of Rossington in the County of York, and Master of Wigston's Hospital in Leicester. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Whiston.

The Additions to this well-known and justly-approved Work, are very considerable; and we cannot too earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who have any scruples concerning the Evidence
of

of the Christian Religion, which may be drawn from the Prophecies and Miracles.

Art. 17. *An Account of the Conversion of a Deist. With an Appendix, containing Reflections on Deism and Christianity.* By E. Harwood. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Griffiths.

The moderate and ingenious Writer of the Pamphlet now before us, publishes it with a solemn affirmation of its being a true narrative: whatever opinion therefore, may be formed of the hero of the piece, affects not the Editor; who is only answerable in point of veracity. Matter of fact is to be related, not contrived.

This Deist was born in a remote country place, of fanatical parents, in whose narrow tenets he was assiduously educated; and he was particularly grounded in the doctrines of election, reprobation, justification by imputed righteousness, sanctification, &c. It must be owned, that in the various particulars related concerning this family, a very just picture is drawn of those narrow-minded, gloomy christians, who too much abound in country places, where knowledge cannot penetrate to correct the prejudices of education: as the peasants are wise in their ignorance; and like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;—will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming ever so wisely.

One incident in this narrative is so humorous, and withal so natural, that we are induced to treat our Readers with it, as well as ourselves.

The following incident may lead the Reader to judge of the strange temper of this man, and into what monsters of ferocity and uncharitableness, an itch for controversy, and a passionate zeal for some opinions, that are once thought fundamental, are capable of transforming men. A neighbour, with whom the old man* had held many a long and warm conference, and who, as it always happens in disputes, could neither convince nor be convinced, was desirous to see Dr. TAYLOR's Book on *Original Sin*, which then made a great noise in that country, in order to furnish him with some heavy artillery against the strong-holds of his opponents. A gentleman in the town had purchased this Book, and the young Man† was desired by his neighbour to borrow it of him, and bring it home in his pocket, but not to acquaint his father. He accordingly spoke to the gentleman, received the Book, brought it home, and being tired, laid it carelessly upon a table, and went to Bed. The old man opened it—It was the book, he had heard so much of—He knew not whether to read it, or to burn it—Down he sat, at eleven at night, and read, and fumed, and raged, in all the Variety of Passions, that bigotted fury can throw a Person into. He read and read, till he actually thought, as he said afterwards, that the earth would open under his feet, and sink him to hell. His principles, he said, were so unsettled, and such blasphemous thoughts suggested

* The Deist's Father.

† The future Deist.

them-

themselves to his *debauched mind*, as he phrased it, that he was forced to fetch his beloved *Owen on in-dwelling Sin*, to restore Peace and comfort to his soul. But what should he do with this heretical, foul-deluding book? He durst not let it stay in his house 'till the morning, for fear of setting it on fire. He took it up in a violent rage, uttering execrations upon it as he went, laid it at the foot of an oak that grew before the door, and thought he did a wonderful act of Christian charity, in laying a cold stone upon it, to save it from the rain and dew of heaven. The night he spent without closing his eyes, full of racking cares, and most tormenting inquietude, lest his son should have been infected with its principles; but was comforted in the morning, when he was assured, that the youth had never opened it, nor read a line in it.

This young man, in process of time came to London; where, by conversation with persons of different persuasions, his principles began to waver; and by frequenting the Robin Hood Society, became entirely changed: in brief, he grew an infidel with respect to Revelation, and a votary to sensual pleasures. Excesses destroyed his health, to recover which, he returned to the place of his nativity. Here one of his sister's children coming from school, and being questioned concerning her proficiency in reading, she opened her testament at random, and happened to read *Heb. ii. 1, 2, 3, 4.* the words struck him, and occasioned a serious recollection; when a perusal of the scriptures, and Dr. BENSON's vindication of the Christian Religion, made a sound believer of him.

It is impossible to avoid remarking in general, that this instance is not perhaps so happy a one in all its circumstances, as were to be wished, for the credit of the worthy cause it is published to serve. People frequently rush from one extreme to the opposite; there is nothing therefore extraordinary, that a youth of vivacity, bred in fanatical principles, should be argued into scepticism, by the licentious discourses in a mug-house, where all religious topics are so familiarly debated. As little is it to be wondered at, that a person enfeebled with disorder, and returned to the place where he received his first impressions, should, by an accidental impulse, find a returning propensity towards the principles he there imbibed in his youth.

To conclude our observations on this story, the conversion of an infidel member of any of the disputing societies, however much to be wished, is undeserving the triumph of a public declaration; unless the motive to conversion had been more worthy insisting on, and likely to be generally useful in the conversion of others.

In the Appendix containing Reflections on Deism and Christianity, which, in our estimation, is by far the best portion of the Pamphlet, Mr. Harwood appears as a rational and *candid* advocate for the Christian system. These Reflections we would seriously recommend, on the one hand, to the perusal of all arbitrary bigots to an establishment and religion they evidently do not understand; and on the other, to all ignorant bigots to scepticism and opposition; who, if they are but disposed to read, will assuredly profit by them.

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•• The Remainder of the Catalogue will be inserted in our APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X

T O T H E

M O N T H L Y R E V I E W ,

VOLUME the TWENTY-SIXTH.

The Quarto and Octavo Editions of the Works of Henry Fielding, Esq; with the Life of the Author, by Mr. Murphy, continued.

HAVING, in our Review for May, recited the most material circumstances in the earliest part of Mr. Fielding's life, mentioned some of his dramatic writings, and given an abstract of Mr. Murphy's disquisition concerning genius, we shall here resume this entertaining essay on the life and genius of Mr. Fielding.

Our entertaining Biographer, pursuing his enquiry into the nature and properties of genius, observes, " That he may be truly said to be a GENIUS, who possesses the leading faculties of the mind in their vigour, and can exercise them with warmth and spirit upon whatever subject he chuses; that the imagination must be very quick and susceptible, in order to receive the strongest impressions either from the objects of nature, the works of art, or the actions and manners of men; that the judgment also must be clear and strong, to select the proper parts of a story or description, to dispose the various members of a work, so as to give a lucid order to the whole, and to use such expression as shall not only serve to convey the intended ideas, but to convey them forcibly, and with that decorum of stile, which the art of composition requires; that invention must also concur, that new scenery may be opened to the fancy, new lights thrown upon the prospects of nature, and the sphere of our ideas be enlarged,

or a new assemblage be formed of them, either in the way of fable or illustration. The power of the mind, adds he, which exerts itself in what Mr. Locke calls the association of ideas, must be quick, vigorous, and warm, because it is from thence that language receives its animated figures, its bold translation of phrases from one idea to another, the *Verbum ardens*, the glowing metaphorical expression, which constitutes the richness and boldness of his imagery; and from thence likewise springs the readiness of ennobling a sentiment or description with the pomp of sublime comparison, or striking it deeper on the mind by the aptness of witty allusion. Mr. Murphy supposes, that what we call genius, might be still more minutely analysed; but these, he concludes, are its principal efficient qualities; and in proportion as these, or any of these, shall be found deficient in an author, so many degrees shall he be removed from the first rank and character of a Writer.

To bring these remarks home to the late Mr. Fielding, an estimate of him, says our Biographer, may be justly formed, “by enquiring how far these various talents may be attributed to him; or if he failed in any, what that faculty was, and what discount he must suffer for it. But though it will appear, perhaps, that when he attained that period of life, in which his mind was come to its full growth, he enjoyed every one of these qualifications, in great strength and vigour; yet in order to give the true character of his talents, to mark the distinguishing specific qualities of his genius, we must look into the temper of the man, and see what bias it gave to his understanding; for when abilities are possessed in an eminent degree by several men, it is the peculiarity of habit that must discriminate them from each other.

“A Love of imitation, continues our Author, very soon prevailed in Mr. Fielding’s mind. By imitation the reader will not understand that illegitimate kind, which consists in mimicking singularities of person, feature, voice, or manner; but that higher species of representation, which delights in just and faithful copies of human life. So early as when he was at Leyden, a propensity this way began to exert its emotions, and even made some efforts towards a comedy in the sketch of Don Quixote in England. When he left that place, and settled in London, a variety of characters could not fail to attract his notice, and of course to strengthen his favourite inclination. It has been already observed, that distress and disappointments betrayed him into occasional fits

of

of peevishness, and satyric humour. The eagerness of creditors, and the fallacy of dissembling friends, would for a while sour his temper; his feelings were acute, and naturally fixed his attention to those objects from whence his uneasiness sprung; of course he became, very early in life, an observer of men and manners. Shrewd and piercing in his discernment, he saw the latent sources of human actions, and he could trace the various incongruities of conduct arising from them. As the study of man is delightful in itself, affording a variety of discoveries, and particularly interesting to the heart, it is no wonder that he should feel delight from it; and what we delight in soon grows into an habit. The various ruling passions of men, their foibles their oddities, and their humours, engaged his attention; and from these principles he loved to account for the consequences which appeared in their behaviour. The inconsistencies that flow from vanity, from affectation, from hypocrisy, from pretended friendship, and in short, all the dissonant qualities, which are often whimsically blended together by the folly of men, could not fail to strike a person who had so fine a sense of ridicule. A quick perception in this way, perhaps, affords as much real pleasure as the exercise of any other faculty of the mind; and accordingly we find that the ridiculous is predominant through all our author's writings, and he never seems so happy, as when he is developing a character made up of motley and repugnant properties, and shews you a man of specious pretences, turning out in the end the very reverse of what he would appear. To search out, and to describe objects of this kind, seems to have been the favourite bent of Mr. Fielding's mind, as indeed it was of Theophrastus, Moliere, and others; like a vortex it drew in all his faculties, which were so happily employed in descriptions of the manners, that upon the whole he must be pronounced an admirable COMIC GENIUS.

“ When I call our Author a COMIC GENIUS, I would be understood in the largest acceptation of the phrase, implying humorous and pleasant imitation of men and manners, whether it be in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition. In the former species of writing lay the excellence of Mr. Fielding; but, in dramatic imitation, he must be allowed to fall short of the great masters in that art; and how this hath happened to a COMIC GENIUS, to one eminently possessed of the talents requisite in the humorous provinces of the drama, will appear at the *first blush* of the

question something unaccountable. But several causes concurred to produce this effect. In the first place, without a tincture of delicacy running through an entire piece, and giving to good sense an air of urbanity and politeness, it appears to me that no comedy will ever be of that kind, which Horace says, will be particularly desired, and seen, will be advertised again."

This deficiency in our British Aristophanes (from whence, though possessed of great comic talents, he proved not very successful in comedy) the Essayist ascribes "to the woundings which every fresh disappointment gave him, before he was yet well disciplined in the school of life, and hackney'd in the ways of men; for in a more advanced period, when he did not write *recentibus odiis*, with his uneasiness just beginning to sifter, but with a calmer and more dispassionate temper, we perceive him giving all the graces of description to incidents and passions, which in his youth he would have dashed out with a rougher hand. An ingenious writer * has passed a judgment upon *Ben Jonson*, which, though Fielding did not attain the same dramatic eminence, may be justly applied to him. "His taste for ridicule was strong, but indelicate, which made him not over-curious in the choice of his topics. And lastly, his *style* in picturing his characters, though masterly, was without that elegance of hand, which is required to correct and allay the force of so bold a colouring. Thus the byas of his nature leading him to Plautus, rather than Terence, for his model, it is not to be wondered that his wit is too frequently caustic; his raillery coarse; and his humour excessive." "Perhaps the asperity of Fielding's muse was not a little encouraged by the practice of two great wits, who had fallen into the same Vein before him; I mean *Wycherley* and *Congreve*, who were in general painters of harsh features, attached more to subjects of deformity than grace; whose drawings of women are ever a sort of *Harlot's Progress*, and whose men for the most part lay violent hands upon deeds and settlements, and generally deserve informations in the king's bench. These two celebrated writers were not fond of copying the amiable part of human life; they had not learned the secret of giving the softer graces of composition to their tablature, by contrasting the fair and beautiful in characters and manners to the vicious and irregular, and thereby rendering their pieces more exact imitations of nature. By making *Congreve* his model, it is no wonder

* Mr. Hurd.

that

that our author contracted this vicious turn, and became faulty in that part of his art, which the painters would call *DESIGN*. In his style, he derived an error from the same source: he sometimes forgot that humour and ridicule were the two principal ingredients of comedy; and, like his master, he frequently aimed at decorations of wit, which do not appear to make part of the *ground*, but seem rather to be embroidered upon it. There is another circumstance respecting the drama, in which Fielding's judgment seems to have failed him: the strength of his genius certainly lay in fabulous narration, and he did not sufficiently consider that some incidents of a story, which, when related, may be worked up into a deal of pleasantry and humour, are apt, when thrown into action, to excite sensations incompatible with humour and ridicule. I will venture to say, that if he had resolved to shape the business and characters of his last comedy (*the Wedding Day*) into the form of a novel, there is not one scene in the piece, which, in his hands, would not have been very susceptible of ornament; but as they are arranged at present in dramatic order, there are few of them from which the taste and good sense of an audience ought not, with propriety, to revolt.

“ To these causes of our author's failure in the province of the drama, may be added that sovereign contempt he always entertained for the understandings of the generality of mankind. It was in vain to tell him that a particular scene was dangerous on account of its coarseness, or because it retarded the general business with feeble efforts of wit; he doubted the discernment of his auditors, and so thought himself secured by their stupidity, if not by his own humour and vivacity. A very remarkable instance of this disposition appeared, when the comedy of the *Wedding Day* was put into rehearsal. An actor, who was principally concerned in the piece, and, though young, was then, by the advantage of happy requisites, an early favourite of the public, told Mr. Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might so flurry his spirits as to disconcert him for the rest of the night, and therefore begged that it might be omitted.” “ No, d—mn 'em, replied the bard, if the scene is not a good one, let them find *that* out.” “ Accordingly the play was brought on without alteration, and, just as had been foreseen, the disapprobation of the house was provoked at the passage before objected to; and the performer, alarmed

and uneasy at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of champain. He had by this time drank pretty plentifully; and *cooking his eye* at the actor, while streams of tobacco trickled down from the corner of his mouth, *What's the matter, Garrick?* says he, *what are they hissing now?* Why the scene that I begged you to retrench; I knew it would not do, and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night. *Oh! d—mn 'em,* replies the author, *they HAVE found it out; have they?*

“ If we add to the foregoing remarks an observation of his own, namely, that he left off writing for the stage, when he ought to have begun; and together with this consider his extreme hurry and dispatch, we shall be able fully to account for his not bearing a more distinguished place in the rank of dramatic writers. It is apparent, that in the frame and constitution of his genius there was no defect, but some faculty or other was suffered to lie dormant, and the rest of courage were exerted with less efficacy: at one time we see his wit superceding all his other talents; at another his invention runs riot, and multiplies incidents and characters in a manner repugnant to all the received laws of the drama. Generally his judgment was very little consulted. And indeed, how could it be otherwise? When he had contracted to bring on a play, or a farce, it is well known by many of his friends now living, that he would go home rather late from a tavern, and would, the next morning, deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers which had wrapped the tobacco, in which he so much delighted.

“ As it was the lot of Henry Fielding to write always with a view to profit, it cannot but mortify a benevolent mind to perceive, from our author's own account, (for he is generally honest enough to tell the reception his pieces met with) that he derived but small aids towards his subsistence from the treasurer of the playhouse. One of his farces he has printed as it was *damned* at the theatre royal in Drury-lane; and that he might be *more generous to his enemies than they were willing to be to him*, he informs them, in the general preface to his *Miscellanies*, that for the *Wedding Day*, though acted six nights, his profits from the house did not exceed fifty pounds. A fate not much better attended him in his earlier productions: but the severity of the public, and the malice of his enemies, met with a noble alleviation from the patronage of the late Duke

Duke of Richmond, John Duke of Argyle, the late Duke Roxborough, and many persons of distinguished rank and character; among whom may be numbered the present Lord Lyttelton, whose friendship to our author softened the rigour of his misfortunes, while he lived, and exerted itself towards his memory, when he was no more, by taking pains to clear up imputations of a particular kind, which had been thrown out against his character.

“ Mr. Fielding had not been long a writer for the stage, when he married Miss Craddock, a beauty from Salisbury. About that time his mother dying, a moderate estate at Stower in Dorsetshire devolved to him. To that place he retired with his wife, on whom he doated, with a resolution to bid adieu to all the follies and intemperancies to which he had addicted himself in the career of a town-life. But unfortunately a kind of family-pride here gained an ascendant over him, and he began immediately to vie in splendor with the neighbouring country squires. With an estate not much above two hundred pounds a-year, and his wife's fortune, which did not exceed fifteen hundred pounds, he encumbered himself with a large retinue of servants, all clad in costly yellow liveries. For their master's honour, these people could not descend so low as to be careful in their apparel, but in a month or two were unfit to be seen; the squire's dignity required that they should be new equipped; and his chief pleasure consisting in society and convivial mirth, hospitality threw open his doors, and, in less than three years, entertainments, hounds and horses entirely devoured a little patrimony, which, had it been managed with œconomy, might have secured to him a state of independence for the rest of his life; and, with independence, a thing still more valuable, a character free from those interpretations, which the severity of mankind generally puts upon the actions of a man, whose imprudencies have led him into difficulties: for when once it is the fashion to condemn a character in the gross, few are willing to distinguish between the impulses of necessity, and the inclinations of the heart. Sensible of the disagreeable situation he had now reduced himself to, our author immediately determined to exert his best endeavours to recover, what he had wantonly thrown away, a decent competence; and being then about thirty years of age, he betook himself to the study of the law. The friendships he met with in the course of his studies, and indeed through the remainder of his life, from the gentlemen of that profession in general, and

particularly from some, who have since risen to be the first ornaments of the law, will for ever do honour to his memory. His application, while he was a student in the Temple, was remarkably intense; and though it happened that the early taste he had taken of pleasure would occasionally return upon him, and conspire with his spirits and vivacity to carry him into the wild enjoyments of the town, yet it was particular in him that amidst all his dissipations, nothing could suppress the thirst he had for knowledge, and the delight he felt in reading; and this prevailed in him to such a degree, that he had been frequently known, by his intimates, to retire late at night from a tavern to his chambers, and there read, and make extracts from the most abstruse authors, for several hours before he went to bed; so powerful were the vigour of his constitution and the activity of his mind. After the customary time of probation at the Temple, he was called to the bar, and was allowed to have carried with him to Westminster-Hall no incompetent share of learning. He attended with punctual assiduity both in term-time and on the Western circuit, as long as his health permitted him; but the gout soon began to make such assaults upon him, as rendered it impossible for him to be as constant at the bar as the labouriousness of his profession required: he could only now follow the law by snatches, at such intervals as were free from indisposition; which could not but be a dispiriting circumstance, as he saw himself at once disabled from ever rising to the eminence he aspired to. However, under the severities of pain and want, he still pursued his researches with an eagerness of curiosity peculiar to him; and, though it is wittily remarked by Wycherley, that *Apollo* and *Littleton* seldom meet in the same brain, yet Mr. Fielding is allowed to have acquired a respectable share of jurisprudence, and in some particular branches he is said to have arisen to a great degree of eminence, more especially in crown-law, as may be judged from his leaving two volumes in folio upon that subject. This work still remains unpublished in the hands of his brother; and it will serve to give us an idea of the great force and vigour of his mind, if we consider him pursuing so arduous a study under the exigencies of family-distress, with a wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, looking up to him for subsistence; with a body lacerated by the acutest pains, and with a mind distracted by a thousand avocations, and obliged for immediate supply, to produce almost extempore a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a news-paper. A large number of fugitive political tracts, which had their value

value when the incidents were actually passing on the great scene of business, came from his pen: the periodical paper, called the *Champion*, owed its chief support to his abilities; and though his essays in that collection cannot now be so ascertained, as to perpetuate them in this edition of his works, yet the reputation arising to him at the time of publication was not inconsiderable.

“Of his other works (I mean such as were written before his genius was come to its full growth) an account will naturally be expected in this place; and fortunately he has spoken of them himself in the discourse prefixed to his *Miscellanies* (which is not reprinted in the body of this edition) in terms so modest and sensible, that I am sure the reader will dispense with any other criticism or analysis of them.”

“The *Essay on Conversation*,” says Mr. Fielding, “was designed to ridicule out of society, one of the most pernicious evils which attends it, *viz.* pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature, with the shame and disquietude of others; whereas true good-breeding consists in contributing to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us.”

“The *Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men* exposes a second great evil, namely, hypocrisy; the bane of all virtue, morality, and goodness; and may serve to arm the honest, undefigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it.”

“The *Journey from this World to the Next*, it should seem, provoked the dull, short-sighted, and malignant enemies of our author to charge him with an intention to subvert the settled notions of mankind in philosophy and religion: for he assures us, in form, that he did not intend, in this allegorical piece, “to oppose any prevailing system, or to erect a new one of his own.”

“With regard to the *History of Jonathan Wild*, his design, he tells us, was not “to enter the lists with that excellent historian, who, from authentic papers and records, &c. hath given so satisfactory an account of this great man; nor yet to contend with the memoirs of the ordinary of Newgate, which generally contain a more particular relation of what the heroes are to suffer in the next world, than of what they did in this. The history of Jonathan Wild is rather a narrative of such actions, as he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really did; and may in reality as well suit any other such great man, as the person himself,

himself, whose name it bears. As it is not a very faithful portrait of *Jonathan Wild*, so neither is it intended to represent the features of any other person; roguery, and not a rogue, is the subject; so that any particular application will be unfair in the reader, especially if he knows much of the great world, since he must then be acquainted with more than one, on whom he can fix the resemblance."

"Though the merit of the life of *Jonathan Wild* be very considerable, yet it must be allowed to be very short of that higher order of composition which our author attained in his other pieces of invention. Hitherto he seems but preluding, as it were, to some great work, in which all the component parts of his genius were to be seen in their full and vigorous exertion; in which his *imagination* was to strike us by the most lively and just colouring, his *wit* to enliven by the happiest allusions, his *invention* to enrich with the greatest variety of character and incident, and his *judgment* to charm not only by the propriety and grace of particular parts, but by the order, harmony, and congruity of the whole: to this high excellence he made strong approaches in the *Joseph Andrews*; and in the *Tom Jones* he has fairly bore away the palm.

In the progress of Henry Fielding's talents there seem to have been three remarkable periods; one, when his genius broke forth at once with an effulgence superior to all the rays of light it had before emitted, like the sun in his morning glory, without the ardor and the blaze which afterwards attend him; the second, when it was displayed with collected force, and a fullness of perfection, like the sun in meridian majesty, with all his highest warmth and splendor; and the third, when the same genius, grown more cool and temperate, still continued to cheer and enliven, but shewed at the same time that it was tending to its decline, like the same sun, abating from his ardor, but still gilding the western hemisphere.

To these three epochas of our author's genius, the reader will be before-hand with me in observing that there is an exact correspondency in the *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*. *Joseph Andrews*, as the preface to the work informs us, was intended for an imitation of the style and manner of *Cervantes*: and how delightfully he has copied the humour, the gravity, and the fine ridicule of his master, they can witness who are acquainted with both writers. The truth is, Fielding, in this performance, was employed in the very province for which his talents were peculiarly and happily

pily formed; namely, the fabulous narration of some imagin^d action, which did occur, or might probably have occurred in human life. Nothing could be more happily conceived than the character of Parson Adams for the principal personage of the work; the humanity, and benevolence of affection, the goodness of heart, and the zeal for virtue, which come from him upon all occasions, attach us to Mr. Adams in the most endearing manner; his excellent talents, his erudition, and his real acquirements of knowledge in classical antiquity, and the sacred writings, together with his honesty, command our esteem and respect; while his simplicity and innocence in the ways of men provoke our smiles by the contrast they bear to his real intellectual character, and conduce to make him in the highest manner the object of mirth, without degrading him in our estimation, by the many ridiculous embarrassments to which they every now and then make him liable; and to crown the whole, that habitual absence of mind, which is his predominant foible, and which never fails to give a tinge to whatever he is about, makes the honest clergyman almost a rival of the renowned *Don Quixote*; the adventures he is led into, in consequence of this infirmity, assuming something of the romantic air which accompanies the knight errant, and the circumstances of his forgetfulness tending as strongly to excite our laughter as the mistakes of the Spanish hero. I will venture to say, that when Don Quixote mistakes the barber's basin for *Mambrino's* helmet, no reader ever found the situation more ridiculous and truly comic than Parson Adams's travelling to London to sell a set of sermons, and actually *snapping his fingers and taking two or three turns round the room in extacy*, when introduced to a bookseller in order to make an immediate bargain; and then immediately after, not being able to find those same sermons, when he exclaims, "I profess, I believe I left them behind me." There are many touches in the conduct of this character, which occasion the most exquisite merriment; and I believe it will not be found too bold an assertion, if we say that the celebrated character of an absent man by La Bruyere is extremely short of that true and just resemblance to nature with which our author has delineated the features of Adams: the former indeed is carried to an agreeable extravagance, but the latter has the fine lights and shades of probability. It will not be improper here to mention that the reverend Mr. Young, a learned and much esteemed friend of Mr. Fielding's, sat for this picture. Mr. Young was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had as passionate
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a veneration for *Æschylus* as Parson Adams; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of *reverie* were as frequent, and occurred too upon the most interesting occasions. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served, during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which Mr. Young was chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk; and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent: the beauties of the hemisphere and the landscape round him pressed warmly on his imagination; his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of that emanation of glory, which covered the face of things. It is very possible that a passage in his dearly beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and in that deep fit of absence, Mr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself by the repetition of *Qui va là*, from the soldiers upon duty. The officer, who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplations home again. Such was the gentleman from whom the idea of Parson Adams was derived; how it is interwoven into the History of Joseph Andrews, and how sustained with unabating pleasantry to the conclusion, need not be mentioned here, as it is sufficiently felt and acknowledged. The whole work indeed abounds with situations of the truly comic kind; the incidents and characters are unfolded with fine turns of surprize; and it is among the few works of invention, produced by the English writers, which will always continue in request. But still it is but the sun-rise of our author's genius. The hint, it seems, was suggested to him by the success of the late Mr. *Richardson's* history of Pamela Andrews: Joseph is here represented as her brother, and he boasts the same virtue and continency which are the characteristics of his sister. In the plan of the work, Mr. Fielding did not form to himself a circle wide enough for the abundance of his imagination; the main action was too trivial and unimportant to admit of the variety of characters and events which the reader generally

rally looks for in such productions : the attainment of perfection in this kind of writing was in reserve for Mr. Fielding in a future work.

Soon after the publication of Joseph Andrews, the last comedy, which came from this writer's pen, was exhibited on the stage, intitled *the Wedding Day* : and, as we have already observed, it was attended with an indifferent share of success. The law from this time had its hot and cold fits with him ; he pursued it by starts, and after frequent intermissions, which are ever fatal in this profession, in which whoever is situated, is, for a long time, in the condition of the boatman described in the *Georgics*, working his way against the stream ; and if he should by chance remit from his labour, he is rapidly carried back, and loses from the progress he had made.

———*si braccia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

These occasional relaxations of industry Mr. Fielding felt, and he also felt the inconveniencies of them ; which was the more severe upon him, as voluntary and wilful neglect could not be charged upon him. The repeated shocks of illness disabled him from being as assiduous an attendant at the bar, as his own inclination and patience of the most laborious application, would otherwise have made him. Besides the demands for expence, which his valetudinarian habit of body constantly made upon him, he had likewise a family to maintain ; from business he derived little or no supplies, and his prospects therefore grew every day more gloomy and melancholy. To these discouraging circumstances, if we add the infirmity of his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and the agonies he felt on her account, the measure of his afflictions will be well nigh full. To see her daily languishing and wearing away before his eyes, was too much for a man of his strong sensations ; the fortitude of mind, with which he met all the other calamities of life, deserted him on this most trying occasion ; and her death, which happened about this time, brought on such a vehemence of grief, that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason. When the first emotions of his sorrow were abated, philosophy administered her aid ; his resolution returned, and he began again to struggle with his fortune. He engaged in two periodical papers successively, with a laudable and spirited design of rendering service to his country. The first of these was called the *True Patriot*, which was set on foot during the late rebellion, and was conducive to the excitement of loyalty, and a
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love for the constitution in the breasts of his countrymen. A project of the same kind had been executed in the year 1715, when the nation laboured under the same difficulties, by the celebrated Mr. *Addison*, who afterwards rose to be secretary of state. The *Freeholder* by that elegant writer contains no doubt many seasonable animadversions, and a delicate vein of wit and raillery; but it may be pronounced with safety; that in the *True Patriot* there was displayed a solid knowledge of the British laws, and government, together with occasional sallies of humour, which would have made no inconsiderable figure in the political compositions of an *Addison*, or a *Swift*. The *Jacobite Journal* was calculated to discredit the shattered remains of an unsuccessful party, and by a well-applied railery and ridicule to bring the sentiments of the disaffected into contempt, and thereby efface them not only from the conversation, but the minds of men. How excellently he succeeded in this design, may be felt by the reader, if he will be at the small trouble of turning over the leaves, which close the second volume of this edition.

“ Our author by this time attained the age of forty-three; and being incessantly pursued by reiterated attacks of the gout, he was wholly rendered incapable of pursuing the business of a barrister any longer. He was obliged therefore to accept an office, which seldom fails of being hateful to the populace, and of course liable to many injurious imputations, namely, an acting magistrate in the commission of the peace for *Middlesex*. That he was not inattentive to the calls of his duty, and that, on the contrary, he laboured to be an useful citizen, is evident from the many tracts he published, relating to several of the penal laws, and to the vices and mal-practices which those laws were intended to restrain.”—

Amidst these severe exercises of his understanding, and all the laborious duties of his office, his invention could not lie still, but he found leisure to amuse himself, and afterwards the world, with the History of Tom Jones.—But for our author's account of this work, we must refer to the next Number of our Review.

An Essay on the medical Constitution of Great-Britain. To which are added Observations on the Weather, and the Diseases which appeared in the Period included between the first of January 1758, and the Summer Solstice in 1760. Together with a Narrative

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Narrative of the Throat Distemper and the miliary Fever, which were epidemical in the Dutchy of Cleveland in 1760. Likewise, Observations on the Effects of some Anthelmintics, particularly of the Great Bastard Black Hellebore, or Bear's Foot. Octavo, 5s. bound. Millar.

THE author of this essay, as appears by his inscription of it to Dr. Pringle, is Charles Bisset, a Surgeon; of whose treatise upon the scurvy we gave an account, Review, vol. XIV. p. 14. He informs us, in the preface to this essay, that "the principal design of it is to exhibit the effects produced in the human body by the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the different temperatures, and most remarkable changes of the weather throughout the year in Great-Britain, with a view to investigate the external causes and the genuses of all the diseases incident to the inhabitants of this island, whose disposing and exciting causes depend wholly, or in a great measure, on the air." This opinion is as old as Hippocrates, who applied it to the air of Greece, and indeed universally to the state of this circumambient and inhaled fluid.

Our author treats distinctly of the British air in general: of the periods included betwixt the summer solstice and the first of August; betwixt the first of August and the autumnal equinox; betwixt the autumnal equinox and the winter solstice; betwixt the winter solstice and the vernal equinox; and betwixt the vernal equinox and the summer solstice: of the constitution of the air in the year 1758, and of that of the subsequent spring, in the dutchy of Cleveland, Yorkshire. The heads of his two other chapters are briefly comprised in the title-page, as above. As this dutchy is the residence of our author, the whole of his meteorological observations must have been taken from the state and variety of the atmosphere in the different seasons there, which may be supposed, without any considerable error perhaps, to be similar to the general state of it throughout England, at least, during these identical Periods.

Great attention and assiduity were necessary to form and to continue, very accurately, these periodical accounts, and no little observation was required to annex their general morbid consequences, with the medical reflections and conduct resulting from them; in all which respects Mr. Bisset appears to be duly qualified. Nevertheless, his being wholly possessed, as it were, by the subject, and all the *minutiae* inseparable from it, will make him sometimes, we apprehend, appear too subtil,

til, even to his medical readers. For, as the fundamental notion of this treatise inculcates the state of the air to be the cause of all epidemical diseases, it may be a matter of some perplexity, to observe this general cause acting so very differently on the blood of individuals, under the same disease, at the very same period. We are told, for instance, p. 165,—“ That the blood under these slow fevers [of March and April 1758] was, in a few instances, more or less sily; in others it was dense and black, or somewhat putrid, or of a lax and broken consistence.” Now as these are the most material, and indeed almost all the morbid diversities that can happen to the blood, it seems difficult to account for the same air and disease producing such a different, and even opposite state of it, in their common subjects, who may be supposed about the same age too, as no difference of age is specified. In fact, there seems to be too little ascribed here to the great diversity of personal constitutions, from an unrelaxing attention to the state of the air; since persons in these extreme and even opposite dyscrasies of the blood, whatever might have primarily caused or conduced to them, must, with great probability, be sick in any atmosphere, and at any season. We are also told, in the same page, “ That in the second class of fevers, occurring in the same spring, their prevalent symptoms were nervous, or catarrhal, or inflammatory,” without being informed which class of these symptoms prevailed most generally. This is certainly not distinct and precise enough; most epidemic diseases, in the same time and place, having some principal or distinguishing symptom, as in our late colds, as they were called, a pain in the head, and that chiefly over the eyes, was the principal complaint of a great majority. Besides, that the symptoms of many diseases are either nervous, catarrhal, or inflammatory. Indeed, when we come to our author's practice in these fevers, he distinguishes, “ that a moderate bleeding or two, according to the indications, had a good effect in both of them, provided the party was naturally strong and healthy,” adding, “ this evacuation was sometimes necessary, when it was not indicated by the pulse.” But when he proceeds to the other proper remedies and regimen, in both these fevers, he directs but one in general for them both, in all their various symptoms, “ it being the temperate and opening one, with the allowance of, some wine, which, he says, was of signal service.” Now, though we profess no doubt of our author's conducting himself very properly in the different circumstances of his patients, throughout the different stages and symptoms of those diseases,

diseases; yet, as his treatise is of a didactic nature, he ought to have been more exact in a few of its therapeutic, or practical, parts, with a view to the benefit of younger practitioners and their patients. The small pox, for instance, very soon ascertains itself in whatever subject or season it occurs; but he would be thought a strange physician, who should direct the same regimen and remedies in its different degrees, stages, and symptoms.

We would not be supposed, however, from these quotations and remarks, to intend any general detraction from the considerable merit and excellent purpose of this performance, which abounds with just medical reflections and very pertinent observations. The following passage, towards the conclusion, contains a good practical direction, as well as a proof of the author's candour and honesty. It may also serve as a specimen of his generally agreeable manner of writing; considering the unavoidable dryness and repetitions of a journal of the weather, and its attendant diseases.

“ I shall here observe, by the by, that spirit of sal ammoniac is the most efficacious medicine, next to the Peruvian bark, of any yet known, against vernal intermittents. Tho' many cases occur that will yield to no other medicine but the bark, yet I have met with a pretty many that were only suppressed from time to time by the bark, but were completely cured by the alkaline spirit. Those patients who are cured by the spirit very rarely relapse; but 'tis well known that intermittents, unless they be of a mild nature, are very apt to recur after being suppressed by the bark. The alkaline spirit will often carry off vernal intermittents without premising any evacuation; it is, however, in general more successful if a purge is previously given; and if the patient is plethoric, or if the disease is attended by symptoms of inflammation, or personates a remittent, bleeding will also be proper previous to the exhibition of the spirit. In some cases of a slow nature, with dense or somewhat sily blood, the alkaline spirit is the most efficacious medicine; yet, in the first state of some tertians, under an acute continued, or remitting form, it is improper. I usually direct fifteen or twenty drops of it to be taken in a tea-cup full of cold spring-water, and to be repeated five or six times in each intermission. The success of this medicine may, indeed, be owing, in some measure, to the cold water, which alone, being drunk on an empty stomach, will carry off many vernal intermittents. And as the spirit of sal ammoniac generally requires two, or three, or more days

to subdue the disease, and many vernal intermittents cease spontaneously after a few fits, particularly in persons who have before undergone an intermittent of long duration, we shall be apt to attribute some cures thereto that are performed wholly by the powers of the body. Fixed alkaline salt, such as that of tartar or wormwood, diluted with cold spring-water, is nearly of like efficacy with the abovesaid spirit against vernal intermittents, as I have in some cases experienced."

With regard to the epidemical fore-throat and military fever, as it appeared in Cleveland, in 1760, we shall briefly observe, that it differed materially from the fore-throat of a former epidemic in London, and another in Plymouth; with the account and treatment of which doctors Fothergill and Huxham obliged the public. The cure of this at Cleveland is correspondently different, and is very distinctly regulated, in a kind of appendix to the preceding description of it. His observations on the bastard black hellebore highly recommend it, as the most potent vermifuge our author has experienced, having expelled worms after the most celebrated official compositions had failed. It contains some good practical directions, with regard to different medicines appropriated to the killing and expelling different species of worms.

Mr. Bisset modestly apologizes for his style, of which we have given a specimen, saying, "he aimed rather at conciseness and perspicuity than elegance." Upon this foundation, however, we think there are a few expressions in this work, which he may, for the greater perspicuity, avoid in any subsequent one. For instance, *to impair the diaphoresis*, we imagine, may be commuted into the more usual medical phrase—*to lessen the perspiration*. *To incur a great degree of one or more of the nonnaturals*, means, we suppose, to commit an intemperance or excess in any of them. An *influent* herpetic humour was probably designed to signify the determination of such a humour rather to the internal than external parts, or a *striking in*, as it is vulgarly called. We may conjecture the same of an *influent* land-scurvy, when the peccant humour is supposed to be employed rather in exciting a small fever in the mass of blood, than in discharging itself upon the solids. But a *little influent fever* is rather less intelligible, as all fevers seem to be internal, or *flowing within*, if they are not confined to some external inflammation, as in a carbuncle, *phlegmon*, *paronychia*, &c. even an ague having been sometimes supposed by the vulgar to be confined to the face. Perhaps, an *effluent* antiscorbutic, p. 133, means such an antiscorbutic medicine as operates chiefly
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by sweat, thus expelling or lessening the scorbutic humour: but if it ejects it equally by urine, will that make it less effluent? which ambiguity infers, the term is not as strictly ascertained as the author intended it. *Bibulary* (pores) seems much less, if at all, in use, than *bibulous*, and is derived less analogically: nor can we perceive any improvement in substituting *morbus* sometimes for *morbid*. Possibly the former may be critically supposed to signify a greater combination, or load of diseases; but this distinction did not seem intended, where we met with it. It is confessed, some of these differences are trivial; but all innovations in speech, to be commendable, should be *improvements*; and signify their subjects more clearly and exactly than the terms or phrases already appropriated to them.

K

A Dissertation on Miracles: Containing an Examination of the Principles advanced by David Hume, Esq; in an Essay on Miracles. By George Campbell, D. D. Principal of the Marischal College, and one of the Ministers, of Aberdeen. 8vo. 4s. Millar, &c.

THE main design of this candid, spirited, and sensible performance is, not to refute the reasoning and objections of Mr. *Hume*, but to set the principal argument for Christianity in its proper light. On a subject that has been so often treated, it is impossible to avoid saying many things which have been said before. Accordingly, such readers as are conversant with subjects of this kind will find few observations in the Dissertation now before us, that are not to be met with in Dr. Adams's ingenious answer to Mr. *Hume*, the *Criterion*, Butler's *Analogy*, &c. Our author's principal merit consists in treating his subject in a more regular and methodical manner than those who have gone before him; and, as he justly observes, the evidence of any complex argument depends very much on the order into which the material circumstances are digested, and the manner in which they are displayed. He treats his ingenious adversary with candor, but without ceremony or reserve, and answers the arguments contained in his famous *Essay on Miracles* in a clear and rational manner.

“ The *Essay on Miracles*, says he, deserves to be considered as one of the most dangerous attacks that have been made on our religion. The danger results not solely from the

of *the piece*; it results much more from that of *the author*. *The piece* itself, like every other work of Mr. Hume, is ingenious; but its merit is more of the oratorical kind than of the philosophical. The merit of *the author*, I acknowledge, is great. The many useful Volumes he hath published of *History, Criticism, Politics, and Trade*, have justly procured him, with all persons of taste and discernment, the highest reputation as a writer. What pity is it that this reputation should have been sullied by attempts to undermine the foundations both of *natural religion* and of *revealed*.

“ For my own part, I think it a piece of justice in me, to acknowledge the obligations I owe the author, before I enter on the proposed examination. I have not only been much entertained and instructed by his works, but if I am possessed of any talent in abstract reasoning, I am not a little indebted to what he hath written on *human nature*, for the improvement of that talent. If therefore, in this tract, I have refuted Mr. *Hume's Essay*, the greater share of the merit is perhaps to be ascribed to Mr. Hume himself. The compliment which the Russian monarch, after the famous battle of Poltowa, paid the Swedish generals, when he gave them the honourable appellation of his *masters in the art of war*, I may, with great sincerity, pay my acute and ingenious adversary.”

The genteel and ingenuous manner in which our author speaks of his adversary, must give every impartial reader a favourable opinion of his *candor*; and those who are qualified to judge of such subjects, will, we are persuaded, after an attentive perusal of his *Dissertation*, entertain as favourable an opinion of his *abilities*.

A regular abstract of a work of this kind will not be expected from us; we shall not therefore attempt it, but give the sum of what the author has advanced. It is briefly this: — That Mr. Hume's favourite argument, of which he boasts the discovery, is founded in error, is managed with sophistry, and is at last abandoned by its inventor, as fit only for shew, not for use; that he is not more successful in the collateral arguments he employs; particularly, that there is no peculiar presumption against religious miracles; that, on the contrary, there is a peculiar presumption in their favour; that the general maxim whereby he would enable us to decide betwixt opposite miracles, when it is stript of the pompous diction that serves it at once for decoration and for disguise, is discovered to be no other than an identical proposition,

sition, which, as it conveys no knowledge, can be of no service to the cause of truth ; that there is no presumption arising either from human nature, or from the history of mankind, against the miracles said to have been wrought in proof of Christianity ; that the evidence of these is not subverted by those miracles, which historians of other religions have recorded ; that neither the Pagan nor the Popish miracles, on which he has expatiated, will bear to be compared with those of Holy Writ ; that, abstracting from the evidence for particular facts, we have irrefragable evidence, that there have been miracles in former times ; and, lastly, that his examination of the Pentateuch is both partial and imperfect, and consequently stands in need of a revival.

Before we conclude this article we cannot help lamenting, with our author, that so excellent a writer as Mr. Hume should have treated religion in so illiberal a manner as he has done. The many ungenerous sneers, for so we must call them, that are to be met with in his works, in regard to Christianity and its professors, must certainly, even in the opinion of his warmest admirers, if they are men of candor, be looked upon as very injurious to his character. It is natural to imagine, that a person of such exalted sentiments and of such distinguished talents, must entertain exalted notions of religion ; but let the impartial reader judge of this matter from the following passage, taken from his *natural History of Religion*, Sect. xi. 4th. Edit. and which may have escaped the notice of many of his readers.

“ If we examine, says he, without prejudice, the ancient heathen mythology, as contained in the poets, we shall not discover in it any such monstrous absurdity, as we may be apt at first to apprehend. Where is the difficulty of conceiving, that the same powers or principles, whatever they were, which formed this visible world, men and animals, produced also a species of intelligent creatures, of more refined substance and greater authority than the rest ? That these creatures may be capricious, revengeful, passionate, voluptuous, is easily conceived ; nor is any circumstance more apt, amongst ourselves, to engender such vices, than the licence of absolute authority. And, in short, the whole mythological system is so natural, that, in the vast variety of planets and worlds, contained in this universe, it seems more than probable, that, somewhere or other, it is really carried into execution.”

This passage stands in no need of any comment ; we shall therefore only beg leave to observe upon it, that if Mr. Hume laughs at those who believe in Christianity, he laughs with a very bad grace, and that there are few who need be ashamed of their *Creed*, when compared with his.

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A Letter to the Authors of the Monthly Review : Or, a Reply to their Animadversions on a Pamphlet lately published, intituled, the Reviewers Reviewed, relative to the Doctrine of Electricity. By R. Lovett, of Worcester. 8vo. 6d. Sandby.

WE little thought to have heard from Mr. Lovett again on this subject, after what passed between us in a former Review ; much less that he should complain of our severity, when he was himself, in so great a degree, the aggressor : but there are men, as well as arguments, that are unanswerable. Whether what we advanced may be ranked among the latter, it is the part of others to determine. It appears sufficiently plain to us, that our antagonist deserves a place among the former. Bad casuist as he is, he is a bold combatant ; and, though reduced to his stumps, is determined not to give out. It is very justly remarked by a judicious French writer, “ Tous ceux qui sont capable de faire des objections, ne sont pas toujours en état de comprendre tous les principes, dont dépend la résolution de leurs objections.” This seems to be the case with Mr. Lovett : indeed he frankly confesses, that our distinctions are too refined for the comprehension of electricians ; and styles such reasonings, in the usual cant of ignorance and incapacity, the *cobwebs* of *metaphysics*. It does not, however, become a mere experiment-monger to talk so disrespectfully of any science. And yet this our doughty opponent is very earnest with us to continue the controversy in our Review. But, supposing it consistent with our plan, as it is not, to what purpose should we dispute ? If Mr. Lovett cannot comprehend us, we never can hope to convince him. And as to his “ strong desire of entering into a nearer and closer engagement, that the matter in debate may be brought to a fair issue, and the public no longer remain in doubt, which of us is in the right,” we are willing to rest our cause, with the judicious reader, on the merits of what has been already said. Indeed we conceive, that those, who have paid any attention to this little debate, remain in no doubt about the matter : at least, we shall think so till

it is intimated to us from some other quarter: in which case, when called upon by a person capable of comprehending us, and receiving satisfaction on the subject in question, we shall be ready to give it in as ample a manner as is consistent with our work, or can be reasonably required by our readers.

Our antagonist will doubtless call this, in his usual stile, a jesuitical way of shifting off the argument, intolerable arrogance, &c. we must take the liberty to tell him, however, it is not the argument, but the writer, we should be pleased to get rid of: if we must engage in a controversy, we are indeed so far ambitious, as to wish it may be with a writer capable of understanding, and replying to an argument.

K-n-k

ACCOUNT of FOREIGN BOOKS.

Essai Analytique sur les Facultés de l'Âme. Par Charles Bonnet, de la Société Royale d'Angleterre, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Suède, de l'Académie de l'Institut de Bologne, &c.

An Analytical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind, &c. Copenhagen, 1760. 4to. Philibert.

Metaphysics, which, in this island, hath long given place to other branches of philosophy, hath still its numerous admirers, and is cultivated with no little appearance of success, on the continent. Among the many ingenious productions of this kind, which have been lately published abroad, this of Mr. Bonnet has met with distinguished approbation. It is indeed with great satisfaction that we perceive a number of adepts in this science agreed, as to many essential points, which have been so long and so warmly contested, as to have given the world a very disadvantageous idea of metaphysical enquiries in general. Vague and uncertain, however, as they may be generally esteemed, there is reason to think the imperfection of this science rather owing to the want of application, or abilities, in the student, than to any defect or impracticability of arriving at truth, in the nature of the study. The objects of such enquiry are too generally conceived to be such only as are removed beyond the reach of our faculties, while our means of pursuit fall equally short of their end. But neither that object, nor those means, when scientifically pointed out and pursued, are beyond the limits of human reason;

reason; nor are they found to be inadequate to the purposes of philosophical investigation. So far it is certain that, as this science respects the most sublime and refined improvements of our knowledge, it requires, as it deserves, the greatest efforts of genius, as well as the strongest powers of the understanding to be exerted in its cultivation. There are, it is true, a long pretenders to this, as among those to every other science, some extraordinary adventurers, whose eccentric turn of mind, or depravity of taste and judgment, set them hunting after paradoxical novelties and unintelligible chimeras. Our author, however, is not one of these. Indeed there is but little novelty either in his subject or manner of treating it; the Abbe de Condillac having pursued nearly the same plan. Mr. Bonnet, however, having begun this work before the appearance of the Abbe's treatise, was prevailed on by those to whom he had communicated his design*, to persevere in carrying it into execution: for, though the task he had sketched out was, in some measure, performed by that eminent philosopher, he found their conformity of sentiments as to general points, had not prevented a considerable difference in their particular ideas, as well as in their method of analysis. Our author has contented himself, nevertheless, with taking only a cursory view of those matters, which Mr. Condillac had considered in the same light he himself might have done. At the same time, he hath greatly improved on the Frenchman's plan; corrected the mistakes into which he conceives him fallen; and, by filling up the chasms and tracing a more regular connection between the several parts of the argument, hath formed a compleat chain of reasoning on this nice and difficult subject of investigation.

The general design of this work, as laid down in the preface, is to discover the nature of man, as far as it can be known. Not that the author pretends to inform us of the real essence of those two distinct substances of which he conceives man to be composed; to penetrate the mystery of their reciprocal influence on each other, or to disclose the secret of their union. He is contented to study man in the manner he would contemplate a plant or an insect. Convinced that all our ideas are originally founded on our perceptions, he has

* The completion and publication of this work are indeed principally owing to the protection and patronage of the King of Denmark, to whom Mr. Bonnet has gratefully dedicated his performance.

considered

considered the latter with peculiar attention. To this end, he examines what passes in the organs of sense, in transmitting to the mind the impressions made on them by external objects. He considers the action of those fibres on which depend our ideas ; reasoning from the result of their various movements and relations to each other. From a particular examination into all these it is, that he endeavours to explain the operations of the human mind, and the manner in which ideas are generated and stored up therein. Again, being persuaded, on the other hand, of the action of the soul on the body, as evinced by the effects of volition, he considers it as a force or power applied to the fibres composing the sensible organs ; from the effects of which he deduces the knowledge of the actual exercise of the mental faculties.

Our author sets out with a detail of those principles, on which he proceeds in the course of his treatise : but these, as we have already intimated, being neither new nor uncommon, we should be thought unnecessarily tedious to follow him step by step through his work. Having hinted his general method and design therefore, we shall only take notice of a passage or two, that occur in the prosecution of his subject, which may serve as a specimen of Mr. Bonnet's manner of thinking, and of his abilities for metaphysical speculation.

“ Our sense of pleasure and pain, says he, depends more or less on the mobility of the sensible fibres ; pleasure consisting in all the degrees between their too great or too little agitation. A susceptible Being cannot be a moment indifferent to pain and pleasure ; nor is it possible for it to distinguish one sensation from another, without giving, at the same time, the preference to one of them. The immediate effect of this preference is that attention which such being gives to that sensation which is the most agreeable, which attention consists in a certain exertion of the activity of the soul on the fibres of the brain ; whence the momentum of the motion, first impressed on those fibres by the object, is increased, and such object engages the power of volition to exert itself, in consequence thereof, by a method conformable to its pleasure or preservation. Hence, says he, the will is that act of a sensible, or intelligent Being, by which it prefers, of several circumstances, that which promises it most good or least evil : and its liberty, or the freedom of the will, consists in that faculty by which the soul executes its desires. Every Being, therefore is a free agent that has the power of doing what it wills. To be a free agent, it is not necessary to have the
power

power of deliberation, or of acting, on any occasion, in this, that, or the other, manner. It is sufficient that we are capable of voluntary action, or of acting agreeable to the determination of the will. The infinite Being saw, and willed, what is right, from all eternity; but never deliberated about it. By an act of his liberty, he executed his sovereign will, and gave the possible world an actual existence. The philosopher, therefore, continues our author, who has represented the Almighty Being as having made a deliberate choice of the best of all possible worlds, has expressed himself, in my opinion, much more like a poet than a metaphysician."

With respect to the immortality of the soul, and a future state, our author's sentiments are not incurious; they may, however, be thought perhaps more ingenious than solid. There are a numerous class of animal beings, says he, which undergo very surprizing metamorphoses. The individual is, in its first state, a crawling worm, or creeping caterpillar, which devours the verdure of the earth. In its next, it becomes, to all appearance, an insensible mass, without parts or motion; such is the chrysalis, which takes no nourishment, and betrays hardly any signs of life. At length, in its third state, it appears as a papilio, or butterfly, is ornamented with the most beautiful colours, and, provided with wings, roves from place to place, sporting in the sun-shine, tasting the sweetest flowers, or indulging itself in the pleasures of love. Still the same animal, the butterfly, existed under the form of the caterpillar, and the folds of the chrysalis; nor doth it pass through those successive changes, but because they are necessary to its acquisition of new faculties. Thus it is, that nature, by a progress, more or less slow, conducts every species of beings to perfection: and thus man, in the eyes of superior beings capable of knowing him truly, may be in the same situation as the caterpillar in the eye of a naturalist. Death perhaps reduces him into the state of a chrysalis, and is only preparatory to that metamorphosis he will assume in another state *.

But

* This allusion, ingenious as it is, is far from being new: the author of Epistles to Lorenzo has made use of it, though we think less philosophically than Mr. Bonnet, as the former supposes the present state of man to resemble that of the chrysalis.

Is man a worm? 'tis here his fate
To winter his *aurelia* state;

La

But our philosopher doth not content himself with advancing the plausibility of a future existence ; he goes so far, as to endeavour to shew not only the immortality of the soul, but also the possibility and necessity of its future union with an incorruptible and spiritual body, agreeable to what is taught us by revelation.

As it is admitted, that the soul cannot act but through the interposition of the senses, he conceives that the Deity has formed an organical machine, of a substance similar to that of fire, æther, or light ; that this machine is infinitely subtle, and is inclosed within a callous body, which is properly the seat of the soul, and is the organ of reciprocal communication between the soul and body in the present state. This organ, or refined body, he conceives also to be the only essential body of man ; that, during the life of the grosser material body, the fibres of this seat of the soul, which correspond with those of the sensible organs, receive those impulses or determinations which constitute the physical æconomy or mechanism of the memory.

In death, the communication between the gross, adventitious body, and the refined, essential one, is broken ; as is also that between the organs of sense and the perceptible universe. The nature, however, of this receptacle of the soul is such, as enables it to divest itself of all connection with those causes that operates to the dissolution of the grosser body. Hence, in this new state, the man still retains his consciousness and personality, because the mind remains united to that little organised machine, which has the faculty of remembering the occurrences of its first state.

In this manner he conceives this seat or receptacle of the soul to comprehend the germ of that incorruptible body, with which, according to the scriptures, we shall be clothed at the general resurrection.

K-n-k

In time to burst his cell design'd,
And leave his clay cold case behind ;
Flutt'ring on angel wings to rise
A bright *spirit* of the skies.

To the AUTHORS of the MONTHLY REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

I hope you will oblige the public with giving the inclosed *Prospectus* a place in your Review. The work is now printing

printing at Amsterdam, and will be published in a very little time. The author of it, Mr. Castillon, F. R. S. is professor of mathematics in the university of Utrecht, and well known in the learned world.

I am, with the greatest regard,

Whitehall, June 25,
1762.

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

C. S.

Prospectus novæ Editionis Arithmeticæ universalis Newtoni.

NOva editio arithmeticæ universalis a magno Newtono conscriptæ, quam concinnat Marcus Michael Rey, bibliopola Amstelodamensis, complectitur.

Imo, Opus ipsum Newtoni Latinum, quale postremis curis edidit auctor, nitide et emendate typis descriptum. Cum exemplaria Latina venalia nusquam reperiantur, dum reliqua Newtoni opera ubique prostant; gratissima doctis erit hæc nova editio, quæ omnium operum Newtoni collectionem complet.

Ido, Commentarium perpetuum in arithmeticam universalem, in quo omnia theoremata, ab auctore tradita sine demonstratione, accurate demonstrantur; rationes, quas Newtonus brevitatis causa omisit, in tironum gratiam subducuntur; problemata geometrica construuntur, et geometricarum constructionum fontes aperiuntur; nonnulla problemata geometricæ solvuntur more veterum; nonnulla enarrantur nova quæ pertinent ad naturam problematum, æquationum, et radicum.

IIIto, Additamentum constans ex iis scriptis quæ celeberrimus Gravesande adjunxerat editioni suæ, et ex dissertationibus vel editis, sed raris, vel etiam adhuc ineditis, virorum celeberrimorum Nicolai et Danielis Bernoulli, Baermanni, Kaëssneri, Boscovich, et aliorum. Omnes hæc dissertationes vel Newtoni doctrinam illustrent, vel algebrae promovent.

Quibus de causis sperat editor fore ut omnes geometræ labores suos probent; cum præsertim opus ipsum sit magni faciendum, et a maximis geometris laudatum et commendatum; et cum in commentariis non pauca legantur quæ geometriam et algebrae illustrent, et quæ frustra quærerentur apud celeberrimum Colin Maclaurin aliosque qui Newtoni arithmetica universalem explicandam susceperunt. Hi enim omnes data occasione, et aliud agentes, hujus libri partes aliquas explanarunt, nemo, quod sciam, totum dedita opera explicandum suscepit.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For JUNE, 1762, continued.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 1. *The Young Gauger's best Instructor : Being a new and complete System of Gauging, in all its Varieties, both Theory and Practice. Exhibiting, 1. Decimal Arithmetic. 2. The Extraction of the Square and Cube Roots. 3. The Calculations of all Kinds of Multipliers, Divisors, and Gauge Points. 4. The Methods of finding the Areas and Contents, of all Sorts of Superficies and Solids, in Ale, Beer, Wine, Cyder, Perry, Starch, Tallow, Soap, &c. 5. Rules for Gauging, Inching, and Ullaging, of all Manner of Tuns, Tubs, Cisterns, Coolers, Coppers, Stills, and Casks. 6. The Methods of computing the Excise, of any Number of Hogsheds, Barrells, and Bushels, of Ale, Beer, Cyder, Malt, &c. 7. The Description and Use of the Gauging Rule and Gauging Rod. 8. The Scheme of a Division and Dimension Book; and Specimens of Vouchers and Abstracts. With many other useful and necessary Improvements, in a much more easy, familiar, and expeditious Method, than any yet published. The whole being so calculated, as to render it not only serviceable to experienced Officers; but likewise of the greatest Use to all, whose Business it is to instruct others, or who intend to qualify themselves for Employments in the Revenues of Excise. By Mr. Turner, late of Magdalen-Hall, Oxford, now Teacher of Geometry, Astronomy, and Philosophy, at Worcester. 8vo. 4s. Law.*

THE title-page of this Book leaves little to be added concerning the Contents of it. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that, beside the general Principles of Gauging, it contains many practical hints, useful to persons who dedicate themselves to the service of the Excise.

Art. 2. *The Matrons. Six short Histories. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Doddsley.*

Some scandalous person, not having the fear of the sex before his eyes, (but seduced by the instigation of the [Printer's] Devil) hath wickedly and with malice aforethought, with a certain goose-quill, value one farthing, and a phial of ink, value one halfpenny, compiled, collected, and connected, six idle tales, so as, when united, to compose an atrocious libel on the fairest part of God's creation.

The particulars specified in the above indictment, are, 1. The old well known story of the Ephesian matron: from Petronius. 2. The Chinese matron: a tale from Du Halde. 3. The French matron: a story contained in a letter from Sir George Etheredge to the Duke

Duke of Buckingham. 4. *The British matron: an abstract of a little volume published in the year 1755, entitled the Widow of the Wood.* 5. *The Turkith matron: from a MSS.* 6. *The Roman matron: from the old story-book entitled, The Seven wise Masters of Rome.*

A notable compendium this! admirably well calculated to encourage matrimony! but, hard as the tenor of it seems to bear on the estimable qualities of the fair sex, yet let them not be discouraged: for, as if they were exceptions to general observations, the instances are truly singular; one of a nation. So that this compiler really declares the truth in the dedication, which he has the consummate assurance to address to the matrons of Great Britain and Ireland:

“A moment’s reflection, says he, will convince you, that this miscellany is, in effect, a real panegyric; since to compile it (short as it is) we have been obliged to ransack the mouldy volumes of antiquity, and to take a voyage as far as China.” This is so far true, that, beside his Travels, he has been content to accept his first story, of the *Ephesian matron*, new vaint, in no very decent manner, from the History of the seven wise Masters, an’t please you, under the name of the *Roman Matron*; to compleat his half dozen.

Great acknowledgments are unquestionably due to him from the ladies, for his latent kind intention toward them in this publication, which is intimated in the ensuing words——“The more we are disposed to blame the levity or wantonness of those widows, whose weeds are only a cloak for immodesty, or a lure for solicitation, the more we must admire the virtue and prudence of every lady whose conduct has been the very reverse.”

The thanks of the British ladies ought to be conveyed in a counter-part of this negative panegyric; which, as literary females are not scarce, is neither impossible nor improper, otherwise than as it might give consequence to a work which may never acquire any alone. If it should, there are, however, literary men sufficiently ready to derive consequence *from it*; so that in such case the hint is in no danger of being lost.

N

Art. 3. *The Art of Short-Hand improved; being an universal Character, adapted to the English Language; whereby every Kind of Subject may be expressed, or taken down, in a very easy, compendious, and legible Manner, either in public or private.* By David Lyle, A. M. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Millar.

Mr. Lyle’s Treatise is very ingenious; his short-hand is truly systematic in its rudiments, but, apparently at least, much too complex and refined in construction: his characters are very numerous and compounded; though chiefly in a curvilinear way. Were we disposed to criticise, this remark would occur, among others, that his distinction between two kinds of points, a round and an oval, is not intelligible. A point is the beginning of all character; and the production of a point is the commencement of line: how therefore an *oval* point is to be understood cannot be determined. A person, indeed,

indeed; may work the nib of a pen about until he makes a spot of what size and shape he pleases; he may even make what may be called a *square* point, if he chuses: but this takes time.

Now, tho' it does not appear that Mr. Lyle has brought the art of swift writing to the *ne plus ultra* either of speed or uniformity, yet his scheme certainly has its recommendations; and the author deserves the thanks of the Public in common with every other promoter of useful arts. He is very full and distinct in his specimens; and has given a dictionary of words, and their characteristic expressions, all handsomely engraved on copper plates.

N

Art. 4. *Cryptography; or a new, easy, and compendious System of Short-Hand, adapted to all the various Arts, Sciences, and Professions. The Persons, Moods, Tenses, and Particles, are contrived to join with the utmost Facility and Distinctness; and the whole treated in so plain and perspicuous a Manner, that the Learner may in a short Time, without any other Assistance, become Master of this Art, which hitherto has been looked upon as a Matter of much Time and Difficulty.* By Swaine and Simms. Small Size, 6s. Henderfon, &c.

Messieurs Swaine and Simms introduce their Short-hand with a compendium of English grammar: as to their alphabet, they do not pretend to have made great improvements on former plans, nor do they conceive theirs capable of any. They have decorated their book with the solar, and two or three astronomical schemes, which are explained in their Short-hand.

N

Art. 5. *The Elements of the French Language: containing, I. A Set of Fables, by Means of which the reading of French is made easy, and the Pronunciation effectually attained. II. A Nomenclator of the most necessary Things. III. A Table of French Words introduced into the English Language, and differing only in Termination. IV. A Table of Words, the same, or nearly alike in Sound, but different in Signification and Spelling. V. The most common and most useful Forms of Speech. VI. The Accidence of the French Tongue.* By Lewis Chambaud. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Becket and De Hondt.

The Public are no strangers to the abilities of Mr. Chambaud, to whom the polite part of mankind are so much indebted for his labours to facilitate the acquirement of their favourite language. These elements, as he says in his preface, are intended for an Introduction to his Grammar, Exercises, Vocabulary, and Forms of Speech. Pronunciation being a principal difficulty in this arbitrary tongue, Mr. Chambaud has given some very judicious hints to the Master, on the easiest method first to learn his Pupil Pronunciation, and then to connect it with combinations of letters by no means capable

pable of forming the sounds they are made to excite. This may therefore be esteemed a principal excellence in this little book.

P O E T I C A L.

N

Art. 6. *Auli Persii Flacci, Satyræ, cum Notis.* 8vo. 1 s. Wilfon.

Persius is obscure, but his Commentator is totally unintelligible. This piece is entitled the Satires of Persius, with Notes, but no notes are here to be found, except a few tagged to the first satire; and most of these are trifling or incomprehensible. What the author could intend by the publication of this work, we cannot conceive; but surely he ought not to have advertised a Commentary on the Satires of Persius, when he had only commented on one satire?

Annexed to Persius, is the most unaccountable rhapsody that ever was written, about—we know not what. We shall not be so cruel to the author, as to make any quotation from this Piece.

R E L I G I O U S.

La.

Art. 7. *A Second Warning to the World by the Spirit of Prophecy, in an Explanation of the Mysteries in the Feast of Trumpets, on the first Day of the seventh Month, which will be celebrated in the New Jerusalem, between the Years 1762 and 1766.* By Richard Clarke, Preacher of the Gospel of the Ages, according to the Law and the Prophets. 4to. 2 s. 6 d. Townsend.

In our XXist Vol. p. 356, the Reader will find some mention of the first warning so kindly given us by this profound Explainer of things inexplicable; to which, and to our Account of his *Essay on the Number Seven**, we refer, as sufficient for the present Article.

Mr. Clarke was formerly Minister of St. Philip's, in Charles-Town, South-Carolina. In his first warning, he undertook to explain the prophetic Numbers of Daniel and John, and to inform us when the *Millennium* will take place. We are also obliged to him for his instructions concerning the sabbatical year.

* Review, vol. XX, p. 611.

* * * Our learned and ingenious correspondent of New Strelitz is desired to excuse our not having as yet complied with his request; the multiplicity of productions, constantly on our hands, having occasioned this delay. The tracts in question, however, will be taken notice of the first opportunity.

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